

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1872.

September.

MADAME DE STAEL AND MADAME RECAMIER.

PERHAPS there are no two Parisian women more noted, the one for intellect, the other for beauty, whose lives present so many points of similarity and contrast, and who have, since their time, awakened so much interest or provoked so much discussion among the entire literary world, on both sides the Atlantic, as Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier.

It seems quite just that their names should sometimes be coupled together, because of the warm friendship existing between them, the trials they endured in common while in exile, their mutual hatred of their great tyrant, Napoleon, and their common friendship with Matthew de Montmorency and M. de Chateaubriand. Their domestic relation also were strikingly alike; married, the one at twenty, the other at fifteen, to men double their ages, the heart of neither bride seemed at all interested in the connection. The tie, in both cases, was merely a nominal one, though not broken till death severed the bond. During a large portion of their married lives, by tacit consent, they were separated from their husbands by financial affairs; but when age and sickness weighed these strong men down, their wives hastened to attend and comfort them, and their last hours were soothed by the presence and care of these women, who deported themselves, and were regarded, more as daughters than consorts.

The fruits of Madame de Staël's marriage were four children. Only two, however, survived her—one son, Augustus, who took his father's title, Baron, and won for himself a place in literature not unworthy the son of his mother; and a daughter, Albertine, who became the wife of Duc de Broglié. But Madame Récamier

was never a mother—a thing she deeply deplored; and her desolate heart, hungry for tenderness and devotion, sought compensation for domestic affection, in which the true happiness and dignity of woman consists, in the language of passionate admiration.

MADAME DE STAEL.

Anne Louise Germaine Necker was born in Paris, April 22, 1766. She was an extremely precocious child, and, as is usual in such cases, her bodily constitution was debilitated. Her father, Minister of Finance in the Court of Louis XIV, was a watchful critic of her faults; for he desired above all things the promotion of her genius, and, therefore, sought to remove every defect of character. "I owe," she said, "to my father's penetration, the frankness of my disposition, and the simplicity of my mind. He exposed every sort of affectation; and in his company I formed the habit of thinking that my heart lay open to view."

She possessed for him uncontrolled affection and devotion, such as is rarely seen; and on losing him, she declared that she had not only lost her father, but her mentor, husband, and friend; all this had been unto her, and his death threw a permanent shade of melancholy over her spirit. Her emotions are touchingly portrayed by Oswald's character, in her immortal "Corinne."

It is not wonderful, considering her early education, that Madame de Staël entered with the liveliest enthusiasm into the stirring scenes of the French Revolution. Voltaire, St. Pierre, Rousseau, and D'Alembert had played with her when a child in her mother's salon, and fostered her earliest ideas. "Nature, education, and fortune rendered possible this triple dream of a woman, a hero, and a philosopher. Born

in a republic, educated in a court, daughter of a minister, wife of an ambassador, belonging by birth to the people, to the aristocracy by rank, to the literary world by talent, the three elements of the Revolution mingled or contended in her. Events rapidly ripened; ideas and things were crowded into her life; she had no infancy. At twenty-two years of age, she had maturity of thought with the grace and softness of youth. She wrote like Rousseau, and spoke like Mirabeau. Her genius was like the antique chorus, in which all the great voices of the drama unite in one tumultuous concord. A deep thinker by inspiration, a tribune by eloquence, a woman in attraction, her beauty, unseen by the million, required intellect to be admired, and admiration to be felt. And the light of her genius was only the reverberation of a mine of tenderness of heart."

It cost her no trouble to forgive injuries, and only one person did she hate, Napoleon, who had, from the first, inspired her with an indescribable fear and dislike. The attention of the First Consul, soon after his rise to power, was attracted to the house of Madame de Staël and the center of opposition existing there. He said: "They pretend that they neither talk politics nor mention me; but I know not how it happens that people seem to like me less after visiting her." She was exiled in 1803. This harsh and arbitrary act showed despotism in its most odious aspect. The man who banished a woman—and such a woman—who caused her so much misery, must be regarded as an unmerciful tyrant.

She was in despair at quitting Paris—for one of her ruling passions was love of society and conversation—but consoled herself by a visit to Germany, there to study German literature and metaphysics. Here she desired and obtained an introduction to H. C. Robinson, so celebrated from his extensive acquaintance with European celebrities, who says of her, in his *Diary* (1804): "Waited upon Madame de Staël this morning by appointment, and was shown into her bedroom, where she was sitting in bed writing, with her night-cap on; for this, not knowing Parisian customs, I was unprepared. She expressed her pleasure at seeing me, and politely dismissed me until 3 P. M. I returned to find a very different person—the accomplished Frenchwoman surrounded by admirers, among them the aged Wieland. He was frequent in his attendance on her, and loud in his admiration. One day, when she was declaiming with her usual eloquence, he turned to me and exclaimed, 'That I, in my old age, should see such a woman!' She had a laudable anxiety

to obtain a knowledge of the best German authors; for this reason she sought my society, and I was not unwilling to be made use of by her. She said, and the general remark is true, 'The English mind is a medium of communication between the French and German.' It is apparent that both Goethe and Schiller looked upon her visit to Weimar as an infliction, for neither went near her much, and never sought her friendship."

An incident related of this talented authoress is too good to be omitted, since it displays her inexhaustible good-temper. A country girl, daughter of a clergyman, met with an English translation of "Delphine" and "Corinne;" these so powerfully affected her, in her secluded life, as quite to turn her brain. Hearing that Madame de Staël was in London, she wrote to her, offering to be her attendant or amanuensis. Nothing daunted by a polite refusal of her services, she journeyed up to the city, and stayed a few days with a friend, who took her to the great novelist, and, speaking in French, gave a hint of the poor girl's mind. The girl earnestly begged to be received; but Madame de Staël, with promptitude and kindness, said: "You may think it is an enviable lot to travel over Europe, and see all that is most beautiful and distinguished in the world, but the joys of home are more solid; domestic life affords more happiness than any that fame can give. You have a father; I have none. You have a home; I was led to travel, because driven from mine. Be content with your lot. If you knew mine, you would not desire it." The cure was complete, and the young woman went back to her father's house, a more earnest and rational admirer of Madame de Staël than ever before, and inestimably grateful to her.

Madame de Staël returned to her father's country-seat at Coppet, and the fruit of her travels in Italy appeared in "Corinne," while those in Germany were embodied in an extensive work which appeared in 1810, but the edition was completely destroyed by order of the police. On this occasion she writes to her dear friend, Madame Récamier: "I have fallen into a state of frightful melancholy, and for the first time I have felt all the grief of my situation. I counted also upon the profits of my book to maintain me, and now here are six years of labor, study, and travel, nearly lost. Do you comprehend all the strangeness of this? It is the first two volumes, which had already received the signature of the censors, that have been seized, so I am sent away forty leagues, because I have written a book which has been approved by the emperor's censors. This is not all. I

could have printed my book in Germany. I came voluntarily to submit to the censorship, thinking that, if it came to the worst, they would only prohibit the work. But can people be punished who come voluntarily to submit to their judges? You, dear angel, who have loved me for my misfortunes, and have only known me during the period of my adversity, you who render life so sweet—you I must also leave. Ah, *mon dieu!* I am the Orestes of exile, and the victim of fatality. But God's will be done, and I trust he will sustain me. Forgive me, dear friend, for writing so desponding a letter. I will take courage; but to reconcile one's self to such a living death is a horrible struggle."

Since the seizure and destruction of ten thousand copies of "Germany," Madame de Staël had been a prey to cruel anxieties. She determined to leave Coppet and go to Sweden, to her husband's relatives, but was heart-broken at abandoning France. Under these circumstances, Madame Récamier resolved to visit her, believing that the visit of a harmless woman to an unhappy friend, merely to bid farewell, would excite no opposition from the Government, and determined, at all hazards, to show this mark of respect and affection to the illustrious exile. M. de Montmorency had stopped at Coppet a short time before, on his way to Switzerland. The following account of these two visits is from the "Ten Years of Exile:"

"M. de Montmorency passed several days with me, and by the return of the first courier he received his order of exile. The emperor would not have been satisfied if this order had not reached him at my house, and if it had not signified that I was the cause of his exile. Such was the petty malice of the master of so great an empire. When I learned the misfortune I had brought upon my generous friend, I uttered cries of grief, while I reproached myself with the cruel consequences of this devotion that separated him from his family and friends. While I was in this state I received a letter from Madame Récamier, that beautiful woman who had received the worship of the whole of Europe, and who never abandoned an unhappy friend. She announced to me that she was going to Aix Springs, in Savoy, and that she intended to stop at my house on her way there. I trembled lest M. de Montmorency's fate should also be hers, and, therefore, sent a messenger to meet her, and beseech her not to come to Coppet. She would not listen to me; she could not pass under my window without remaining a few hours with me. She left the next day, and repaired to the residence of a

relative, fifty leagues from Switzerland. But it was all in vain; the fatal stroke of exile smote her also. Separated from all her friends, she passed whole months in a provincial town, a victim to the saddest and most monotonous solitude. Such was the fate I had brought upon the most brilliant woman of her day."

Harassed beyond endurance, Madame de Staël made her escape from these never-ending vexations in July, 1812, and did not return to France until the Restoration, 1814; she now renewed her friendship with Madame Récamier, who arrived in Paris, June 1st, after an exile of nearly three years.

When Napoleon left Elba, and landed at Cannes, all Paris was in consternation, and Madame de Staël was forced to fly precipitately to Coppet. She came to say good-bye to her friend, and besought her "dear Juliette" to leave also, and not face their common persecutor. But Madame Récamier was not willing to leave Paris. She did not think it necessary to condemn herself to another separation from her country and friends, and her course of conduct was consistent with the moderation of her character. She still received at her house all her old acquaintances, irrespective of party.

In 1816, Madame de Staël again went to Italy on account of M. de Rocca's health, with whom she had contracted a second injudicious marriage (1811), the bride this time doubling the age of the groom. Besides, the marriage was kept secret until after her death. She had inspired the noble-hearted young officer with a devoted and romantic passion, and doubtless entertained a proper affection for him; but she felt that the eyes of the world were upon her, and any weakness displayed would be turned against her by her enemies, and perhaps she had a natural dislike to resign a name she had rendered so illustrious. Toward the close of the year she again returned to Paris, when her friends were frightened by the change in her appearance. She was suffering from debility, and found relief only in opiates. She lingered throughout the Winter, and died July 14, 1817, and was buried at Coppet. It would be useless to attempt to portray Madame Récamier's grief. With her capacity for loving, death could not weaken her attachment; it only converted the lost one into an object of worship, and made the living friend bend all her energies to perpetuate the memory of the dear departed. M. de Rocca, long supposed to be dying of his wounds and consumption together, survived her only six months.

Madame de Staël has been represented as the most distinguished conversationalist of her

time, both brilliant and ambitious. Her skill in talking was such that on one occasion those who listened to her were unconscious of a thunder-storm. But, for all this, she has been spoken of as a "pitiless talker." The following illustration has been given as a proof. At one time some gentlemen introduced a person whom they declared a very learned man. Madame received him graciously, and, in order to make a good impression, talked in her best style, never noticing that her visitor made no reply. Afterward the gentlemen asked Corinne how she liked their friend. "A most delightful man! What wit and learning!" was the reply. Here the laugh comes in—the man was deaf and dumb.

Another story is told of her, that she put to Talleyrand a troublesome question; namely, what he would do should he see her and Madame Récamier in danger of drowning. He answered not, what is commonly asserted, that he would have jumped into the water and saved her, and then jumped in and died with Madame Récamier, but said, "Ah, Madame de Staël sait tant de choses que sans doute elle peut nager!" Again, when pressed by her for his opinion of "Delphine," he said, "That is the work, is it not, in which you and I are exhibited in the guise of females?" (This novel was thought to contain a representation of him under the character of an old woman.) This work, "Delphine," has something of the fundamental idea of her *chef-d'œuvre*, "Corinne;" but between the two productions all the advantage is upon the side of the latter. In both novels the heroine is a woman possessed of superior faculties, who can not follow the proscribed line of conduct that Mrs. Grundy has marked out, and suffers cruelly because she continually comes upon that path at right angles.

In "Corinne" there are two different objects, a romance and a picture of Italy; it is at once a poem and a display of the heart. Two general ideas are continually discussed: domestic happiness and the pleasures of the imagination; shining genius is contrasted with modest and rigid virtue; melancholy with enthusiasm. The heroine of "Delphine" is more "spirituelle," but she has no such extraordinary talents for an excuse. More scrupulous than "Corinne," perhaps, she placed herself in a more equivocal position. She had neither the complete innocence, nor the splendor, of the beautiful improvisatrice.

The writings of Madame de Staël appear to belong to a new age—an age of strong, generous, animated thoughts—sentiments proceeding from the depths of the human heart. And per-

haps we can best conclude this crude and incomplete sketch of her life by an earnest appeal to all to become better acquainted with her through her immortal works. In them the young will find amusement; the learned, fresh imagery, full of ingenious erudition; the artist has brilliant word-pictures passed in dazzling panorama before him to awaken new inspirations; and the tourist, the most important and judicious hints. Madame de Staël's works compel universal suffrage, and command universal praise.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

Jeanne Francoise Julie Adelaide Bernard was born in Lyons, December 4, 1777. Her father was notary of that city, and when seven years old, he placed her in the convent as a pupil. Madame Récamier never forgot the time spent in La Déserte. She says of it, in her memoirs: "This serene and innocent period of my life comes back to me sometimes like a vague, sweet dream, with its clouds of incense, its innumerable ceremonies, its processions in the gardens, its chants, and its flowers. It is doubtless owing to these vivid impressions, received during childhood, that I have been able to retain my religious belief, though coming in contact with persons of such various and contradictory opinions. I have listened to them, understood them, admitted them, as far as they were admissible, but I have never allowed doubt to enter my heart."

M. Bernard removed to Paris when Juliette was about ten years old, and her mother then superintended her studies. She showed a love for music, and, when a young lady, played with the most skillful artists of her day.

We have already spoken of her marriage, which took place at the height of the Reign of Terror. The first years of her wedded life were comparatively uneventful. During this time her beauty was fully developed, and she emerged from childhood into the splendor of youth dowered with irresistible loveliness.

Among the many instances of the enthusiasm she excited wherever she appeared, we find the following: When public worship was re-established, Madame Récamier was solicited to hand around the purse at St. Roch for some charitable purpose. She consented, and when the time came for the collection, the church was crowded to overflowing. People mounted on chairs, pillars, on the altars of the side chapel, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the object of all this attention, protected by two gentlemen, could penetrate the crowd and hand around the purse. The collection amounted to twenty thousand

francs (nearly four thousand dollars). Soon after Napoleon became emperor, Madame Récamier formed the acquaintance of his brother, Lucien Bonaparte, who was much impressed by her beauty, and made no effort to conceal his admiration. His passion developed rapidly, and he gave his declaration the form of a literary composition: "Letters from Romeo to Juliet." Madame Récamier returned his MSS., purposely misunderstanding him, in company, praising the talent of the author. He then wrote under his true name, but she gave him no encouragement; and finally, conscious of the ridiculous part he was playing, he abandoned his suit. Several years after this, Madame Récamier was offered a place at court, but declined the honor, thereby calling down upon herself the personal resentment of the emperor. Soon after this, M. Récamier came to his wife, and told her that his powerful banking-house was in a state of embarrassment, and could only be relieved by an advance of a million francs from the Bank of France. She now felt the full power and petty tyranny of the First Consul, for the Government refused the loan. Yet she bore every thing with serene firmness, sold her jewels, plate, and valuable property, that her husband might satisfy his creditors. Poverty was a severe blow to one who had always been accustomed to luxury, whose sole responsibility was her toilet and charities. The loss of fortune, however, was not the only or the most painful trial that she was called to bear within a few months. Madame Bernard, her idolized mother, from whom she had never been separated since childhood, was now snatched from her by the fell destroyer. The first six months after her mother's death were passed in strict seclusion; but her health failing, she consented to go to Coppet, where she was enthusiastically received by Madame de Staël, and here she met Prince Augustus, of Prussia, who very soon fell passionately in love with her. He flattered himself that she would break the tie which was an obstacle to his wishes, and proposed to her to marry him. He was young, handsome, and of high rank. The imagination of Madame de Staël, easily seduced by any thing poetic or romantic, made her his eloquent advocate, and it is certain that Madame Récamier was deeply touched by, if she did not return, his love. Vows were exchanged, and she wrote to her husband, asking a dissolution of their union. He replied that he would consent, if such was her wish, but recalled his early and lasting affection, and made an appeal to her noble heart. This tender and yet dignified letter made a great impression upon Madame Récamier;

she entirely abandoned the thoughts of a divorce, and returned to Paris. Long afterward the prince, in one of his visits to France, commissioned Gérard to paint the picture of Corinne, which he presented to Madame Récamier, "as an immortal souvenir of the passion with which she had inspired him, and of the glorious friendship which united Corinne and Juliette." It was about this time that M. de Chateaubriand came in contact with this beauty of her time, and his brilliant reputation, his genius, and the fascination of his manners, drew her as irresistibly toward him as he was drawn toward her. Each loved the other with the devotion of pure friendship. His letters to her are replete with his love for, and longing to be with, her. It was the bright dream of his life to close his political career, and spend his old age at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. His wife, fully sensible of his feelings, respected and loved his friend also. Indeed, men and women were every-where attracted to this woman as by some magnetic influence, unparalleled and almost inexplicable. It was not only her beauty and wealth that drew around her so many admirers; for she lost the one, and time dimmed the brilliancy of the other. She had a tact for assimilating herself to her companions, and so earnest was her desire to be loved, that she always exerted herself to be pleasant. Her unailing good-nature—for hers was not a stormy temperament—charmed by its uniformity. Steadfastness of soul entered largely into her social relations; she was constant in her affections, and never lost a friend by waywardness or indifference.

She was a devoted friend of both Adrien (afterward Duke de Laval) and Matthew de Montmorency. The latter was at once friend and Mentor, for he saw that her almost morbid desire to please might occasion unpleasant remarks. He took the deepest interest in her moral and spiritual welfare, and he was always tender and true to his "*aimable amie*."

He died in 1826, while prostrate at the tomb of his Savior; his noble head bent lower and lower, as if in excess of fervor; but, alas, soon it was discovered that his spirit had taken its flight. Madame Récamier mourned his loss sincerely. M. Chateaubriand wrote a beautiful prayer for her on this occasion; although they had been political enemies, she had been a link, as it were, between them.

In 1834, Chateaubriand closed his political career, and for the remainder of his life, excepting a short visit to England, he was seldom separated from Madame Récamier. She devoted herself entirely to his service; not only to render this noble life calm and serene by the

influence of deep and true affection, but, at the same time, to gain for it the respect and admiration of its contemporaries. On his account, she enlarged her social circle; her salon was crowded with illustrious people. Ballanche and Saint Beuve were the most constant visitors at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, a spot which has acquired great notoriety within the last thirty years, though little known to fashionables when Madame Récamier took up her abode there in 1819. This was not until after her husband had been again unfortunate in business, and had also involved part of his wife's fortune (received at the death of her mother); when she felt she must now take a decided stand, and lead a separate and personal life. She generously settled enough upon him to support him, insisting that he should abandon speculations that had been so disastrous, and sought an asylum in the old abbaye.

The Winter of 1840-41 was signaled by an overflow of the Rhone and Soane, causing great suffering at Lyons. Full of pity for her native city, Madame Récamier got up a subscription soirée, and in less than ten days she had received four thousand three hundred francs (eight hundred dollars). The assembly then called together by the voice of a woman, was distinguished and brilliant. The rooms were crowded with noble men and beautiful and elegant women.

For the artists, a stage had been erected opposite the picture of Corinne, and Madame Rachel played Esther.

It was thought, even in this gay assemblage, that the hostess eclipsed them all. She was then sixty-four, but never, so to speak, knew old age. "She did not struggle," said Saint Beuve; "she resigned herself gracefully to the first touch of time. She understood that, for one who had enjoyed such success as a beauty, in order to yet seem beautiful, she must make no pretensions. A friend, who had not seen her for many years, complimented her upon her looks. 'Ah, my dear friend,' she replied, 'it is useless for me to deceive myself; from the moment I noticed that the little Savoyards in the street no longer turned to look at me, I knew that all was over.'"

For the past year, a cataract had been forming on one of Madame Récamier's eyes, and she feared that this blindness might make her less useful to Chateaubriand and Ballanche. The disposition of her days was now regular; the first part of the morning was devoted to reading the newspapers and the best of new publications; few women were better or more extensively acquainted with current literature. To conform

to the wishes of M. Montmorency, she early contracted a habit of daily religious reading, which she never neglected. After dinner her time was entirely at the disposal of her friends; and now all these plans seemed about to be broken up by her loss of sight. An operation was performed on her eyes, but resulted in no permanent good; yet so great was her dislike of troubling her friends with her infirmities, that she concealed her blindness from her general acquaintance. A remarkably acute ear, and eyes, though sightless, undimmed in beauty, aided her generous deception, while her servant took care to arrange the furniture of the salon always in the same position, that she might have no difficulty in moving about. By the use of belladonna, which dilated the pupil, her sight was often restored to her for a few hours. She was thus able to see and admire Scheffer's beautiful picture of St. Augustine, which he kindly sent to the Abbaye-aux-Bois for her own and Chateaubriand's inspection.

In 1849, she submitted to a second operation; but, alas, with no better success than the first. Madame Chateaubriand had died only a few months before, and now her dear friend Ballanche was dying. Forgetting all precautions, she hastened to his bedside, and did not leave it until all was over; but she lost in tears every chance for the recovery of her sight.

The remains of this incomparable friend, who had attended her in all her travels, and with whom she had enjoyed such sweet companionship for thirty-five years, were laid in her family tomb; and he reposes there by the side of her he loved so well. Madame Récamier's grief was severe, and became every day more profound. How could this soul, echo to her soul, this admirable intelligence, this heart that she filled entirely, pass away without leaving an immense void?

It is doubtful whether she could have supported this stroke, had it not been for the thought of Chateaubriand, helpless without her. She knew his health was in her hands, as he often told her. After his wife's death, in expressing his gratitude for her untiring devotion, he begged her to honor his name by consenting to bear it. (M. Récamier had been dead since 1830.) His earnestness touched her, but she was firm in her refusal. "Why should we marry?" she said; "at our age there can be no impropriety in my taking care of you. If solitude is painful to you, I am ready to live in the same house with you. The world, I am certain, will do justice to the purity of our friendship. If we were younger, I would accept with joy the right to consecrate my life to you. Years

and blindness have given me this right. Let us change nothing in so perfect an affection."

Blindness had begun the work of separation before death, between these two friends. In his last sickness, which lasted only a few days, when she left the room, his eyes followed her in an agony of fear, lest he should not see her again; yet he did not recall her, and his silence—she could not read the entreaty in his gaze—filled her with despair. He died July 4, 1848. In losing her friend, Madame Récamier felt that the mainspring of her life was gone. She shed no tears; her grief was silent and impressive, while her whole appearance showed that she would not long survive him.

Eight months passed away, and she was stricken with the disease she so much feared, cholera. For twelve hours this angelic woman was a prey to the most agonizing suffering; yet her courage, sweetness, and celestial tenderness never abandoned her.

M. Ampère, Paul David, and M. Lenormant, her niece's husband, passed the night in an adjoining room. At midnight she bade them good-bye, and died peacefully, May 11, 1849. Her features, in death, assumed, surprisingly, their old expression; she looked like a beautiful statue.

And thus passed away one of the most beautiful women of modern times—one who had captivated the world, brought princes to her feet, and had even conquered the brave old heart of the Duke of Wellington. Saint Beuve prettily said of her, that she carried the art of friendship to perfection, and, although coquettish, she never carried her flirtations to such an extent as to lose her own self-respect or the respect of her admirers. She transformed her lovers into warm friends, and whatever heart-aches or jealousies she caused, none appeared on the surface. She seemed to possess some talisman that disarmed envy and silenced detraction. "Beloved always and by all, from her cradle to her grave—such was the lot, such will be the renown, of this charming woman! What other glory is so enviable?"

A GHOST IN THE HOUSE.

THE house was a pretty cottage, with that pleasing, well-to-do air that always belongs to the homes of the best people. A well-kept walk, flowers rather too methodically arranged, with borders of box, testified to a love of the beautiful, though it was rather too trim a kind of beauty to suit my fancy. When one grows flowers for the love of them, they are

apt to spread out luxuriantly, as if quite at home in the soil; not tortured with the knife to gain precision, or a great wealth of blossoms nipped in the bud to make a more showy or long-continued bloom. The unpretentious dwelling, with wide verandas and cozy rooms, was as far as possible from the ideal which one instinctively forms of the habitation of a ghost; but I was not in quest of the supernatural, and had no hint of its existence; perhaps it was the proverbial skeleton, whose nook we are always unintentionally invading. I was going with a friend, to be introduced to friends of his, young ladies in whom I might become specially interested. I was not averse to this pleasant scheme, though expecting nothing from it but a little social enjoyment, to relieve the tedium of some time I was obliged to pass in a dull little town awaiting the termination of a business affair more profitable than pleasing. All ties but those of friendship had been severed years before; and, engrossed with business, I had grown cynical and cold—not likely to find any one who would add to my happiness, I thought. As for the impressions I might make, I was careless. We are not apt to be loved in our forties, unless we have money or influence. I had both, and had known what it was to lack them.

The mamma was the only occupant of the room in which we were received—a pleasant lady, but apparently made up, like her flower-beds, to suit the popular taste. You may converse with such for hours, and never strike the key-note of their personality. I had seen her through an open window at a sewing-machine, as we passed on a side street, quite absorbed in some intricate trimming, with table and chairs covered with bright and delicate fabrics suggestive of youthful wearers. Engrossed as she had seemed to be, she had put her work aside to meet and entertain us till the young ladies appeared. We were not long waiting, though a press of domestic duties was the reason given for the delay.

"We keep no servants," she explained, addressing me; "for I wish my daughters not only to understand all the details of housekeeping, but also to have sufficient skill and strength to perform them. We are glad to escape the trial of having incompetent and unmanageable help; and though as able probably as many are who pay for service, the sum saved procures us many pleasures, and we have more to spend in making our home attractive."

The parlor in which we were received was a beautiful one, much more so than the exterior promised. Every thing was substantial, taste-

ful, and appropriate, and all bore the evidence of careful though constant use. Books, magazines, and music, all looked ready to open at the best places, and the piano invited the touch of skilled fingers. I was charmed with all I saw, and with the presiding fairies as they came quietly in. In my youth I was accustomed to see my lady friends work, for we were humble people; but since fortune had favored me, I had been fed by the coarse hands of hirelings. My mother's face was beautiful, because goodness and kindness shone in her countenance; her eyes were expressive, her features delicate, but color and contour were marred by sickness; her form was bent, and her hands were coarse and disfigured with toil. How the march of science and improvement had lightened woman's burdens, I thought! My poor mother lived too soon. These young ladies were just from the garden and kitchen; but they came in spotless, tasteful attire, and extended the softest and whitest of hands for the provincial shake. The mamma immediately excused herself, and the click of the sewing-machine commenced again. I did not like this; for I am partial to elderly ladies, and like always to see them in huge cushioned chairs, taking life easily. However, if the dear lady was inclined to martyrdom, it could not be helped; and I must confess the most genial of mammas are sometimes a restraint. Humphrey and I left, after a long call, in the best of spirits; he thinking that his project was likely to lead to the happiest results, and I glad that the ennui I had been suffering would be dispelled in such pleasant company.

"Do your cousins think me a miser?" I inquired.

"Certainly not; why should they?" he answered.

"Do they know I am wealthy?" I asked.

"You do not suppose that a stranger, one of whom they knew nothing, would have received the welcome given my friend. But what are you conjuring now? Come, out with the confession. I'll not have you looking suspiciously at my kinswomen."

"O, this housekeeping dodge," I said, half ashamed to confess. "I've seen so much of it. Almost all the ladies I've suspected of designs in my direction, seemed to think I must be either too poor to keep a wife, or too stingy; and if they could possess me with the idea that it would not cost me any thing, I'd succumb to their fascinations."

A queer look and shrug my friend gave—both amused and vexed; and his answer, a little delayed, did not enlighten me.

"O, you'll find uses for your cash, Horace.

Their housekeeping is mostly head-work; and though I have taken pains to magnify your perfections, they are quite ignorant of my scheming. But which do you like best? You'll not want both."

I could not answer that question when our acquaintance had progressed much farther. I liked to hear Kitty sing, and Milly talk. One was prettier, and the other had the most style; one was merry, the other the most sympathetic. They were admirable girls. If it had not been for the ghost, something might have come of this two-sided admiration. I heard it—the ghost—in a china-closet, that could not have been very far from where we were sitting. Not an unlikely place, according to old wives' tales. Milly had just invited us to stay to tea, and Kitty said, "O, you must stay, and have some of my waffle-cakes," when we heard the rattling in the closet, a door shut in the distance, and steps upon a bare floor. None of the ladies paled at these mysterious sounds, or seemed at all concerned about the waffles, though the hour for tea was nearly come, and we had consented to stay. Kitty excused herself after a time, and a summons to tea was soon given. My favorite waffles, light and delicately baked, were heaped up in generous style, and all their delicious accessories forthcoming, each dainty perfect in its kind. It was, in all its details, such a treat as one can only have at home. Money can not buy such cheer, and we are never invited to share such an informal repast. That we were, happened thus: I had told Kitty her afghan looked delicious, and, when she criticised the adjective, added, because it reminded me of my mother's waffle-cakes. So she had taken the first opportunity to gratify my taste. I believe I liked Kitty best just then. How pleasant it was chatting over our tea, served by those beautiful white hands, knowing that nothing coarser had come in contact with the delicate food we were enjoying! When tea was over we went into the kitchen to see the waffle-irons, and I told Kitty about the old-fashioned ones my mother used, using my eyes the while; but I could see nothing amiss. The kitchen was as perfect in its appointments as the parlor.

I did not see, as I half expected, a little black Topsy, or a small white drudge, with pale cheek and heavy eyes, who could skim through the work of a family, and not be worth mentioning as help. There was nothing to be seen in flesh and blood, and I began to feel quite superstitious about what I had heard. While we chatted, the table was cleared, and the dishes piled into the sink, to be washed when we returned

from a walk we had planned. Mamma must not do it, Milly said, for it tired her; and if she must work she had better sew, for they needed their braided jackets badly.

When we returned, in the dusk of the evening, we heard the piano played in a soft minor key, and a sweet voice humming a sad song.

"I guess mamma is musical," Milly said. "Won't you come in and have some music?"

We went in, and stayed late. If the dishes were washed that night, "mamma" may have done it; but it was not she that played, for I heard the click of her machine ere the last notes died away, and I wondered if the ghost had not fitted out of the long, open window as we entered.

The next Sabbath I went to church. It was raining—too dismal to stay at home; then I like the organ, and the ladies praised theirs; perhaps I should meet them, and be invited to dine with them,—three excellent reasons, if not the usual ones influencing church-goers. I followed the usher on and on. He was taking me up to a seat near the pulpit. Very well; I could see the choir and the congregation. Kitty was there, looking pretty, though in a plain suit of water-proof; and Milly—yes, Milly was with her mother in the pew; Milly's form and Milly's face, as if only a score of years had gone over it since yesterday. But it was not Milly's hand finding the hymn; it was more like my mother's. A poor relation come to visit, I conjectured. Her dress was plain, not suited to the day or season, and not nearly so stylish as the water-proof suits. Because of her being there, I avoided a meeting, and the invitation which, if given, would probably be enforced.

That rainy Sunday left me dull. I dreaded illness, and prepared to go, not home—how I wished for one then!—but where I had friends. Humphrey rallied me somewhat on the cause of my indisposition; but it was a pressure of the head rather than of the heart that made me drop at Miss Kitty's feet when I went to make my adieus,—or so the doctor must have thought, for when I revived, I found myself propped up in bed, the life current ebbing away, weak as a babe, and, like one, clinging to what seemed my mother's hand. When I could speak, it was so hard at first to find right words. Sometimes I called her mother, sometimes Milly; she was the poor relation I had seen at church, this patient waiter of mine. Humphrey came to see me, and watched me tenderly; but I was impatient when her motherly hand was long away.

"How long shall you stay here?" I questioned, fearful of losing her.

"I stay here always. I have no other home," she answered.

A light dawned on me—this was the ghost.

"And you are—who?" I asked.

"Have you not heard? You call me right sometimes—Milly Beckwith; Aunt Milly, they call me."

As I got better I saw less of her; but then the young ladies came to read and talk to me, so she was not needed. Sometimes I spoke of her to them; if a remark, it was passed unnoticed; if a question, drily and concisely answered. Then I asked Humphrey her story.

"Her history?" he answered. "It is said the happiest women, like the happiest nations, have none. Her life, I should think, had been a dead calm. She is Mrs. Gay's sister. When her parents died she came to live with her; no one has taken her away, so she is here yet."

"Small wonder if one has to have a fainting fit to get a sight of her. She is intelligent and agreeable. Why is she not one of them, and why do they dislike her?"

"I presume it is not dislike that keeps them apart; but they have nothing in common. These girls are on the threshold of life, reaching for its pleasures; she has grasped and scattered them, and finds her happiness now in usefulness."

"I thought they kept no servants; is she not one, except in name?"

"O no! they do not look upon her in that light, and would be offended to have any one else do so. She is not paid, but has what she needs."

"I understand; there is a saving there besides saved feelings," I said, drily.

"Can not you see that she would not care to have as much as the others do; that she is paid, just as the mother is, in watching the budding beauty of these young girls? I know this is so, for her little fortune was freely given to help build them up when they were poorer than now."

I let it drop there; but how had my entertainers fallen in my esteem! Were they not thieves and robbers? I was so comfortable I had thought of leaving; but I concluded on a relapse, and stayed longer. With skillful maneuvering I demolished the wall of separation between us and Aunt Milly. I could not bear to leave her there, incased in that crust of selfishness—because I wanted her myself. So I offered her neither my hand nor my heart, as is the fashion with youthful swains, but what I knew she would most appreciate—a home. Had it been a cabin, I believe she would have swept it cheerfully, and adorned its bare walls; but

she revels in the beauty of the little palace where she reigns, and wears for my sake queenly robes. My blood courses healthily, jubilantly, through my veins, and I'm ridding myself of flesh and laziness with pleasant journeyings, opening with a golden wand the doors that shut in beauty, melody, fragrance.

Considering the rare chance she had in youth to satiate her thirst for pleasure, it might seem as if she was sacrificing herself for my benefit; but she assures me that it is not so. Our charming nieces often visit us, and they would not object to having many things in common with Milly now. They seem not to appreciate the favor done them in ridding their house of a ghost; but I've found the hidden recompense, and am very happy, after the Spring and mid-summer of a life.

ENGLISH SACRED POETRY.

NUMBER II.

AS for rough and rugged Quarles, who belongs to the same time, his writings are defaced by vulgarisms and conceits, and he too often mistook enthusiastic devotion for inspiring fancy; yet his "Emblems" keep his name in our memory, and his poem on the world—"She's empty: Hark! she sounds!"—rings in our ears like a knell. Not much like him is Richard Crashaw. His father was a Protestant clergyman, zealous in controversy; and, by a not unnatural reaction, when his son, a popular preacher, was expelled from Oxford, in 1644, by the Puritan Parliament, because of his refusal to sign the Covenant, he became a Catholic. Five years later, he died at Rome. All of his poetry has an Æolian word-music, a faint, silvery melody, ringing through it. But he carries the sentimentalism, which infects much religious poetry, too far for our pleasure. They are radiant with fancy, at the expense of the subject. His "Lines on a Prayer-book," Coleridge thought one of the finest poems in the language. But again we must content ourselves with short and pungent bits:

"Here where our Lord once laid his head,
Now the grave lies buried."

"THE WIDOW'S MITES.

"Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
Fall from a steady heart but trembling hand.
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave;
The other cast away, she only gave."

"BUT NOW THEY HAVE SEEN AND HATED.

"Seen, and yet hated thee? They did not see,
They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee;
No, no, they saw thee not. O Life! O Love!
Who saw aught in thee that their hate could move?"

"ON THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.

"This new guest to her eyes new laws hath given.
'T was once *look up*, 't is now *look down* to heaven."

And now comes a poet indeed. Dr. Donne was the friend of George Herbert's mother, and, twenty years older, influenced somewhat his poetic growth. But the pupil surpassed the master; and all the quips and cranks and wanton wiles that offend us as mannerisms in him, Herbert illumines with an inner soul of thought. But only a master fails to be warped by the faults of his age. His life is too well known to need words. As for his poems, their art is exquisite. They are finished like cameos. Sometimes he outdoes Norman elaboration, making each line in each stanza end not only with the same rhyme-sound as the same line in every other, but with the very same word; and the result is not merely a musical jingle without sense. The music is so intertwined with the thought that it can not be separated. You can not turn his poems into prose, and retain the fragrant spirit. And the peculiar musical effect of some of his poems is due to this excess of art. The thought chimes like a bell through every verse, and rings clear in your memory ever after. He carries his symbols too far, indeed, as in the "Easter Wings" made by ever-lengthening lines. Every one knows his "Elixir," and "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright." But perhaps this may be new to many; "it is the story of the world, written with the point of a diamond," and the ebb and flow from six to ten and back again makes it most musical:

"When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by,
'Let us,' said he, 'pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed; then wisdom, honor, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

'For if I should,' said he,
'Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature;
So both should losers be.

'Let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'"

From the slightest sketch of sacred poetry Milton must not be omitted. He is the emblem of perfect health, as Herbert is of disease. His lips, "from off God's secret altar touched with fire," might well sing, at twenty-one, the magnificent "Ode to the Nativity," and at thirty-

six, in the darkness that was beginning to fall over him, the glories of Eden lost and regained. It is pleasant to think of the golden-haired baby, lulled to sleep by his father's organ music; to linger over the beautiful, musical-inspired youth that gave no hint of his stormy manhood; grand to remember that his failing eyesight was sacrificed for the defense of the people, and his darkness illumined by the splendors of heaven.

From the close of the seventeenth century, sacred poetry began to take the form of hymns. Bishop Ken, whose "Glory to thee, my God, this night," is in all our books, was one of the earliest of these writers; and Dr. Watts, born 1674, one of the most voluminous. He wrote six hundred religious lyrics, and must have been more than mortal to have given us quality in proportion to quantity. What is good is so good that one laments the more that he could not have had grace to be silent between times. But he who wrote "When I survey the wondrous cross," wrote, too, any quantity of tiresome commonplace, and paraphrases of David's divine music, that make us wonder if he had ears to hear. No other religious poet is so widely known; and it is the opinion of one critic that his hymns, his divine and moral songs, and his versions of the Psalms, have exerted more influence for good than all other religious poets put together. Mrs. Charlis has given us a pretty picture of the youth in his father's house studying for the ministry, and writing weekly the hymns for the Church near. His simple, scholarly life, freed, as it was for thirty-six years, from care by the kindness of Sir Thomas Abney giving him a home and support in his own mansion, is a better study than his poems. Such friendship is rarely seen.

We pass over Dr. Thomas Browne, who wrote but few lyrics; Jeremy Taylor, whose prose was full of poetry, but in whom the poetic instinct could not bear the restraints of rhyme and measure; Richard Baxter, whose really good poetry is buried from remembrance beneath his prose works; and the mystical philosopher, Dr. Henry More. But our Bedford tinker must not be neglected. It will do us good to go, for a time, into the Valley of Humiliation, with its twilight calm, its meadow frosted with lilies, and its herd-boy singing as never shepherd sang before or since, outside Christian's pilgrimage:

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;

And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fullness to such a burden is
As go on pilgrimage.
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age."

We may cherish this the more, that now we have come to the stony plain of English poetry. And the stones are none the softer that they are square cut and laid in order. The time of Queen Anne was brilliant with great names; but its poetry, like its life, was somewhat too mechanical, too artificial. Mathematics became one of the muses, and poets measured their tuneful breath on their fingers, like ribbons for top-knots. Wit, ease, brilliancy, was the literary characteristic of the time. Instead of feeling, one had antithesis; and the lines balanced to each other like the partners of a cotillion. It was the time, too, of polite atheism. Nature had been expelled with a fork, and faith went with her. The greatest wit of the time, the idol of Ireland, was an irreligious divine, a time-serving politician, and a heartless lover. The morals of the clergy were sunk so low that he, aspiring to a miter, could write a book whose moral was that one religion was as good as another, and "took a cure of souls when it was more than doubtful whether he believed that his fellow-creatures had souls; or, if they had, that they were worth saving." Of this age, Pope was the pattern and perfection, and his "Essay on Man" the final expression of the fashionable theology. It was dedicated to his friend Bolingbroke, whose infidel principles were well known, though having arranged that his essays against revealed religion should not be published until after his death. Dr. Johnson's caustic remark is but just: "Having loaded a blunderbuss and pointed it against Christianity, he had not the courage to discharge it himself, but left a half-crown to a hungry Scotchman to pull the trigger after his death." Lowell aptly remarks that "it is every-where as remarkable for confusion of logic as for ease of verse and grace of expression." After he has "expatiated o'er the mighty maze," through hundreds of lines, he can come to no better conclusion than that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees," etc.

Dr. Warburton, who undertook the defense of the work when it was attacked on the score of atheism, had difficulty in warding off the charge of Spinozism from these lines. Perhaps the most charitable solution of the theology of the poem, is that "Pope's precision of thought was no

match for his facility of rhyme." And yet, with those endless revisions and re-revisions which he gave even his least poems, he might have corrected its faults. The flamboyant style of his "Messiah" is detestable, but his "Universal Prayer," unlike some of his poetry, is as simple and clear in utterance as it is large and practical in its scope. It is well known, but these verses will bear oft quoting.

"If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
To find the better way.

Mean though I am—not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath—
O lead me, whereso'er I go,
Through this day's life to death.

This day be bread and peace my lot!
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done."

In noticing the writers of the time, one must not forget Addison; for by his blameless life in the midst of an idle court, by his influence in refining the taste of the time, and in encouraging, by his genial criticism, the study of the master-works of the past, he did much good. The chief religious poem from his pen is, indeed, somewhat mechanical. Every child knows the musical jingle of

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky," etc.

Nature came back with Thomson. In his "Seasons" is the first sign of that root which has, in our age, blossomed into such flower and fruitage of delight in nature. We may be thankful for him, though he deals rather with natural theology, and adores God's works and name, rather than his being and love. His hymn, opening his book, fitly echoes Milton's Morning Hymn in Eden, and prepares our ears for Coleridge's higher strain in his "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouny." But, with brief words, we may let him pass, and Cowper with him, though from that weary life we have reaped some harvest of faith. The blind feeling after God, of his "God moves in a mysterious way," with its wave-music and soul of trust, has soothed more than one stricken soul; and if "The Castaway" be the cry of despair, there are others of his poems that breathe a child-like trust. But one is coming who knew more at once of the human heart and God's love to it than these together. It was at nearly the time that the "Seasons" was being published, that the flame of Methodism began to spread through the masses. And the new life that opened to the day, broke into flower of song in Charles Wesley. While his brother roused the people

to sing, he put songs into their mouths—such songs as will keep their hold on Christian hearts till the end of time. There is no need of quoting. We have only to open our hymn-book, and look down its index, to see how voluminous a writer he was, and how good was the quality of his verse. The art, the unity of many of his songs, is hardly appreciated by many. Herbert, symbol of finished work, never did better. They would be worthy of study simply for this artistic value; but as expressions of experience in the deep things of God, they reach our hearts.

And now our hour of worship is over. To many voices from the twilight past we have not listened; to none of those from the present can we turn. The voice that sent its sweetness "through all the windings of the Christian year," vainly beguiles us. Not for William Blake, with his pathetic life and Songs of Innocence; not for the Brownings, though the marvelous setting forth of what it is to choose the world and lose the life, of "Easter Day," deserves mention; not for the doubters who have preferred blind belief in an infallible Church to the unrest of skepticism, whose finest hymn-writer is Frederick Faber; nor for the doubters who will not let themselves be so blinded, whose truest, tenderest utterance breathes through the lingering sadness of "In Memoriam,"—for none of these can we wait. Twilight glooms are gathering in the springing cathedral arches, hiding the faces in the carved choir, and laying dust of silence on its organ. But going forth into busy life, one voice may follow us, and in the depth and simplicity of its utterance soothe our fretted souls with the memory of our Father's strength. Though he were twice Romanist, truth speaks through Faber in these lines:

"Without an end or bound
Thy life lies all outspread in light;
Our lives feel thy life all around,
Making our weakness strong, our darkness bright;
Yet it is neither wilderness nor sea,
But the calm gladness of a full eternity.

O, thou art very great,
To sit thyself so far above;
But we partake of thine estate,
Established in thy strength and in thy love;
'That love hath made eternal room for me
In the sweet vastness of its own eternity."

LET us remember that *when we shall come to die*, and our souls sit, as it were, hovering upon our lips, ready to take their flight, at how great a rate we would then be willing to purchase some of those hours we once trifled away.

A VISIT TO CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

THE purple heather was in full bloom. Here and there great patches of golden gorse flamed, like fire-islands, amid that mighty sea of amethystine color which spread far and wide over the moors. The blue sky was mottled with white fleecy clouds, and the morning was calm, peaceful, and sunny. I, like all the rest of mankind at the time of which I am about to speak, was fascinated by the genius of Charlotte Brontë, who had suddenly burst upon the world "forty thousand strong, when nobody thought of such a thing"—as Waller said of Denham's horse—and in the solitude and seclusion of those Yorkshire hills and woodlands, had not only contributed to a volume of poems, in conjunction with her two younger sisters, but had written "*Jane Eyre*" and "*Shirley*," two stories of such wonderful power, freshness, and ability, that they raised her at once to the first rank as a novelist, and her name was upon every tongue, and her praise in all the newspapers. Every body who reads at all is, by this time, well acquainted with these remarkable performances, especially the former, which is an organic book, and has created a new era in the literature of romance, and, unfortunately, a new school also. I do not design, however, to make a criticism upon these works, nor to speak, except quite incidentally, about the persons or the literary achievements of the other members of that strange, weird, and wonderful family, to whom artistic creation, of some sort or other, was an intellectual necessity, as their devotion, in very early childhood, to various forms of literary art, such as essay-writing, fables, stories, allegories, and "dark sayings," to say nothing of later manifestations in drawing and painting, sufficiently proves.

It is of Charlotte Brontë, however, that I wish now more particularly to speak, and not so much as an author as a private person. I lived, for several years, in the neighborhood of Haworth, and it was natural that I should feel a more than common interest in the author of "*Jane Eyre*," as soon as it was authentically announced that Miss Brontë was the man, "*Currer Bell*." I had previously been introduced to her brother Branwell, or Patrick, as he was variously called, and had enjoyed more than one or two delightful walks and conversations with him. Long, therefore, before his sisters had come up from the dark moor-lands, bearing their flaming torches to astonish the world withal, I was well acquainted with their capabilities, and, to some extent, with their

genius and character. At any rate, when I expressed a wish to be introduced to her, I found that the way was very pleasantly prepared.

I walked from Keithley to Haworth upon the occasion of this visit, that I might the better observe and retain the general outlines and portraiture of the landscape. It was a wild, not uninteresting walk, and Keithley seemed to me as if it were bent upon seizing and absorbing its unpretending neighbor; for, all along the two miles of road, its merchants and manufacturers of hose and woollen goods had established their homes, and surrounded them by rude gardens and plantations. A range of hills sweeps away from the road in a sort of curves, until, with its other hilly dependences, it makes a background, with the moor-lands at its base, to the village, church, and parsonage of Haworth. A stream of water, called in Yorkshire a "beck," runs at the foot of the steep that leads to the village, and is crossed, at this point, by a rustic bridge. Haworth consists of a single street, which extends from the bottom to the top of the steep aforesaid, with houses built of stone on both sides of it. Low, curious, and "uncanny" houses they are—with great slabs covering the roofs and paving the little courts before the doors. The walls are also of stone. And there is not a tree to be seen in that wilderness on the hill. A wretched, crippled, and crooked shrub or two shows itself, perhaps, here and there; but, generally speaking, the soil is barren and worthless, until, at last, it becomes mere moor or black peat land.

When I arrived at the top of this hill—which was also paved with stones, set up endwise to give a foot-hold to the horses—I was astonished to find six or seven gigs and carriages, besides saddle-horses, ranged round the door of the hostel, known every-where now as the "Black Bull." I had noticed two or three gigs and as many horsemen, as they passed me along the road during my journey; but it never struck me, for a moment, that Haworth was their destination. At first I thought there might be a wedding, or a confirmation by the bishop, or, at least, a Yorkshire funeral in the village. So, when I got inside the hotel, I inquired of the landlord what was the occasion of the present assemblage of strangers at the house, and he told me that all these people were curiosity-mongers. They had come to see Miss Brontë; and many a half-crown has the ostler received from over-anxious individuals, who, having tired themselves with walking up and down by the house side, or before it in the grave-yard, under pretense of examining the tombstones, have gone at last into the best parlor at the "Black

Bull," with John Ostler's promise that if Miss Brontë should come out of the parsonage, he would let the "parties" know forthwith. But Miss Brontë very rarely gratified the curiosity of this sort of people. If she had business in the village, or any clerical duty to perform there, the presence of these people would not prevent her from performing it. But otherwise, although she could not help being touched at the sight of so many people, knowing their object, she regarded it more, I am sure, with pain than pleasure; and was, to the last degree, unobtrusive in her nature, and shrunk from all personal display.

The parsonage-house was the most dreary and sepulchral looking place one could very well imagine. It was an old-fashioned stone house, of two stories high, and had, perhaps, been built a hundred years. It was situated within the precincts of the grave-yard, with the church hard by, and to reach it one had to walk over the populations of the dead, on great, damp, mossy slabs, which contained the brief record of each inhabitant's life and death. It was a ghastly-looking place. Tall, gaunt grave-stones were there, some of them standing more or less upright, others half thrown down, or lying prone over their neighbor's resting-place. I saw them afterward in the moonlight. There rose up the great, black church to the blue sky, its enormous black shadow swallowing up half the dead men's graves; while the grave-stones seemed to be of some dread goblin race, tossing their ugly, wild arms heavenward, and upbraiding God. There is a stone wall, however, around the parsonage-house, and you enter the garden—the garden of the ghouls, I couldn't help thinking it—each shrub and lilac-tree, and flaunting flower flourishing and trying to look gay and beautiful, while they banqueted horribly upon the dead beneath them.

I knocked at the door, and presently a tall, not uncourtly, but ancient and venerable man, with a gray head, and the most noble Milesian features, opened it, and smiling kindly upon me as I told my name, invited me in; and, asking pardon for leaving me alone, vanished into a room on the right-hand of the door, telling me he would ring for his daughter. The bell had hardly sounded, before the door opened, and Miss Brontë stood before me. I was agreeably disappointed at her appearance. I had always heard that she was very plain and unprepossessing, with bashful manners. Instead of this, I found her exceedingly agreeable, from the first moment of her entrance to the last of the interview; and, instead of being plain, I thought her uncommonly attractive. She had the slight-

est, fairy-like figure, and very small hands and feet. Her head was superb, and the forehead broad and deep and square, appearing so, more especially, in her profile. Her eyes had, for me, a strange fascination, so weird, mystical, unfathomable they seemed; and this expression was deepened by a slight obliquity in them. She had overworked herself, she said, and was tired, and her eyes were very weary and painful; all which was evident in her appearance; and I saw that the light was painful to her, although the room was darkened by the drawn blinds. She was dressed very simply, but neatly, and with taste. I was amazed to find one of whose bashfulness I had heard so much, and especially during her London visits, so completely enfranchised from all restraint of manner or of speech. She entered very freely into conversation, and spoke of several noted persons with whom we were both acquainted. I was anxious to find out whether her excessive and life-long seclusion from all society except that of her own family, and of people belonging to the established Church, had in any way darkened her outlook upon the progressive movements of the age. I found her a rigid Episcopalian, but with much charity in her heart for all heretics. I told her, upon her introducing the name of Thackeray, that I feared he was very far from being an orthodox Christian. But she said: "He is surely a good Christian, and one of the chiefs among men. What a noble soul he has, what a fine, searching, clear, analytical intellect! What a great, warm, hospitable heart under that cynic smile or snarl! I do not think he is a Churchman specially, or any other special religionist; but he inclines to the Church of England; and one can see in his books that he is not a very great friend to dissent. He seems to me," she added, "to take the good he finds in all, and is thankful for it; not finding too much of it, by any means. Sometimes, indeed he is so very bitter and dark that he almost shuts God out of his own world, and gives it up to the evil one and evil people. Then, again, he comes to us with such a heart full of love for all things, that one breathes freely once more." All which I acquiesced in, suggesting, however, that he was very hard on poor human nature every-where. "Yes," she answered; "because human nature is indeed very often so vile, that to tamper with it, and flatter it, would be to destroy it altogether. Thackeray handles sin with a knife that never fails to cut, but with a heart that bleeds over every wound he inflicts. What a man he is! How he towers above all the rest of his compatriots!

Such strength is in him, such fierceness. With such terrible and implacable enmity does he hunt down society and its victims, that one literally trembles before him, and sometimes he appalls me. But O, what a deep, womanly tenderness there is in him; with what pathos he turns to the Christ-like side of humanity; and how he wounds to heal! I find no such man in this generation, none worthy to stand upon the same ground with him."

It was beautiful to see and hear her—this tiny little fairy of a woman—speaking these great strong words about a man whom so few know or can read aright. I would have given a good deal if Thackeray could have stood behind some respectable-looking screen and heard this inspired Pythoness plead for him.

"Then," said I, "you esteem Thackeray more even than our great high-priest, as young England calls him, Thomas Carlyle."

"Yes, indeed," she said. "I have great respect, and even reverence, for Mr. Carlyle; but he is so awful and profane an image-breaker, he breaks down the good and the bad alike very often. How he sneers at the religion of the Churches; and how he extols brute force, as if it were God, and makes of all forceful things as if they only could be good and of God! He has no word of pity, compassion, or love for failure of any kind. If you fail, you shall perish; there is no mercy for you. The blessed Savior and his mission have no part nor lot in Carlyle's scheme of life. He has got no higher than Thor the thunderer, with his smashing hammer, after all these twenty centuries of Christ's love. Love is weakness; and 'to be weak,' he says with Milton, 'is miserable, doing or suffering;' so weakness is doomed to death and annihilation. This huge brute man walks the world a deity, trampling upon the skulls which he has made lifeless."

I suggested that this very savagery might be the result of love in Carlyle's mind. A man does not so denounce evil unless he also loves goodness and truth.

"Yes," she replied, "but he kills outright—makes wholesale slaughter of it before what you call his love has time to show itself. 'It's all for his good,' says Carlyle, knocking some poor wretch's brains out. 'Let him go.' But the infinite love of God does not manifest itself in that way," she added.

I had a good deal to dissent from in what she said, but acknowledged the truth of her general remarks upon this great man. I asked her if she had read Francis Henry Newman's book "On the Soul: its Inmost Aspirations." She had not, however; but she had read one

of his other books, and knew of him. He was a man of real sincerity, she said, and represented one phase of the age and times; namely, the struggle for new light and life and truth. I was astonished to find how much she sympathized with him. Between them, she said, the two brothers Newman stood for the age. She thought it very wonderful how, both starting from the Bible, the one should go over to free thought, and the other to Catholicism.

We had a good deal of gossiping talk too. I asked how it was possible she could live in that grave-yard. "Man," she said, "is a very curious animal. You can train him to think any thing, and believe any thing, do any thing, and live anywhere. Is it more strange that I should like to live here than that the Esquimaux should like to live on the frozen sides of the sea in snow huts, and be thankful for a dish of whale's blubber? Besides which," she said, "I think I should die if I knew I should never see these wild moors again; and my sister Emily is even more devoted to them than I am."

We spoke of "Jane Eyre." She said she had been quite over-praised for it, but that justice had not been done to it on its merits. It was good as a woman's book, she said, and not as a production of the human intellect. She was very angry with Mr. Lewes, about this time, for daring to drag her feminine nature into the arena of his critical discussion respecting it. She said she had intended to like Lewes, and had half made up her mind, but thought she should now recant.

Alluding to the people outside, who had come to see the show, she replied that she was bored to death with them. "I hope," she said, "that I shall ever be grateful to all who take interest enough in my writing, such as it is, to like me, and wish me well, and bid me Godspeed; but this vulgarity is too much. I can not stir for their intrusion, on some days; and as I hate all clap-trap and ostentation, I can not get up a sympathy for them; even though it may be, as you suggest, that this is their way of expressing their good-will."

The truth was, that on Sundays the village was like a fair. Scores of shop-boys and young men from banks and counting-houses, and even respectable people, "who drove their gig," as Thurtel the murderer did, used to do that show business; and she had reason to be vexed. The room we were in was on the left of the passage as we enter by the front door. Brantwell had told me so many stories about the habits and plays and exercises and amusements of his sisters, so many of which were conducted in this room, that I looked upon it with the eyes of an old friend. It was very plainly fur-

nished, in conformity with an early rule of their father, who insisted upon the strictest economy in all the household departments. There were only two pictures, if I remember well, upon the walls, but every thing was scrupulously clean and neat.

EGYPTIAN AND GRECIAN ART.

ART may be divided into two classes, which, in the want of better terms, may be named the material and the spiritual.

Material art is like modern materialism, keen, glittering, beautiful, seemingly exhaustive, but lacking God. It copies, arranges, invents, perfects; but it is utterly born of earth, and is separated from the spiritual in art in just the degree and manner that the earthly and heavenly are separated in other things. Examples of this may be found in some of the Dutch painters—copyists of marvelous accuracy, but who never soared beyond, or pierced deeper than the mere form and color of their patterns—in most portrait-painters, and, we venture to say, in the majority of portrayals of nature. So, also, the mechanical inventions and man's skillful handiwork rise in their perfection of beauty into some relation to this art.

Spiritual art is not so. It has always breathed into it the breath of life; and, however dimly perceiving or blindly groping after the infinite, it is as widely distinct from the material as life is from death. It is at once the offspring and the monument of religious affection. While patriotism defends the pass of Thermopylæ, the art of war and statesmanship makes Rome, the oppression of unlimited power builds the Pyramids, science and mechanical skill leave enduring records of discovery and invention, it is beyond the power of any one, or all, of these, to approach in the slightest degree to the thought of the ideal, or to touch the hem of the garment of the spiritual.

When we stand, thrilled through and through, before a Greek sculpture, or feel our souls swayed by the passion of religious fervor that swept through the artists of the Middle Ages, and glows upon their canvas, or become conscious of the breath of the Infinite upon the souls that struggled for utterance, and found it in the Gothic cathedral, we know that, at the time these were born, the people were uplifted into the consciousness of a near divinity, and that the marks of the high and holy One upon the age have been transfused through and transmuted by these works of art, through the agency of some interpreters of the times raised up, as all true poets and painters are, to put into words

and form the eternal thought which exists in all nature, through all experience.

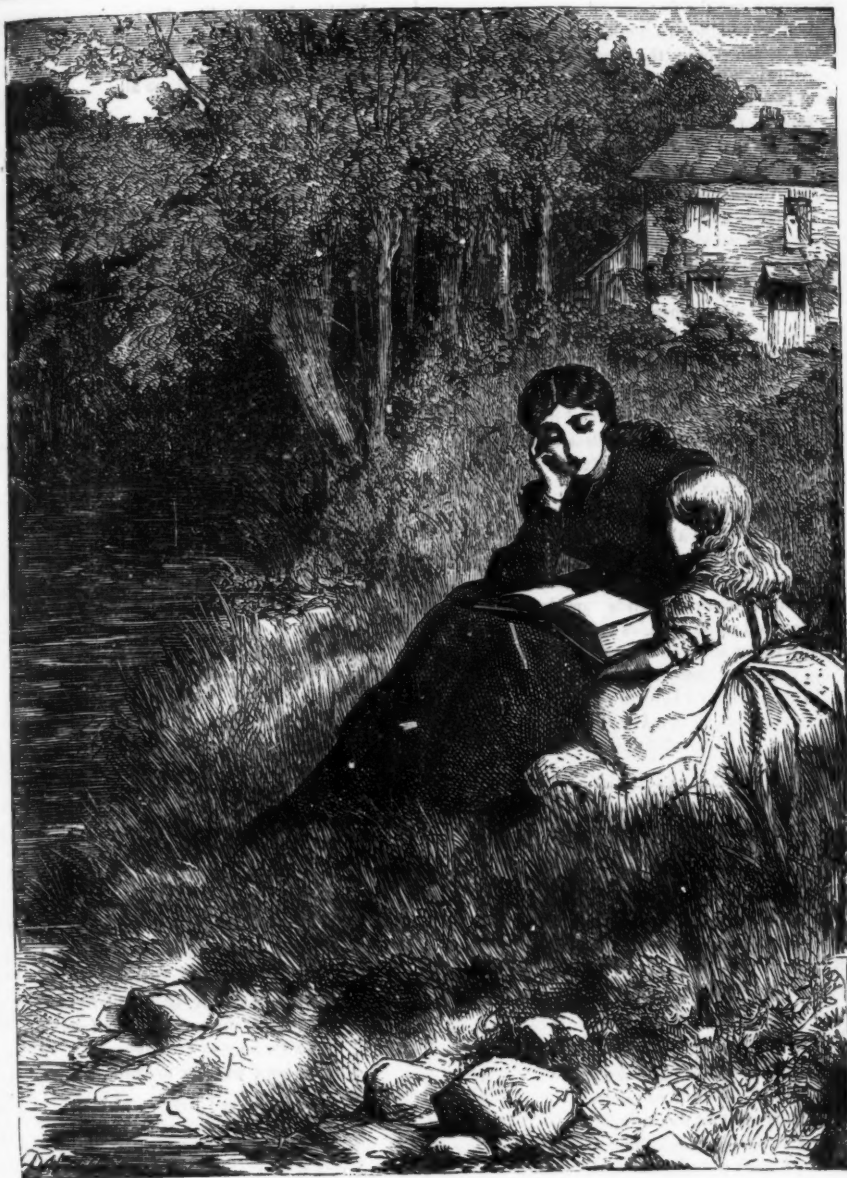
The earliest record which art makes for itself in the nations is in the times of Egypt's glory. There is very little of the heavenly aspiration here. The very element which gave to Egyptian art its strength of endurance has been its sordid and hopeless materialism. Not a beautiful enthusiasm, not an emotion of sublimity, not a shade of patriotism even, are built into the walls of the Pyramids; but they are heavy by the blood and toil of slaves, dark and enduring as evil in their perpetuity of the groans and curses of the oppressed. The people of Egypt outlined upon their walls their industries, the forms and features of heroes with the trophies of their conquests, and all characterized by the same earthiness. Even their idols seem to embody no thought of divinity in their repulsive and degrading ugliness.

Yet, methinks, the Sphinx seems in its brooding majesty to have soared into some such thought of the eternal, as might be caught from an outlook upon the still grandeur of the desert; and this seems to us to be the only glimmering of the spiritual in the art of the Egyptians.

When we turn to Greece, however, we see the thought of the ideal springing into existence like a beautiful blossom under its sunny skies. In the best days of Greece, her people seemed to fuse all common and material things into the spiritual and the ideal. When they fought, they seemed but embodied patriotism.

If we look at them in their religion, the god in nature seems to hold and sway them, as it has no other people. Indeed, we may call her the ideal of nations, because she concentrated within herself, in an intensity which burned her life out, those elements of enthusiasm, which, in other nations, either never come to light, or show themselves only under extraordinary circumstances.

The thoughtful student of the Grecians in their worship, can but believe that they worshiped God; that, placing them by the side of mountains and in lovely vales, surrounding them with the influences of the sea, in its sweep from peninsula to peninsula, hanging over all a brilliant sky, and bathing all in a pellucid atmosphere never seen out of Greece, giving them, besides, most perfect beauty of form and feature, He took hold of this singularly impressive people through the beautiful, and wrought through them those marvels of sculpture which, through the ages, have stood far above the artist's skill, and beckon—but, alas, too much in vain—to the sordid nineteenth century to rise unto the region of the ideal.



SUMMERS AGO.

SUMMERS ago we wandered there
 On banks of the valley river,
 That winds through meadows broad and fair—
 Fields that are beautiful ever ;
 Fair in the sunset's rosy glow,
 Fresh in the dew of the morning,
 Pure in their robes of gleaming snow,
 Fair in the Summer's adorning ;

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When golden blooms their beauty veil
 In spiders' daintiest laces,
 And ever up where cloud-ships sail
 Look the daisies' patient faces ;
 When idle breezes passing by,
 Break the long grass into billows,
 And kiss the stream to hear it sigh
 In the shade of fringing willows.

Summers ago the feet passed on
 Out of childhood's golden meadows,
 Find 'neath mosses the roughest stone
 And the sunshine edged with shadows;
 Soft hair loses its gleam of gold,
 Reflex of buttercups' blooming;
 And eyes that clearly shone of old
 Catch the river's deepest glooming.
 O, for a pressure, warm and true,
 Of hands now folded forever,
 That gathered violets sweet and blue
 With ours by the valley river,
 While wild birds' merry songs and trills
 Rippled all the meadows over,
 And breezes came from distant hill,
 With the breath of fragrant clover!

Summers ago at silent noon,
 When the heat-waves rise and quiver,
 Chiming with crickets' ceaseless croon,
 Came the murmur of the river;
 Low in the hush of evening time,
 And louder in midnight shadows,
 On misty wings with bells' far chime
 The sound came over the meadows;
 And floats through halls of memory still,
 With the tones of friends now sleeping
 Where cold white marbles crown the hill,
 And below the waters sweeping
 Sing ever of a sunny land
 That is bounded by death's river,
 Sing ever of a guiding Hand,
 Of our God o'er all forever.

BORN—A DAUGHTER.

A DAUGHTER!

Well, what brought her?
 Kitty asks, "How came she here?"
 Half with joy and half with fear.
 Kitty is our eldest child—
 Eight years old and rather wild—
 Wild in manner, but in mind
 Wishing all things well defined.

Kitty says: "How came she here?"
 Father, tell me—it's so queer.
 Yesterday we had no sister,
 Else I'm sure I should have kissed her
 When I went to bed last night,
 And this morning hailed her sight
 With a strange and new delight;
 For, indeed, it passes all
 To have a sister not so tall
 As my doll; and with blue eyes;
 And—I do declare!—it cries!

Last night I did not see her, father,
 Or I'm sure I had much rather
 Stayed at home as still as a mouse
 Than played all day at grandma's house.
 She is pretty, and so tiny—
 And what makes her face so shiny?

Will it always be like that?
 Will she swell up plump and fat,
 Like my little doll? or tall,
 Like my wax one? tell me all
 About her, papa dear,
 For I do so long to hear
 Where she came from, and who brought her,
 Yours and mamma's brand-new daughter."

A daughter! another daughter!
 And the question is, "What brought her?"
 Spence, our boy, but three years old,
 Says the nurse did—and is bold,
 In defiance of them both,
 Since to yield his place he's loath;
 And, pouting, feels his nose's point,
 When I declare 't is out of joint.

But though the childish explanation
 Be food enough for child's vexation,
 We older folks must better find
 To feed the hunger of the mind;
 To us, of larger issues preaching,
 This link of life eternal, reaching
 From earth to heaven, this new-born soul
 Come fresh from wherever roll
 Its countless years through yonder heaven,
 Has deeper cause for thinking given.

A daughter!
 No matter what—she comes to bring
 A blessing in her life's young spring.
 "No matter, darling—she is here—
 Our daughter, sister, baby dear!
 Open your hearts, and let her enter,
 Open them wide, for God hath sent her."

THREE ROSES.

Just when the red June roses blow,
 She gave me one—a year ago—
 A rose whose crimson breast revealed
 The secret that its heart concealed;
 And whose half-shy, half-tender grace,
 Blushed back upon the giver's face.

A year ago—a year ago—
 To hope was not to know.

Just when the red June roses blow,
 I plucked her one—a month ago;
 Its half-blown crimson to eclipse,
 I laid it on her smiling lips;
 The balmy fragrance of the south
 Drew sweetness from her sweeter mouth.

Swiftly do golden hours creep:
 To hold is not to keep.

The red June roses now are past;
 This very day I broke the last—
 And now its perfumed breath is hid
 With her beneath a coffin-lid;
 There will its petals fall apart,
 And wither on her icy heart:

At three red roses' cost,
 My world was gained and lost.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

I.

AT Kronjevatz, in Servia, once dwelt a hunter whose name was Ianko Lazarevitch. He was the king of the mountains. Although his sole property consisted of a small cottage, surrounded by a vineyard, he dwelt there in peace and pleasure with his wife and child. His bees supplied him with honey, his grapes with the best brandy in the country, and, thanks to his rifle, game was never absent from his table. The wealthy possessed land, mines, treasures; Ianko owned the forest. Hares, goats, and deer, for ten miles around, belonged to him; and when, at Belgrade, Widdin, Pesth, even at Constantinople, the best fox or bear skins were wanted, whom did they send to? To Ianko, the hunter of Kronjevatz. Happiness is like a flower; it withers in a day. One beautiful Autumn night, Ianko was hunting, when he saw afar off a strange light. The forest-trees were lit up one after the other, as if in the glare of a furnace, then returned to gloom, and the light still came on. At the same time could be heard the noise of a heavy tramp, and of crashing branches. To step from his hiding-place, and to stand on the watch, was for Ianko but a motion. Suddenly there burst from the wood an enormous ram, whose eyes flashed fire, and whose fleece glittered like the rays of the sun. Ianko leveled his rifle; but, quicker than lightning, the animal sprang on him and crushed him. The next day, about dawn, some wood-cutters, on their way to work, found the poor hunter stretched on the ground, stiff in death. In his breast were two deep wounds, which had produced instant loss of life. The wood-cutters bore to the city the body of their brave comrade; he was buried; and all was over. In that happy dwelling, which had so often re-echoed the gay songs of Ianko, were now heard the moans of a widow and the sobs of a child. Sadly or joyfully the years pass, bearing with them our joys and our sorrows.

Stoian, the son of Ianko, became a man; his first desire was to hunt. In his veins ran the blood of his father; and, while yet a child, his greatest delight had been to gaze on and to touch the hunter's rifle suspended from the wall. But the day he asked his mother to confide to him this fatal weapon, and to let him seek the forest, the poor woman began to weep.

"No, my child," said she, "on no account will I give thee that rifle. I have already lost my husband. Dost thou wish me to lose my son?"

Stoian was silent, and embraced his mother. But the next day he returned to the charge. He was so tender and caressing, he promised to be so prudent, that she ended by yielding. At dawn, Stoian, wild with joy, sought the mountains; he hunted all day, and the same evening he found himself in the place where his father had met his death. The night was gloomy; the tired young hunter was giving way to slumber in spite of himself, when a loud noise aroused him. He saw a strange light; he saw the forest-trees light up as though in the glare of a furnace; he heard the noise of shaking ground and crashing branches. Without forsaking his hiding-place, Stoian seized his rifle, and commended his soul to God. Forth from the wood came a gigantic ram, whose eyes shot fire, whose fleece flashed like the rays of the sun.

"Stoian! Stoian!" cried the ram, "I slew thy father, and will slay thee."

"No," replied the young man, "with God's help I will slay thee."

He aimed so well that the animal, struck between the eyes, tottered and fell on the spot. Stoian sprang on the beast, and bled it. He began to skin it, when suddenly, by his side, appeared a tall woman, with black hair and green eyes. This was the forest fairy, the mountain vila.

"Stoian," said she, "thou hast freed me from a foe; accept my hand; I am thy sister. When you need help, think of me."

The young hunter thanked the lady, and returned to Kronjevatz, happy and proud of his game. Hung on the wall, the fleece of the ram lit up the whole chamber. The whole province came to admire it; and Stoian was proclaimed king of the mountain, as his father had been. Never a maiden but had a smile for him as he passed. At this time the Turk—whom God confound—was master in Servia. Reschid, the pasha of Belgrade, was a veteran janissary, who had, perhaps, been brave in his time; but he was now only a selfish and sensual old man, who spent his life drinking, smoking, and sleeping. To rule a people whose language, religion, and manners he despised, he kept near him a renegade from no one knows where, one of those wretches without faith or justice, who live by plunder. Yacoub, so he was called, had a low forehead, hay-colored eyes, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, and ten fingers more curving than his nose. Of all the words of the Servian tongue, the one he knew best was the verb "to take;" he conjugated it everlastingly, and in all its moods. As to the verb "restore," he ignored it. May Satan teach it to him con-

tinually in hell! The proverb says, "A Turk is a bigger robber than ten wolves, and a renegade is better than ten Turks in this point." Yacoub did not give the lie to the proverb. One day that Reschid was hunting near Kronjevat, Yacoub, as usual, began to collect taxes in the way that was most profitable to himself. Let us do him the justice, however, to say that he gave something to his master, who gave nothing to the sultan. On his entrance into the cottage of Stoian, the renegade was dazzled by the golden fleece. His eyes shone with covetousness; his hands were closely clinched.

"My son," said he to the young hunter, "that is a beautiful thing. The pasha ought to know all the beasts of his forests; take him the skin of that ram. It belongs to him."

"The fleece is mine," replied Stoian. "I wish to give it to no one."

"Who speaks of giving it," returned the renegade. "Among the great, every gift is an exchange. The pasha, my master and thine, is too generous to remain indebted to thee for a raya."

"I do not sell my property; I keep it," replied Stoian.

"Weigh thy words, young man," said Yacoub, frowning. "Pride brings misfortune, and the pasha has a long arm. I want that fleece; I must have it."

For all answer, Stoian took down his rifle and showed the renegade the door.

"Do n't fret, son mine," said Yacoub, making a rapid exit; "perhaps one day thou wilt regret not having followed my advice."

Re-entering the palace, the renegade found Reschid quaffing bumpers of the white wine of Semendria.

"Taste this wine," said he to Yacoub; "it is Tokay. If the Cadis could taste it, they would exchange their Koran for a single bottle."

"The vintage is excellent," replied the renegade, "but it is not equal to the white wine I have drank at Smyrna. 'T is true the pasha there possesses a vine bearing unequaled grapes."

"He is very lucky," said Reschid, beginning to grow intoxicated.

"What hinders you from being equally fortunate?" said Yacoub. "There is in this country a certain Stoian—a sort of wizard—who, in eight days, can plant a vine for you, and give you similar grapes. But perhaps he will raise some difficulties."

"Difficulties!" said the Turk, shrugging his shoulders. "Send a janissary, and tell him that if, in eight days, I do not have a vine as handsome as that of Smyrna, and grapes equally good, I will have his head cut off."

"There is no answering that argument," said

Yacoub, with a broad grin; and he murmured, softly, "The golden fleece is mine."

When Stoian heard the sad news, he began to weep. "Alas, mother mine, we are lost!"

"My son," said the poor woman, "did I not tell you so, that that rifle would cost you your life, as it cost your father his?"

In despair, the young man rushed out, going straight ahead, unheedingly. At the foot of the mountain, a young girl passed near him. "Brother," said she, "why weepest thou?"

"God keep thee," responded Stoian brusquely, "thou canst not aid me."

"How knowest thou?" answered she. "One knows one's friends by trial."

The hunter raised his head and recognized the vila. He threw himself tearfully in her arms, and told her the craft of Yacoub and the folly of the pasha.

"Is that all?" said the fairy. "Courage, my brother; I am with thee. Seek the pasha; ask him where he wishes to plant his vine; tell him to make his ditches. Then take a twig of basil, plant it in the furrow, and sleep tranquilly in thy new garden. Before eight days are past thou wilt be able to gather ripe grapes."

Stoian did all that the vila ordered. The first day he planted the twig of basil; but he trusted little in the fairy's promises, and lay down to sleep with a heavy heart. Rising before the sun, he ran to the first furrows; the sprouts began to pierce the earth. The second day they were large; the third, they opened their leaves; the fourth, they bloomed. The sixth day, though it was Spring, the grapes were ripe. Stoian gathered them, pressed them, and carried his terrible master a pitcher of sweet wine, and a plate of ripe grapes. At the sight of this marvelous vintage, every one was astonished except the pasha, who found it perfectly natural, and did not even thank poor Stoian.

"Nothing is easier," says the proverb, "than to seize serpents with the hand of another."

"Well," said Reschid to Yacoub, "what think you of my power? I am no sorcerer, I am proud to say. With a saber in one's hand, one needs not know or possess any thing; money and mind, all is yours."

"I admire the genius of your Highness," returned the renegade, bowing, "and I hope it will not leave the work unfinished."

"Is there aught wanting to my vine?" asked Reschid, discontentedly.

"It wants the ivory tower which, at Smyrna, is the admiration of believers and the despair of infidels."

"Only that?" said the pasha, laughing. "Approach, young man. If in a month I do not

have an ivory tower like that of Smyrna, I will cut off your head. Thou hast heard; obey."

Stoian ran to his mother in tears. "Alas, mother, we are lost!"

"Go, my son, seek the mountain; perhaps you will find there our protectress and friend."

The young man ran to the mountain, and three times he called to the fairy. She came to him smilingly, and listened to him with tenderness. "Is that all?" said she. "Courage, my brother, I am with thee. Seek the pasha. Ask him for a ship, three hundred pipes of wine, two hundred pipes of brandy, and twelve carpenters. Once on board, sail straight on. When the ship is between two mountains, land; drain the pond thou wilt find before thee, and fill it with the wine and brandy. When the elephants come in the evening to drink, they will become dead-drunk; the carpenters can saw off their tusks, and you will soon have a large load. Then return with your booty to the vine, take with you a twig of basil, and sleep tranquilly in your new garden. In eight days the tower of ivory will be built."

Stoian did all the vila ordered. The ship stopped between two mountains, the pond was emptied, and filled with wine and brandy. At night-fall, the elephants came in troops. The first who tasted the brandy seemed surprised; but he soon returned to the charge with a certain pleasure, and each one imitated him. Then came a universal joy, noise, and tumult. All Elephantine had a feast. Despising etiquette, the king of the elephants danced in character, and the queen waltzed with a young chamberlain. Then the whole band fell sound asleep, and the carpenters began their duty. Blush not for your excess, good elephants, you are not the first who, drunk or asleep, have lost your teeth, and you will not be the last. Reaching home, Stoian had this enormous mass of ivory placed in his garden. Hidden behind the wall, Yacoub watched the young hunter to discover his secret; but Stoian passed the whole day in singing plaintive songs, to the accompaniment of his guzla. When night veiled the earth, nothing was done. Yacoub retired, rubbing his hands. "He is lost," thought he; "the golden fleece is mine."

But the next day the tower of ivory emerged from the ground; the second day it rose to the height of the first story; by the sixth, it was finished, with its dome and its minarets. For ten miles round, it shone in the sun, brighter than the sea beneath the silvery moon. At the sight of this wonderful edifice all were surprised, except the pasha, who found it perfectly natural, and did not even thank poor Stoian.

"Well," said he to Yacoub, playing with the hilt of his saber, "what think you of my power?"

"I admire the genius of your Highness," replied the renegade, bowing; "but I hope it will not leave the work incomplete."

"Is aught wanting to my ivory tower?" asked Reschid, discontentedly.

"It wants the princess of India. What is the tower of ivory, if it does not contain the wonder of creation?"

"You are right," returned the pasha, "'tis the bird which makes the cage valuable. Draw near, young man," said he to Stoian. "Hence, seek for me the princess of India. If you return without bringing me this miracle of beauty, off goes your head. You have heard; obey."

Stoian ran, tearfully, to his mother. "Alas, mother, we are lost! You will never see your child again."

"Away, my son, seek the mountain; perhaps you will find there our protectress and friend."

The young man hastened to the mountain, and thrice did he call the fay. She appeared to him smilingly, and listened to him tenderly.

"Only that?" said she. "Courage, brother, I am here. Go to the pasha, ask him for a large ship; erect in the ship twelve handsome stalls, place in them more stuffs and pearls than can be seen in the bazaars of Constantinople. Install in these stalls, as merchants, the twelve handsomest young men in Servia, and attire them like princes. Then depart, and when the ship stops between two mountains, land; you will be in the kingdom of India. There take your guzla, sing with your comrades; and when the daughters of the land come to the fountain, invite them to view the riches of your vessel. Give them presents; they will be charmed with your generosity, and, returning to the city, they will say, 'Never was seen a handsomer ship, richer goods, more amiable merchants.' A woman and a princess, the daughter of the Indian king is doubly curious. She will come to see you; amuse her all day, but as soon as the night comes raise your anchor and make sail. When the princess is in your ship, all will not be over. She is a magician, and can place you in danger; but follow my counsels, and you will succeed."

So saying, the fairy approached the mountain rivulet, and called a salmon which was ascending it. She took from him a scale, which she gave to Stoian. "Take this talisman," said she; "if you ever need help at the bottom of the ocean, throw this scale in the water and call my brother, the salmon, to your aid." Then, raising her eyes to the sky, the vila saw a falcon pursuing a dove. She whistled, and the two birds perched on her shoulder. From the

falcon she took a crest-plume, from the dove a wing-plume, and gave them to Stoian. "Take both these talismans," said she. "If you want aid in the air, cast these feathers on the wind, and call to your aid my brother, the falcon, or my sister, the dove. And now, brother, farewell. I have exhausted for you the secrets of my art; you will see me no more."

Stoian thanked his sister, the vila, and did all she had told him. The ship stopped between two mountains; the young girls came to the fountain; they heard the songs of Stoian; they went on board; they accepted handsome presents without much pressing; and that evening, over the whole city went the cry, "Never was seen a handsomer ship, richer, finer goods, and more charming merchants."

The next day the princess of India, followed by twelve companions, came to the shore in a magnificent palanquin, borne by the gentlest and handsomest of elephants. She had on her shoulder a small green parrot, which amused her with its nonsense. Stoian ran to meet the lady, and ushered her into his ship. At each stall were displayed the costliest stuffs, the rarest jewels; rings, ear-rings, necklaces, diadems. The princess and her attendants were like swallows before a mirror; the day passed ere they could tear their surprised and delighted eyes from such wonders. Scarce had night fallen o'er the sea, when Stoian raised anchor and set sail. At the first motion of the ship, the princess was terrified. She mounted the deck, and taking the parrot on her finger, "Dear bird," said she, "fly, tell my father his child is being stolen away." The parrot took wing, but Stoian instantly cast on the wind the falcon's plume, crying, "My brother, the falcon, come to my aid." A black spot was seen in the distant sky. Down on the parrot swooped a falcon and bore off his prey to his aerie. The princess regarded Stoian with a disdainful air, and threw her ring into the sea. The ship stopped as quickly as if it had struck a rock. The wind blew vainly; a hidden force held the ship motionless. Stoian flung into the air the scale of the salmon, with the cry, "My brother, the salmon, come to my aid." He had scarcely spoken, when on the surface of the water glittered the scales of a gigantic salmon; then the fish dived, seized the ring, and the ship shot ahead, with the wind in the most favorable quarter. At this, the princess shrieked, and ran to rejoin her women. But next day, at dawn, she came once more on deck, and said to Stoian: "With a word I can change this ship to stone, and you will never see your country again; but if you will give me the water of immortality, I

am ready to follow you. Seest thou that rock yonder, from which rises a thick smoke? There is a fountain, guarded by two dragons, breathing fire. No one has ever eluded the vigilance of these monsters, who sleep neither day nor night. If you can gain what the whole world has failed in, if you can fill this tiny flask, you will have neither friend nor slave more devoted than I." For all reply, Stoian seized the flask and flung to the wind the feather of the dove, crying, "My sister, the dove, to the rescue." A moment after a dove, whiter than snow, lit on the shoulder of Stoian; she took the flask in her beak, rose into the air and vanished. An hour after she returned, and Stoian presented to the princess the water of immortality.

"Thanks, my friend," said the young girl, in her softest tones. "Now, you need fear me no longer? Speak, where are you taking me?"

"To the pasha, my master," replied Stoian.

"Ah!" said she, and drawing her veil over her face, she left him. For the remainder of the voyage she did not speak to Stoian. When the young hunter's return was heard, Kronjevatz had a fête. City and country came to see the entry of the princess of India. It was a wonderful sight. First came the twelve maids of honor, each mounted on a black horse. The bridle of each horse was held by one of the comrades of Stoian. Nothing more splendid could be seen than these young men, with their rich dresses, their glittering belts, their silver-hilted sabers, their inlaid rifles. But all was forgotten when Stoian and his prize were seen. Although she was enveloped in a long veil, which only allowed a glimpse of her black eyes, the princess eclipsed her companions, as the stars grow dim in the light of the moon. Her white horse seemed proud to bear her. The men all admired her as she passed, but the women gazed on Stoian. Handsome, haughty, and sad, he attracted the eyes of all. As she entered the palace, where the pasha awaited her, the stranger threw off her veil. At the sight of this wonderful beauty, Reschid, forgetting his age, hastened toward the princess with trembling steps, and sought to embrace her. But she repelled him so roughly, that if the faithful Yacoub had not been there, the pasha, in spite of all his power, would have flattened his nose on the ground.

"Ha!" said he, "beautiful savage, what has your slave done that you should treat him in this manner?"

"You are in error," said the princess haughtily. "You ask me neither my name nor that of my father. You know neither who I am nor

what I desire. Am I a dog or a falcon, to be captured by force? Know that, to espouse me, you must have a double youth, that of the soul and that of the body."

"My soul is very young," said the pasha. "As to my body, I would ask nothing better than to rejuvenate it, were it only to marry you and live forever near you. But how?"

"In this way," said the princess. "Here is a flask containing the water of immortality. Have your head cut off. Once dead, I will sprinkle you with this magic water, and I will render you as young and handsome as you were at twenty."

The pasha made a grimace; then gazing around him, he saw Stoian and frowned. "I believe," said he, "in this wonderful water, but I would not be sorry to see it tried. I know not why I should not try it on this good-looking boy, whom I am tired of seeing. Approach, raya; to rejuvenate you, we will decapitate you."

"I am young enough to escape this trial," answered Stoian, looking at the beautiful Indian; "but die or not, I retreat before no danger. What is my life to me?"

The pasha made a sign, a janissary drew his saber, and at a single blow the head of the young man leaped from his shoulders. A cry of horror arose; but the princess instantly sprinkled with her wonderful water the still quivering corpse. Stoian rose full of life and health, and so handsome, so young, that the old pasha, mad with jealousy, cried, "Rejuvenate me, princess, and quickly, without losing a moment." He called a janissary, gave his orders, then seeing Yacoub pretending to weep, "Poor Yacoub," said he, "my faithful friend, my right arm, I can not leave you old when I am about to become young; we would no longer be inseparable. No, my friend, I am no egotist; we must both grow young together. Our heads shall fall at the same time." At this mark of friendship, Yacoub became pale as death. He strove to speak; he opened his lips; but the signal was given, and his head rolled on the ground with that of the pasha.

"Away with these corpses!" said the princess, coldly, "and give to the dogs the body of the wretch who failed to treat me with respect."

At these words a look ran round the circle; the Turks frowned, but the Servians drew their sabers and said: "The princess is right; the crime has punished the criminal. Woe to him who does not respect a woman." And an old Turk answered: "What is done is done. No one can escape his fate."

Peace being restored, the princess said to Stoian: "I am widowed before I am wedded,

and you have no longer a master. Will you not carry me back to my father?"

"No," said Stoian. "The dearest privilege of a Servian is to carry off his wife, and I have here twelve comrades who are ready to follow my example."

"Stoian," said the princess, smiling, "you know I love not violence. Why carry me off? Will it not satisfy you to take me to your mother, and to give me a place by your fireside?"

No sooner said than done, and the same day saw thirteen marriages in Kronjevat. Reschid had more than one successor, and there was more than one Yacoub; for where there is a pasha like Reschid, there is always a flatterer and a traitor; but experience teaches the wicked, and fear restrains them. No one troubled Stoian. Every one respected the Indian princess. You can still see the house in which they dwelt; and the stranger is shown a stone placed over the door, which Stoian himself is said to have sculptured. On it is a rifle crossed with a saber. Beneath is written the word which is the joy of the Servian, and the terror of the Osmanli—*SVOBODNOST—Liberty.*

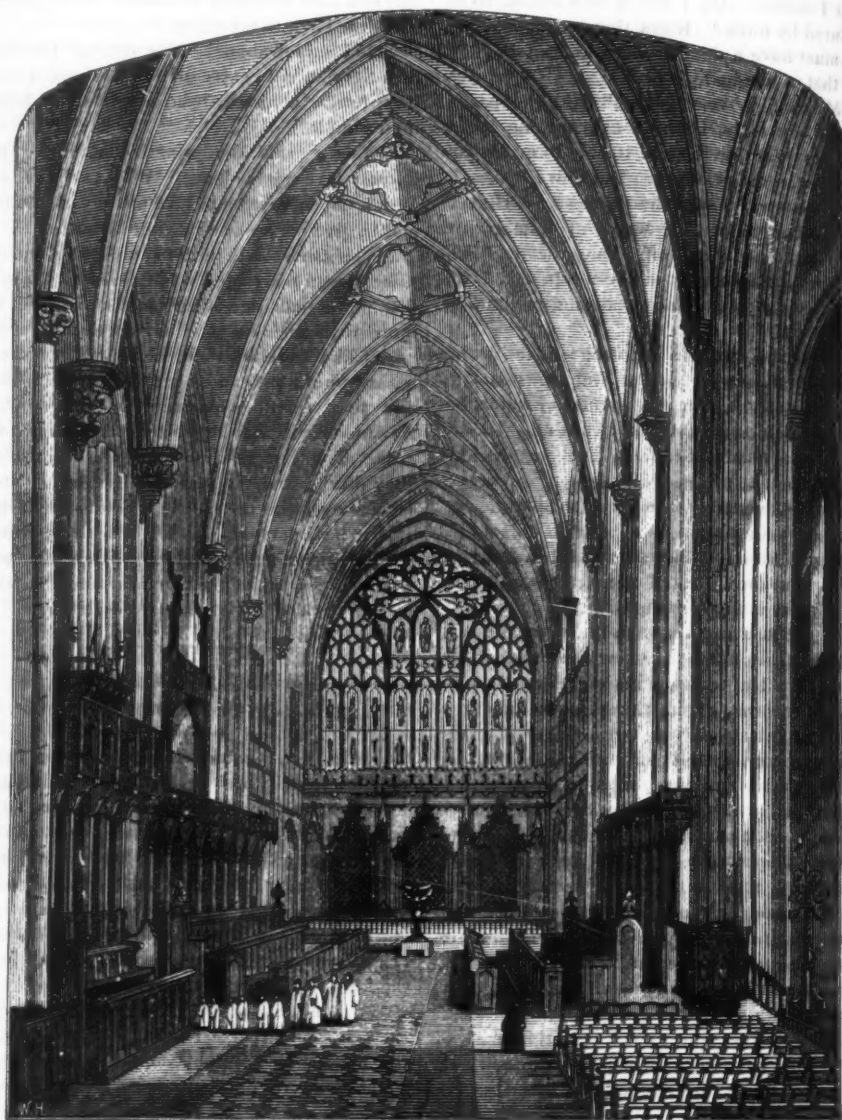
BRISTOL CATHEDRAL. THE GRAVE OF BISHOP BUTLER.

BRISTOL is sometimes spoken of as a mere trading city, rich in bankers and merchants, but poor in great names and men of renown. Yet the city, which can reckon among her navigators a Cabot, among her old merchants a Canynge, among her poets a Southey, and among her bishops the author of the famous "Analogy," may feel certain that such bright names will secure for her a mention in the long roll of the world's history.

We must, of course, refrain from describing the many remarkable buildings which illustrate the history of Bristol, confining our attention to the diocesan church, and to the famous bishop therein buried.

In the year 1148, Robert Fitzharding, ancestor of the Earls of Berkeley, largely endowed a priory of Austin or Black Canons, on the site of the present cathedral. The charter of foundation specifies the particular benefits which Robert expected from the canons in return for his liberality. The services exacted were not very severe, consisting of prayers for the souls of the king, of the said Robert, of his wife Eva, and their children. The charter was witnessed by no less than eleven persons, whose names and offices are duly recorded.

The priory thus founded was soon elevated



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

to the rank of an abbey, and one of the abbots, John Snow, was summoned to Parliament in the time of Edward III.

At the Reformation the ancient monastery was dissolved, but the church became the cathedral of the newly created diocese of Bristol, and thus the old foundation of Robert Fitzharding was adapted to the wants of a new era. This probably saved the building itself from destruction. No sooner were the monks expelled than certain persons, having a genius for

stealing, began to unroof the church for the sake of the lead. The stones and timber-work would soon have been appropriated, had not a royal prohibition frightened the plunderers.

The first bishop, Paul Bushe, found his new honor full of trouble. His sorrows came through his wife; not by her fault, but simply because in the reign of Mary a married bishop was an abomination in the eyes of the ecclesiastical authorities. The Bonners and Gardiners of the period need not have troubled the poor lady, as

she died in the first year of the Romish queen's reign. The epitaph on her tomb in the cathedral still reminds us of the doubt cast upon her marriage—"Of your charity pray for Edith Bushe, *otherwise* called Ashley." After the diocese had been successively ruled by forty-three bishops, another change came, Bristol being united with Gloucester in 1836.

If the diocese was formerly reckoned the poorest in England, the style of the cathedral offered little compensation for the poverty of the see. A rich Norman gate-way, the Lady Chapel of the thirteenth century, the chapter-house of the twelfth century, and some rich architecture of the later decorated style in the choir and transepts, suggest a few, but only a few, of those high poetic thoughts sculptured in stone, which some of our cathedrals display in all the fullness of beauty. The building consists of a choir, aisles, and transepts only, the nave having been destroyed, or the original church never having been completed.

Let us not forget that Bristol Cathedral was in greater danger of total destruction in the year 1831 than in all the previous periods of its history. Then it was that an infuriated mob endeavored to finish a mad course of plunder and burning by setting fire to their cathedral. Though the building itself was saved by the determined courage of a body of citizens, composed of both Churchmen and Dissenters, the bishop's "palace" and the library were destroyed. Fortunately, the rioters had flung hundreds of valuable books into the river, from which they were afterward recovered with trifling damage.

The greater part of the present church appears to have been erected in the fourteenth century; but the Berkeley Chapel, adjoining the south aisle, is in the style of the previous century, and the chapter-house is more ancient still, having been finished about the year 1190.

The greatest name connected with Bristol Cathedral is that of Bishop Butler, whose grave may be found near the "bishops' seat," between those of the Bishops Howel and Bradshaw. A marble stone marks the spot, and a Latin epitaph describes the mental endowments and moral graces of the famous author of the "Analogy."

In the year 1834, a monument was erected by subscription in the cathedral to the memory of Bishop Butler, and on this an inscription, in English, by the poet Southey, was appropriately placed. The man whose fame must ever rest on the works written in his native tongue is thus suitably commemorated in his own language.

A few lines may suffice to note the principal events in the tranquil life of Bishop Butler. The quiet little Berkshire town of Wantage may reasonably boast of two famous men—Alfred, the greatest of the Saxon kings; and Butler, the prince of English metaphysical theologians. The future bishop was born in 1692, at Wantage, where his father had been a draper, but was then living on his property, in a house called the "Priory." The father, though a Presbyterian, sent his son to the old grammar-school of the town, where Mr. Philip Barton had the honor of first developing the mind of Butler. It was, however, in the Dissenters' Academy, at Tewkesbury, that the Presbyterian student began to show his great powers. Dr. Samuel Clarke, the great metaphysical theologian of that age, had recently published his famous *a priori* argument, in which he attempted to prove the existence and also the attributes of God, without using any of the instances of design in the universe. Butler thought he could see serious defects in the logic of the eminent Boyle lecturer. He therefore wrote letters to Dr. Clarke, pointing out objections, but keeping himself so completely out of view that his letters, though written at Tewkesbury Academy, were posted at Gloucester by his fellow-student Secker, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. Clarke carefully answered the objections of his unknown correspondent, and in a manner which showed how thoroughly he felt their force. The reader will not fail to note the singular circumstance that two students, then preparing for the Presbyterian ministry at Tewkesbury, should have become, one a bishop and the other an archbishop in the Church of England. When Butler was twenty-two years old, he resolved to leave the Presbyterians, and entered Oriel College, Oxford, 1714; and, some years after, his friend Secker became a student in Exeter College. Butler's rise was rapid; he became a preacher at the Rolls Chapel, 1718, by the influence of Dr. Clarke; and in this place were preached the famous sermons on "Human Nature" and on "The Principles of Morals." In 1721, Butler received the valuable rectory of Houghton, Durham, and in 1725 the still richer benefice of Stanhope, in the same county. Having resigned the office of preacher at the Rolls, and also the rectory of Houghton, Butler took up his residence at Stanhope about 1727. Here he lived for six years, when Secker, now a royal chaplain, induced clever Queen Caroline to make his friend Clerk of the Closet. Her majesty was given to metaphysics, and was accustomed to read the recently published "Anal-

ogy" at her breakfast-table. Butler was a perfect treasure to such a lady, and she insisted upon his joining in a "two-hours' conversation" every evening. The queen, when dying, begged her husband, George II, "to remember Butler." The appointment to the see of Bristol and to the deanery of St. Paul's, in 1740, was the answer to this earnest request. The income of the bishopric is said to have been, at that time, only four hundred pounds a year, while the rectory of Stanhope, then resigned, was worth nearly five thousand pounds per annum. In 1750, Butler was translated to the rich bishopric of Durham, his predecessor in the diocese, Dr. E. Chandler, having been one of the Presbyterian students in the academy in which Bishop Butler and Archbishop Secker had been educated. The new bishop had little time to become acquainted with his see; a dangerous illness soon compelled him to give up all work. In vain he tried the waters of Clifton first, and then of Bath, where he gradually grew worse, and died on Tuesday, the 16th of June, 1752. It was resolved to bury him in the cathedral of his first see; and there the body was laid on the following Saturday, June 20th, in the place already indicated.

For what is Bishop Butler now remembered? For his celebrated "Analogy of Religion," and for his "Sermons" delivered at the Rolls. Of the former it has recently been said, that it "is universally known, seldom or never read, and when read, found to be an exercise very hard indeed to modern brains, accustomed to easy, light-going literature." That "it is seldom or never read," is an exaggeration; but we may readily grant that such a work is "a bore" to your merely ordinary Englishman.


Butler will be remembered rather as an author than as a bishop; we have, therefore, said little about his episcopal work. It would, however, be unjust not to remind the reader of the courtesy, self-denial, and unbounded liberality which marked the life of this famous ecclesiastic. The thought of "making a fortune" from his diocese seemed sacrilege to him; and, even when appointed to the rich bishopric of Durham his usual dinner at the palace was "a joint of meat and a pudding." On one occasion, being asked to aid a charity, he inquired of his steward what sum was then at his disposal, and finding it was five hundred pounds, exclaimed, "Shame for a bishop to have so much; we must give it to the poor." Though his own diocese received, of course, his immediate care, he was not unmindful of the condition of the English Church in America, and eagerly joined with Archbishop

Secker in seeking for a more effective union between England and the Church in the colonies. Thus he added to peculiarly studious habits a zealous and well-directed activity in all charitable and religious works.

Those who can fully value the mental powers of Bishop Butler, and who feel the really great influence of the "Analogy" on the minds of men, will not be wholly indifferent to even the personal appearance of its author. He looked a man of thought; the pale, meditative countenance reminded all of the scholar and the logician. The long white hair falling over the shoulders suggested a greater age than years would give. To a quiet manner he united, when in health, much activity, which he would indulge by riding his favorite black pony at a rate surprising to those who had seen the bishop in his study.

We must now conclude these short notices of one who still guides from his invisible home the minds of men. No centenary jubilees are held to commemorate such great teachers of the human soul; their lessons may be too high for the millions, but they rule the understandings of those who still have power to direct the thoughts and control the speculations of the civilized world. To guard the dust of one such "king of men" is the special and lasting honor of Bristol Cathedral.

THE BARD OF THE MAGYARS.

 IN the definitive rout of the champions of Hungarian liberty, July 31, 1849, by the Austro-Russians, there disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen a young man around whose name clusters a profoundly romantic interest. The last that is known of him is that, with others of the defeated patriots, he sought safety from the triumphant oppressor by plunging into the rocky defiles of the Carpathians. For weeks and months, and years even, his compatriots could not—would not—give him up for lost; and even yet, there are not a few Magyars who persist in hoping that some kind of miracle will release him from some dungeon of tyrant, or wizard spell, and restore him to their midst.

Fruas Sandor Petöfi, the soldier, the patriot, and, above all, the bard of modern Hungary, within the short life of twenty-six years had crowded an amount of experience and adventure, of thought and sentiment, of aspiration and execution, such as few men succeed in doing; and then, at this early hour, he took his departure under circumstances of such tragic interest that his image is likely never to lose

its halo in the hearts and memories of his people. Already it is of him that Magyar mothers most love to talk to their sons, at the twilight fireside—by his example that they seek to fire the young heart with sentiments of honor and patriotism. His songs are gathered and read, and memorized and sung; and there is not an ancestral castle or fisher's hut in the land where the mention of the name of Petöfi will not call forth a thrill of pride and enthusiasm.

His works are not only read by all Hungarians, but are being clothed in German and other languages; and ere long will have conquered for their author an honorable place in the pantheon of general world-literature. It is in the light and use of an elaborate essay by Saint René Taillandier, that I preface this article.

Born of humble, Protestant parents in 1823, he yet was enabled to obtain a fair education. While attending the lyceum at Schemnitz, his young spirit grew impatient of school-bonds, and, in a moment of enthusiasm, he passed the cloister walls, and threw himself upon the world. He had heard of the splendors of Pesth, and thither the young vagabond directs his steps. No sooner does he arrive at the Hungarian capital, than he is seized with a mad passion for the theater. Having spent all his pocket-money, he offers himself to the manager, begging some, even the humblest, employment. His desire being granted, he imagines himself at the height of glory. His father, however, learning of the truancy of his son, hastens on horseback to Pesth, proceeds straightway to the theater, takes the lad by the ear, and brings him rudely back to his home. The mother had a good time of weeping on seeing her son again. It is said that in the midst of her disquietude, she yet had a secret pride in the daring ardor of the youth, anticipating that something great would some day come to him. But the father was of a more prosaic turn, and began to fear lest learning had turned the boy's head. To correct him, he retained the young rebel several years under his own eyes. But not succeeding in damping his aspirations, he reluctantly sent him to the lyceum to finish his studies. While on his journey thither, a new notion suddenly seizes upon him. His love of liberty was stronger than his taste for regular study. Shall he go and shut himself up in a lyceum, he, who is now mounted upon a spirited steed, and before whom lie stretched out the great romantic plains between the Theiss and the Danube? He is sixteen years of age, and the temptation is too strong. Instead of entering the lyceum, he enlists in a regiment of Hussars. He served two years,

and grew sick enough of it. Had it not been for the consolations of poesy, the two years would have appeared a century. But he turned the sorrows and joys of his heart into verse; and many of the pieces thus composed became afterward popular throughout his country.

Quitting the army at the age of eighteen, he led a disquiet, vagabond life, suffering in his health, and finally joined a troop of comedians. For a year and more he divided his attention between playing Shakspeare, in Hungarian, writing fugitive pieces for the press, and indulging in worldly pleasure. Publishers began to pay him well for his efforts, and he was in a fair way for prosperity, when a sudden desire for the stage seized upon him again, and he made his appearance in a secondary rôle. But alas for him! He was hissed. But what is this to his mad spirit? He feels certain that his vocation lies in this direction, and he stubbornly persists. Refused admission into first-class companies, he gathers about him a band of such as had not succeeded better than he, and began with them a perambulation of the country. Some months afterward he returned, sick, wretched, and worse than ragged. But a better day began now to dawn. While auditors were hissing the ridiculous comedian, the anonymous songs of the poet had found their way from one end of Hungary to the other. Petöfi finally comprehends his calling. Encouraged by the reputation of his youthful verse, he declares himself their author, and returning to Pesth, devotes himself henceforth to poetry. Eminent poets heartily welcome him, and, at the age of twenty-one years, a national society collects and publishes his verses; and he finds himself within the space of a few months raised from the rôle of ragged and hissed comedian to that of the first poet of his nation.

His first volume (Ofen, 1844), sang of nearly all of the joys and sorrows of the human heart. The secret of the popularity of these party-colored pieces, was their unconventional naturalness. They spoke the language of the people, and were through and through Hungarian, in idiom, image, and prejudice.

But these light lyrics did not yet contain the better soul of the poet. Some of them already gave fore-glances of his higher and more earnest destiny. Already he sang of his poetical calling in the following very inadequately rendered style:

"My Pegasus is not an English horse, with legs like stilts, and a narrow breast. Nor is he a German brute—heavy, gross, and broad-shouldered—a lubbard, a sort of half-bear, dull and sleepy.

"My Pegasus is a colt of Hungary—a valiant nag of pure Hungarian blood, and so carefully curried that the sun loves to reflect his rays from his soft silken robe.

"He did not grow up at the stable; was not schooled like a horse of quality. He was born in the open air, and I took him on the bald and naked sands of Little Koumany.

"I have not burdened him with a saddle; a mat of osier suffices for my seat. Once seated upon it, off he goes as if on wings. He is a cousin of the lightning, this wild horse of mine.

"His greatest delight is to bear me into the *Puszta*.* This free plain is his native land. Once turned in this direction, he prances with joy, stamps the earth, and neighs aloud.

"In the villages by the way, I often halt at the beves of girls sporting before their doors. I ask the fairest to give me a flower, and then am off again, fleet as the wind.

"As rapid as the wind, my courser bears me; and it needs but a word and he would bear me beyond the world. The foam blossoms at his mouth, and his body is all in smoke. It is not a sign of fatigue and discourage; it is but the fire of his never-flagging ardor.

"Never yet has my Pegasus felt fatigue; and should this ever happen to him I will be far from satisfied; for it is very long yet, the road which I have to traverse upon earth, and they are very far distant, the limits of my desires.

"On, then, my courser! on, my brave steed! bound over rocks and ravines. Should an enemy bar our way, pass over his body; and always, always, on!"

From the date of this, his first volume, Petöfi manifests an inexhaustible prolificacy. The years 1845-46 sent forth, in marvelous rapidity, odes, ballads, comic recitals, and little epopees, based on the customs of modern Hungary, or on the legends of ancient. A veritable masterpiece of grace and passion, a heroic and tender dream, told in a half-simile, is his "Hero Janos" (1845). It is a genuine *chanson de gestes*, in which magic, miracles, fabulous expeditions, voyages through the air, kingdoms conquered at the stamp of a foot, idyls of tender affection, etc., are strung together pell-mell into a panorama that never tires. It is at once a popular romance and a symbolical mirror of the secret aspirations of Hungarian inspiration. Here is a meager prose outline of the story:

A young peasant, the candid and tender Janos, guards the flocks of his master on the mountain-side. Not far from there Iluska, the blonde, is

engaged in washing, on the shore of a transparent brook. Janos and Iluska have met more than once in this spot, and the pleasure which Janos finds in gazing upon the locks of Iluska is only equaled by the pleasure which Iluska has in hearing the tender voice of Janos. But the work of each suffers from these multiplied interviews. The landlady is discontented; the maiden will soon have to render account for her forgotten work and wasted moments. But it is even much worse with Janos; the wolf devours his sheep, and he is chased off by his master. As soon as night falls, however, Janos returns to the village. Taking his flute, he creeps gently to the window of Iluska, and plays his saddest melody; a melody so melancholy and touching that it moves the midnight stars to tears. These drops of water which sparkle on bush and grass are not dew-drops, says the poet—they are the tears of the stars. Iluska had been sleeping. At the plaintive notes of the well-known flute, she rises and perceives from her window the pale figure of her cherished one. "What has happened, Janos? Why art thou so pale?" Janos relates his misfortune, and adds, "Iluska, we must part; I am going to wander over the world. Marry not, my dear Iluska; remain faithful to me; I shall come back with a treasure." "Alas!" said the maiden, "since it must be, then let us part. God guide thee, dear one, and think thou of me who shall ever await thee!" And he sets out, weeping and more desolate than words can tell. On and on he goes, without knowing whither. He marches all night, and finds his woolen cape weighing upon his shoulders. Poor Janos does not suspect that it is simply his heart—his heart swollen with sadness—that weighs so heavily upon him.

When the sun arose, and chased the moon into her own dominion, Janos perceived the *Puszta* spreading around him like a sea. From east to west his eyes sought in vain for a limit to the view. Not a reed, not a tree, not a bush was to be seen. Upon the short grass at his feet sparkled the drops of dew. Little lakes quivered like emeralds beneath the blazing sun. Janos urged restlessly his course, followed by the shadow of his somber thoughts. It was in vain that the sun shed his glories over the *Puszta*—night, darkest night, dwelt in the heart of Janos.

After days of idyllic weeping and wandering in the *Puszta*, the story turns into an epic. Janos falls in with a soldier troop, and enlists. A Magyar is always a good horseman, and the young shepherd is soon a first-class Hussar. In his trousers of red, his airy shirt, and his

* The name given by the Hungarians to the immense marsh-abounding desert lying between the Theiss and the Danube.

gleaming saber, he is not at all unpicturesque. The Magyar army, to which our hero belongs, is in march for a grand enterprise; it is going to the help of the king of the French against the Turks. Long and perilous is the journey: according to the romantic geography of the poem, it is necessary to traverse Tartary, the land of the Saracens, Italy, and Poland, and the empire of the Indias. After the empire of the Indias, they will then not be far from France! Fine scope, this, for the fantastic adventures of an untutored imagination. "What, in fact, is the world," asks a Hungarian scholar, "for the peasant of our plains? For him the limits of the *Puszta* are the beginnings of the unknown. The little he knows of it, he has learned from some invalid soldier, returned from Italy or Austria, or from a Jewish peddler; and with this little stock he mingles many a historic or fantastic tradition of the Turks and Tartars, such as they are still related at the firesides of his native village." The poet has put himself into the place of such a peasant, and paints the world such as it appears to the unlettered, popular imagination; hence the reason for taking the Magyars to France by way of Tartary.

It would not be difficult to find, in the second part of the poem, Janos a fantastic symbol of the destinies of Hungary. The Magyars have the glory of delivering France. At the moment of their arrival, the Turks were pillaging their magnificent prey; churches were sacked, cities laid waste, harvests swept away; and the king, chased from his palace, wandered miserably among ruins, while his daughter was borne away captive. "My daughter, my dear daughter!" exclaimed he, heart-broken; "he who will deliver her for me shall have her for bride." "I will do it!" exclaimed, in turn, each of the Magyar knights; "I will recover her or perish." Janos alone is untempted by this promise. He still sees, through his dreams, the house-tops of his native village and the blonde locks of Iluska. And yet it is he who kills the pasha of the Turks; it is he who delivers the daughter of the king. The way to the throne of France is now open to Janos; but Janos hesitates not. Iluska has promised to wait for him, and he departs, loaded with riches, to meet his bride. But near the close of his voyage a fearful tempest arises; the ship is wrecked, and the treasure sinks to the bottom. But what is this to Janos, if he but see again Iluska? Alas, alas, when he arrives poor, poor Iluska is dead! "Alas," sobs the hero, "why did I not fall under the saber of the Turks? Why did the waves not swallow me up?"

At this point the secret intention of the poet

begins to disengage itself from the clouds of fantasy. The treasure acquired by the Hungarians, when fighting for Christianity in the fifteenth century, was their distinct national existence; the Hungary of that day was no less glorious than mighty, and Austria had trembled before her. This treasure, this pledge of happiness, was lost in a day of tempest. Conquered by the Turks in 1526, it has since then simply passed from master to master. What, then, remains to it henceforth but the domain of imagination, or rather that of patient hope and vast thoughts? It is thus that Petöfi interprets the fate of his hero; to make himself worthy of her whom he loves, to conquer for her a treasure, the young Magyar had traversed the world, saber in hand; that he may be able to find her after her death, the poet opens to him I know not what ideal domain of unheard-of marvels. Leaving the society of Tartars and Franks, we are introduced to the poetic apparitions of the *Puszta*—giants, fays, guardian spirits, ready to serve the Magyars. We are made to see the glittering waves of the *Operenczer*—a luminous ocean on the confines of the universe, conducting out into the infinite. Janos, borne on the shoulders of a giant, traverses the sacred waves, and arrives at the kingdom of love and purity, where he recovers Iluska. Shall not Hungary thus also some day find the treasure which she has lost?

Such is a meager skeleton of this magnificent demi-epopee—a poem in which the idyllic and the epic, the romantic and the didactic, the wildly grotesque and the delicately beautiful, are combined with rare success.

At the time when Petöfi was composing the "Hero Janos," he had occasion to meet, two or three times, at Pesth, a maiden of high birth. Her graces had charmed him; but she died suddenly at the age of fifteen; the poet, on seeing her for the last time, on her death-bed, suddenly felt for her a strange feeling of love. This strange love gave birth to a series of most touching odes. Earthly love was transfigured into a love that takes in both worlds. This pale Etelka, so suddenly adored in the arms of death, inspired in him accents not unworthy of Petrarch. But this ideal, dreamy love was destined soon to give place to a real love, out of which should spring up in the heart of the poet a higher enthusiasm for art, and a more heroic devotion to country and liberty. A few months after ceasing to sing this Etelka, we find him again under an irresistible spell. This time the object is a real live maiden, with solid step and blue eye. "If I love anew," exclaims he, "it is not that I have forgotten the dead maiden.

There is yet snow on the mountain-tops when the Spring-tide flower begins to open in the valley."

Under the influence of this new affection (Julia Szendrey), a profound purifying transformation was wrought in the soul of the poet. The verses written under its influence are the purest and most impassioned of his writings. Overcoming, finally, the obstinate persistence of the father, he carried off his prize, September, 1847. The eighteen months of his domestic life were almost too blissful for mortal lot—seem, in fact, to have passed without the shadow of a cloud. In one of his volumes, entitled "Days of Conjugal Bliss," there are many pieces which give expression to the repose and serenity of soul wrought in him by this change of life. Here is a faint echo of one of them: "Behold me a king, now that I am married. Seated on my throne, I give audience to my subjects, dispense justice, and punish the criminals. Approach, then, all ye. Who art thou, fair maiden? Ah! it is thou whom I have so often pursued, and who hast uniformly escaped me. I call thee Joy. Now I have thee, and thou shalt escape me no more. I take thee into my constant service; each day thou shalt gather and strew at my feet the fairest of flowers. But who art thou? Thou art domestic care; I have no time to hear thy croakings, and I shall soon put thee to silence, if thou hast nothing but prosaic calculations. And thou, there, dark companion! Off with you! I recognize you well. How often, gloomy chagrin, have we struggled with each other! Thou hast cruelly wounded me, alas! and I still tremble at the memory. But I have conquered thee at last, and clemency becomes the conquerer. Receive, then, pardon for thy misdeeds. But hark! What sound do I hear in the court-yard? What restive steed disturbs the silence? It is the courser of the poet, indignant at his inactivity. Patience, patience, my charger; soon we will set out upon our courses anew. Wait, however, a little; let me still a little longer enjoy my dignity as king."

In another of these pieces he sings the immortality of the soul—a doctrine, a vision, which is, now for the first, disengaging itself above the dissolving vapors of a turbulent life. That which philosophy did not teach to his intelligence, a tender revelation of love has impressed upon his heart. And the moral transformation grew deeper still, under the mellowing influence of the smiles of their first-born.

But the time had come when this intense flame of poesy was to be suddenly quenched. The patriotic aspirations of 1848 began to stir

in his countrymen, and a brighter horizon began to dawn in the dreams of the poet. Girding upon him his sword, he sallied forth to join the patriot forces. And with what result we already know. But the nine months of military adventure preceding his mysterious disappearance from earth were not lost to Hungarian letters. The lyre and the sword kept harmonious pace with each other. Almost every day sent forth a song or an ode, burning with the changing inspiration of the moment. And these fugitive leaves have been subsequently gathered together, and now constitute one of the most cherished treasures of Hungarian literature. Sandor Petöfi's sword did not give liberty to his countrymen, but his lyre opened windows of hope in their hearts, and made them strong to await the day when they should finally attain to their long-sought political emancipation.

THE CAUCASUS.

III.

FROM Pätigorsk it is necessary to drive back two stages to Georgievsk, before we again find ourselves on the high-road from St. Petersburg to Tiflis. If lucky in obtaining horses at the post-stations, the traveler may accomplish the distance of one hundred and fifty versts (one hundred miles), which separates him from Vladikafkaz, in one long day. The road, though gradually drawing nearer the base of the mountains, keeps quite clear of them, and runs for the most part over level country, thus resembling in its relation to the neighboring range, though in no other respect, one of the great highways of the Lombard plain. The interest of the drive depends chiefly on the state of the atmosphere; if the mountains are clear, the eye will have a continual feast in observing the gradual changes and development of the snowy rampart which fills the whole southern horizon; if, on the other hand, the weather be dull or rainy, nothing more dismal and depressing can be imagined than the sodden plains over which the way lies. The post-stations along the road are mostly situated in villages, which, both by their names and character, reveal their Russian origin, and show that we are journeying on the line of the once carefully guarded military march. Running along the flanks of the mountains, this portion of the road was necessarily exposed to the sudden onslaughts of the mountaineers; and a few years ago no traveler would have thought of traversing it without an escort. At the present time the danger is past, and the slovenly and

miserable appearance of the military villages seems to show that the inhabitants, their occupation gone, are either migrating elsewhere, or have been reduced to the straits of poverty. These cantonments are commonly arranged in the following manner: one-storied cottages, built of wicker-work plastered over with clay, are dropped in parallel rows into the middle of a sea of mud, so as to leave between them three streets, or rather canals of filth, over which tribes of hungry pigs roam at their leisure, in search of the offal which they have seldom very far to seek. A few trees, interspersed among the cottages, relieve the otherwise monotonous bareness of the plain. Near the gates may sometimes be found an encampment of gypsies. These picturesque and homeless wanderers seem to bear much the same character, and to pursue, as nearly as possible, the same forms of industry, in the Caucasian provinces as in Western Europe. The men are blacksmiths or carpenters; the women are tellers of fortunes and professors of the lighter branches of necromancy and the black arts; to both sexes, however, mendicity and pilfering supply the chief means of sustenance. Their stay, consequently, in any one spot is seldom of long duration, as the frequent disappearance of property soon leads the regular inhabitants to dismiss, in a somewhat unceremonious manner, their doubtful visitors. There is nothing in their tents or their costume sufficiently characteristic to merit description; sojourners in all lands, they belong to none, everywhere retaining their national sobriquets of thief and vagabond. Their superstition, though it often interfered with the execution of our artist's sketches, did not seem to be proof against a sufficient consideration; and he found a source of constant amusement in the shrewd bargains driven by their more accomplished practitioners, in which the time expended in sitting for a portrait, and consequently subtracted from their professional labors, was certainly not valued any whit below its intrinsic worth.

During the first half of the day's drive we shall constantly have the noble peak of Dychtau, the northernmost summit of the central group of the Caucasus, before our eyes; and, even from Vladikafkaz, its soaring ridges and sharp spear-like head will claim our recognition as one of the noblest and most formidable of Caucasian mountains. After passing through a gap in a low chain of hills, and reaching Ardonsk, a somewhat larger and less miserable place than most of those we have passed, Kazbek and his satellites become conspicuous. The famous mountain, as seen both from the north or south,

has two summits, the eastern of which is over 16,500 feet in height. A few miles further west rises Gumaran Khokh, 15,672 feet—a peak equal in height, therefore, to Mont Blanc.

In our memories, Ardonsk is fixed as the spot where, after two months' wandering in the wildest recesses of the mountains, we finally emerged into comparative civilization; and we must not pass it without bearing witness to the glories of the scenery on the threshold of which it stands. A short but somewhat tedious day's ride across a featureless plain leads to a village called Tuganova. From this spot, the path to the valley of the Uruch lies through a succession of scenery of the most surpassing beauty; following the ridges of a chain of hills, which here branch out from the main mountain-mass, it loses itself for hours in dense beech woods, bright with a thick under-wood of rhododendron and azalea; then emerges again on grass-crowned brows, where parties of peasants are gathering in the fragrant crop. Striking again, deeper than before, into the primeval forest, it leads the traveler to a sudden corner, whence a view bursts upon him which will long hold him in admiration. He stands on the edge of the deep fissure through which the Uruch forces its way to the plain; on the opposite bank rise sheer limestone cliffs, three thousand feet in height, and it seems as though he could throw a stone into the river roaring at an equal depth below him. To the north stretch low hills covered with dense forests, in the clearings of which rise long wreaths of smoke, the only traces of human habitation; to the south the snowy summits of the Adai Khokh group, seen through the defile, seem to beckon onward to the heart of the mountains. It is a scene of which it is easier to analyze the constituents, than to render the impression it leaves, and one which only the brush of a Turner or the pen of a Shelley could properly reproduce.

Vladikafkaz, from its commanding the entrance to the one carriage-pass across the Caucasian chain, must always be an important military position and depot for the power which aspires to hold in subjection the neighboring mountains. It is not, however, in the ordinary sense of the term, a fortress; and though in too open a position to be endangered by the attack of foes accustomed only to the stratagems and sudden onslaughts of guerrilla warfare, it is sufficiently commanded by the neighboring heights to be incapable of standing a regular siege. Twenty years ago it was a city of refuge for the Russian, where alone he could feel secure from being carried off into captivity by the savage Tschetschensians or Ingushes.



TARTAR WOMAN OF ERIVAN.

So narrowly did these tribes encompass the neighborhood of Vladikafkaz, that no party of wood-cutters could in safety enter the forest, close at hand, without the protection of an escort. This uncomfortable state of things has been brought entirely to an end by the complete subjugation of the Eastern tribes; and we need have no fear of being carried off to pay an involuntary visit to the rugged homes of the turbaned mountaineers of Daghestan. The best proof, perhaps, of their submission is to be found in the numbers who throng the streets of their hereditary foes.

The town itself is like most of those laid out by Russian hands, and demands no special description. The buildings of the post establishment include a spacious hotel, where the traveler willing to pay for them can be accommodated in large and fairly comfortable rooms. The conception of pleasure-travelers, so familiar to the Swiss landlord, has, however, scarcely entered into the head of his Caucasian brother. To our great amusement, we were besought, on leaving, to present our host with some small English coin, which he might keep as a remembrance of the Englishmen who had come all the way to the Caucasus on no business, but simply to see mountains. His aspirations were re-

warded with a stray sixpence, which was received with great gratitude. Vladikafkaz is, perhaps, the place north of the chain where the most varied specimens of the Caucasian races may be studied, as from its position in the center of the isthmus, the tribes of Daghestan and Circassia are represented in its streets. It requires some experience to distinguish them without the aid of a Russian officer; but we may make the general remarks that the turban is only worn by the Daghestan tribes, and that the Circassians are, as a rule, handsomer and more stalwart men than their Eastern neighbors. The people, however, of whom we shall hear and see most in the bazaar of Vladikafkaz are the Ossetians, a numerous tribe, differing in some important respects from other Caucasians, and the subject of many ethnological speculations. They dwell at the present day around the sources of the Terek, Ardon, and Uruch, on the northern slopes of the main chain, and are said to retain no traditions of their migration from any more distant land. They are believed by the learned to belong to the great Indo-Germanic race, and their language is said strongly

to resemble Sanskrit. Haxthausen endeavors, by pointing out numerous details in which this tribe differs from all around it, and resembles rather the modern Germans, to prove that they come from the same stock. The following are some of the principal facts which he adduces for the support of his theory: The threshing-floor is found in an open hall inside the house, which usually contains a regular constructed fireplace, chairs, stools, tables, kneading-troughs, churns, cradles and bedsteads—domestic articles unknown, as our author asserts, elsewhere in the Caucasus. He also dwells on the Ossetes's knowledge of the art of beer-brewing, and asserts that their festive customs have quite a German character. Herr Wagner, the lively author of "Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Kurdistan," ridicules this certainly somewhat fanciful theory of his countryman, and pertinently quotes the remarks of a Russian, in whose hearing it was broached. "How can it be possible," said he, "that there can be such fools among you, as to believe that people of such different types could proceed from the same stock? No; the ancestors of these two men" (pointing to a German colonist and an Ossetian passing by) "have no more come from the same nest than hawks and turkey-cocks." Certainly,

the contrast between the plump figure, broad countenance, and slouching gait of a German peasant, and the elegant form and aquiline profile of an ordinary Ossetian, is sufficiently marked.

The Ossetes are, at present, nominally Christians, having been finally converted to the Russian Church after more than one relapse into paganism. Their religious knowledge, however, is of the most superficial character, and does not, in the least, influence their daily life. Many amusing stories are told of the stratagems and tricks by which the new converts disconcerted the young priests sent to reclaim them. Their pious zeal was so much encouraged by the presentation of a clean shirt and a silver cross to every neophyte who submitted to baptism, that numbers of them received the sacrament five or six times following, in order to become the owners of a corresponding amount of linen. At mass they would show the greatest irreverence, and even catch hold of the priest's censer, to light their pipes from the cinders. They are still in the habit of offering sacrifices in sacred groves, and of paying reverence, under various forms, to the powers of nature. Their villages are peculiar in character. The houses, sometimes closely grouped together, at others detached homesteads, are two stories in height, and are often surmounted by circular towers—places of refuge and defense in the frequent feuds which have broken out among this sanguinary people. Shameless greed is generally admitted to be the chief feature of their character. Indomitable beggars, they will harass the traveler at every step with fresh demands, which, if they believe force to lie on their side, they will not scruple to maintain by threats of open violence. Of this trait we had more than sufficient evidence during our journey across their territory from the Dariel road to the Rion valley. To carry out our scheme, we had to cross a high pass leading from the source of the Terek to a secluded basin, part of the upper valley of the Ardon. It was necessary to procure porters to carry our light baggage over the mountain. With the greatest difficulty, ten men were persuaded to submit themselves to a load scarcely sufficient for five. Arrived at the first village on the Ardon, we proceeded through our inter-



HEAD-DRESS OF TAKTAR WOMAN.

preter to pay off the unruly train, which had already caused us sufficient trouble on the road. They resented the offer of the stipulated sum—one rouble a man—for their morning's work, and demanded a present besides, which we, already sufficiently irritated against them, utterly refused. The men took themselves off in high dudgeon, with many threats, which we should have reckoned very lightly, had they not also snatched and carried off our interpreter's sheep-skin "bourca." Annoyed at the coolness of the thieves, and somewhat rashly supposing they would also prove cowards, our party of four charged the retiring ten as they retreated down the steep path which led out of the village. The onslaught was resisted by the natives with roundabout blows of their arms, which fell harmlessly on our hard wide-awakes; and the smallest of our party was embraced by a sturdy Ossete and rolled down a bank—not, however, before he had planted his fist in the eyes of two other assailants with a directness of aim and purpose gained only at an English public school. The whole fray lasted but a minute, before the thieves fled, carrying with them the fleece, thus leaving us the honor of a barren

victory. Mutual fear of consequences had prevented the Ossete dagger or English revolver being brought to bear.

We must notice, before leaving Vladikafkaz, an element in the population which the traveler, coming from the north, will here meet with for the first time. Persian peasants, with their thin, sallow faces, wiry forms, close-fitting skull-caps, and long blue blouses, will be constantly seen hanging about the bazaar, or chewing a slice of water-melon by the road-side. These men are employed as stone-breakers and laborers on the high-road—work which the native Caucasian or Georgian either disdains or is too idle to undertake, and which overtaxes the energies of the ill-fed and poorly paid Russian soldier.

We have now nearly exhausted the attractions of our place of sojourn, and shall feel impatient to set out on our drive across the famous pass which lies between us and Tiflis. Posting on the Dariel is, in many ways a pleasant contrast to Russian traveling in general. The road, though ill-engineered in places, is smooth and good throughout. The post-stations are roomy and comfortable buildings, and the supply of horses is in a fairly reasonable proportion to the demand. Comfortable conveyances can be procured at Vladikafkaz. A solitary man will prefer a *tarantasse*, a party will journey better in one of the small diligences supplied by the Russian post, to which is attached a conductor, who takes all trouble off the traveler's hands in the countersigning of *podorojnos* and procuring of horses. No one, unless he has a passion for *telegas*, needs travel in those vehicles. The natural attractions of the pass have been described, more or less vaguely, by a sufficient number of writers of different nations. It has been, to our thinking perhaps, extravagantly belauded by Sir Robert Ker Porter, and by the author of a recent work, "*Lettres sur le Caucase*," and we have no hesitation in ranking the scenery inferior, as a whole, to the finest Alpine carriage-roads. Its two great distinguishing features are the Dariel gorge and the view of Kazbek from the station, both glorious in themselves, but scarcely compensating for the utter barrenness of the upper valley of the Terek, the absence of any panorama of the snowy chain, and the comparative tameness of the descent into Georgia.

At Lars, the second station from Vladikafkaz, we enter the famous defile known, of old, as the Caucasian Gates, now as the Dariel. It is at least ten miles in length, and for the whole of this distance the valley of the Terek is reduced to a narrow cleft, in places barely fifty

yards in breadth, but generally much wider. The gorge is far deeper than any in the Alps, and the summits of the walls of crag, which tower in fantastically broken masses over the traveler's head, are at least five thousand feet above him.

Immediately below the ridges of the Caucasus, a broad trench, only interrupted in one place by a chain of hills, low and narrow in comparison with the neighboring ranges, stretches from sea to sea. This trench represents the basins of the Rion (the ancient Phasis) and the Kur (the ancient Cyrus), which are separated at a distance of about one hundred miles from the Black Sea, and about three hundred and fifty from the Caspian, by the low chain of Suram, the crest of which, traversed by the road from Kutais to Tiflis, is only three thousand and twenty-seven feet above the sea-level. This ridge is the only visible link which connects the Central Caucasus with any other mountain system, and some people have thought that the claim of Asia to the whole chain is thereby established—a conclusion from which we entirely dissent. All arbitrary boundary-lines are, by nature, imperfect; but it is difficult to believe it more natural to divide a river-basin than a mountain-range; and until some better substitute than portions of two rivers and a railroad is proposed, we shall adhere to the Caucasian water-shed as the best frontier between Europe and Asia. No one, however, would thank us for reopening a geographical controversy, the settlement of which seems to be generally acquiesced in. Asia, content with the unquestioned supremacy of her Himalayan giants, needs not grudge to her sister, Europe, Mounts Kazbek and Elbruz.

In this portion of the territory we meet, for the first time, with large sheets of water; the best known of these, from its lying on the post-road to Persia, is the Goktscha Lake, which is about the size of the Lake of Constance. South of Ararat, in Turkish and Persian territory, lie the two more famous lakes of Van and Urmia.

The glens, generally long, deep, and narrow, through which the Kur and its tributaries find a way out of this mountainous region are well wooded; but the basin of the Araxes (and, indeed, the whole table-lands of Armenia) is utterly destitute of verdure, except in the neighborhood of villages, where irrigation and culture have produced scanty groves, which serve to heighten, by contrast, the general barrenness of the country. Such are, in short, the natural features of Transcaucasia, as the Russians term the portion of their Asiatic dominions lying south of the Caucasus.

For political purposes this region is divided into two principal provinces: Georgia, corresponding with the former kingdom of that name, the capital of which is Tiflis, the residence of the Lieutenant of the Caucasus, at present the czar's brother; and Mingrelia, the ancient Colchis, of which the chief modern town is Kutais. There are, besides, several less important governments, of which Erivan, Elizabetpol, and Baku are the chief; the country has been, moreover, recently subdivided into military districts, the names of which would possess no general interest.

Having gained some idea of the country he is about to explore, a traveler's attention will naturally be next attracted to the great roads which radiate from Tiflis. Here we must again remind the reader what a road means in the Caucasus. In the Summer of 1868, the Dariel route from Tiflis to Vladikafkaz, and portions of the road to Kutais, were the only macadamized highways in the country; in all other journeyings, nothing was to be hoped for but what is significantly called, in Southern Italy, a *via naturale*—a track worn by the use of centuries, and often varied according to the state of the ground. The present Government, with the best will, seems certainly to have failed in finding the right way to set to work to improve the communications of the country; and the jobbery and peculation prevalent throughout Russia, among the lower order of officials, unite with the inefficiency of the local engineers in retarding the construction of the highways approved and ordered by the higher authorities.

To the north-east, over the bare clay hills, baked into one huge brick by the Summer sun, crawls the serpentine track which leads to the vineyards and forests of Kakhetia. An Englishman, long resident in Tiflis, describing to us this road, said, "It is worth while creeping all the way on one's knees to see that country;" and the testimony of other travelers makes it easy to believe in the justness of his enthusiasm. At the foot of the mountain-chain, and divided from the Kur by a low range of hills, runs the river Allasan, through a thickly inhabited and well-cultivated basin. The snowy battlements of Mount Kaf tower overhead; forests of gigantic beech-trees clothe the lower slopes, and the wide expanse of the valley teems with corn-fields and vineyards. In the center of this paradise nestle the towns of Signach and Telaw, where every house has its garden, and the whole place might, by an inversion of the classical phrase, be described as an *urbs in rure*.

Until the last few years, however, the in-

habitants of this Caucasian Goshen have lived in constant terror of the attacks of the predatory Lesghians from the neighboring mountains. It is only since Schamyl's last refuge—the mountain *aoul* of Gunib—fell into the hands of the Russians, that these turbulent highlanders have been entirely subdued. A track, said to be practicable for carts, leads from Telaw over the central chain, and forms a link with the high-roads recently constructed at Daghestan—a district which, owing to the fame it has acquired as the scene of the war, has been more visited by travelers than any other portion of the Caucasus. It is a region of upland pasturages, dotted with villages and intersected by a net-work of profound ravines—the most formidable obstacles to an invading army. Several snowy summits rise above the surrounding ridges; the highest of them, lying on the water-shed, culminates in Basardjusi, a peak fourteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-two feet in height. Herr Abich describes this group as full of interest to the scientific traveler, and speaks much of a large glacier—or, rather, ice-lake—which, without descending into any valley, spreads out to a very considerable size, and resembles rather the Himalayan than the Alpine glaciers. Further to the north, and in the very heart of Daghestan, rises Schebulos (fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-one feet), probably the "Chat-Elbruz" mentioned by several writers, and which, M. Dumas tells us, is the last retreat not only of the discomfited warrior, but also of our old friend the "roc" of the "Arabian Nights." Lermontof, a Russian writer, has introduced Chat-Elbruz in one of his poems, in company with Kazbek. The Daghestan mountain apostrophizes his old friend of the Dariel, and bitterly reproaches him with being, after so many centuries of freedom, at last about to submit to a conqueror. Kazbek scoffs at the warning, and recounts the victorious nations which have passed under his feet, and left him free. But his self-congratulations are suddenly disturbed by the vision of a host, countless as the dust-atoms borne along in a steppe sand-storm, or the waves of the Caspian Sea. It is the Russian army under Yermolof. The noble old mountain recognizes his fate, and prepares to meet it like a king:

"Murmuring, 'Heaven save me from the foe,'
Casts one last look o'er Caucasus,
Then dons a bacplek white with snow,
Resign'd to sleep forever thus."

The subtle tribute to Russian pride which runs through the poem, is sufficiently obvious, and reminds us of the frequent boast we heard

in the country: "Other nations have passed through the Caucasus; Russia alone has conquered it."

The great eastern road leading from Tiflis to

"Baku and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Caspian,"

next claims a passing notice. Following, for the greater part of its course, the barren valley of the Kur, which it only deserts for the still more arid spurs of the Eastern Caucasus, this journey offers few attractions to the lover of the picturesque. It will probably be made easy within a few years by a railroad, the construction of which would be attended by so few difficulties, that a company has offered the Government to guarantee its completion within four years. Such a line is but the necessary supplement to the Poti-Tiflis Railway; and the effect likely to be produced by the opening of direct communication between the Black Sea and Caspian, is a subject of some interest. The Russians naturally hope that they will thus not only make the whole trade of Persia pass through their hands, but also create a new field for their commerce in Central Asia, where, up to the present time, English goods, imported through Turkey, have had almost entire possession of the market.

There are only two places of any importance on this road—Elizabetpol, an uninteresting military colony; and Schemacha, now a decayed town, chiefly celebrated for its manufacture of silk stuffs, which, in the fourteenth century, were held in high esteem in countries so far distant as Egypt. Sir John Mandeville says, "No stranger comes before the sultan without being clothed in cloth of gold, or of Tartary or Camaka, in the Saracen's guise." These silks may now be bought in the bazaars of Tiflis.

Baku is one of the principal ports on the Caspian, but it is better known in Europe on account of the ever-burning springs of naphtha in its vicinity, which have been for long the object of the picturesque descriptions of travelers, and of a religious worship. The town of Baku offers nothing worthy of notice; it is a drive of about twelve miles to Atesch-djga (the Fire-land), as the spot where the springs issue from the ground is called. The temple, of modern construction, is a triangular building, resembling at a distance a large caravansary; it is tended by only two priests, both Indians by birth. So saturated is the soil with naphtha, that it is only necessary to make a hollow in the ground, and fix a vessel with a hole in the top in it, when the gas fills the vessel, and, on a match being applied to the orifice, instantly ignites, and burns with a clear and steady flame.

The disciples of Zoroaster, who tend these sacred fires, have recently found new rivals in their devotion—a company of German speculators having erected a manufactory for the purpose of utilizing the naphtha. A spring nearer Baku is situated close to the sea-shore, and the oily substance running into the water floats on the surface, forming, in smooth weather, a film for some considerable distance. After a long continuance of calms, it sometimes accumulates to such an extent that it may be set alight—thus offering the extraordinary spectacle of the sea on fire. Such a phenomenon occurred in 1869; and some of our readers may recollect a sensational telegram in the papers, which announced that "the Caspian is in flames, and grilled fishes are being picked up in thousands on its shores."

A road leads northward from Baku to the gates of Derbend. This famous pass—a narrow strip of level ground between the mountains and the sea—was formerly defended by walls, the construction of which is attributed to Alexander the Great. A second road, in the opposite direction, leads to Lenkoran, the most southern port of the Russians on the Caspian, where the climate and vegetation are said to be almost tropical, and the forests afford shelter to magnificent tigers.

We now return to Tiflis, and set out along the track—for as yet it is no more—to which Russia is endeavoring, with considerable success, to attract Persian commerce. From Tabreez it is now found easier and safer to send merchandize to Europe *via* Tiflis and Poti, rather than by the old caravan route through Erzeroum to Trebizond. For this end, even officialism relaxes its hand, and allows goods destined for Western lands to pass unsearched through the Transcaucasian custom-houses. When the Poti-Tiflis Railway is opened, the old route will be abandoned, and Trebizond will suffer the loss of a great portion of its trade. We have drawn attention to these seemingly dry facts because the commercial and political movements of Russia are, in Asia, so closely connected, that any thing which relates to either can not be wholly without interest to Englishmen.

The distance from Tiflis to Tabreez is about four hundred miles; it has been performed, under favorable circumstances, by indefatigable travelers, in four days and nights; but few will succeed in accomplishing it under a week's pretty hard and constant work. Along this road we propose to act as guides, not endeavoring to give any detailed description of a journey somewhat tedious at times, but to bring before

the reader some few of the more striking scenes which were the reward of our many sufferings from the roughness and hardships of the way. For the first fifty miles after leaving the capital, the track is the same as that to the Caspian, and follows at some distance the right bank of the Kur, which here flows between low and bare undulations, from the swell of which the eye ranges over a horizon formed on the north by the snowy Caucasus, on the south by the lower spurs of the Anticaucasian ranges. The

country across which the broad unmetaled track runs, is utterly unlike any scenes familiar to the Western European. On all sides the bare, broad plain, unmarked by any prominent natural features, stretches away for miles and miles—a mere dark patch of brown; and thin columns of smoke, rising out of low mounds, in shape like gigantic graves, show that we are near a Tartar village. The country-folk of Georgia, for reasons best known to themselves, prefer to live like the moles and rabbits, in holes of the ground, and keep their horses and cattle in stables similarly constructed. By the roadside we shall often pass groups of tall, weird-looking stones exquisitely carved, and crowned with turbans—memorials of the dead far more conspicuous than the dwellings of their descendants. Overhead the telegraph wires—those long arms which modern civilization

stretches out every-where after the wanderer—reach across the wide landscape. We are thus reassured that we shall somewhere again enter the nineteenth century—a fact which our whole surroundings might otherwise well lead us to doubt, as through clouds of dust we whirl along in our tub-like cart, at the mercy of a wild sheep-skin-clad Tartar boy, and a team just caught from the steppe, and even wilder than their driver. But even the telegraph wires are invested with a local coloring by the strange tribes of gayly feathered birds, which seem to

carry on all the business of their lives, from love-making to parliamentary assemblies, perched along them.

The wayfarers met with on the road are few and far between; now a Russian officer whirls by in his *tarantasse*, now a heavy carriage, containing a Georgian family on the move, weighed down with piled-up boxes, jolts slowly past us. Further on, two half-tipsy peasants, mounted on the same horse, and shouting out a wild native chant, give us a yell by way of greeting, and



SOLDIER OF THE CAUCASUS.

then stop to discuss the direction they should follow—a question soon settled by their animal, tired of trying to obey two wills at once, trotting off of his own accord. The post-stations, occurring at intervals of from twelve to twenty versts, are alternately mere under-ground huts, and low, one-storied, whitewashed buildings, where a few bare benches, some sour bread, and a samovar, offer food and lodging for the night.

The second day's journey leads through landscapes of a very different type from those just described. The track, leaving behind the Kur,

its boar-tenanted jungles and dreary steppes, turns due south, and follows a small river (the Akstafa) up into the mountains. The scenery will at one moment remind the traveler of North Wales, at another of the Italian Tyrol; its beauty reaches its height at a spot where walls of basalt crag, fantastically columnar as those of Staffa, press in upon the stream, and summits snow-streaked till late in Summer close the vistas of the winding glen. Higher up, the valley opens, the foliage, luxuriant in its lower portion, grows sparse, and the large village of Delidschan is reached. From this point the road to Alexandropol branches off on the right; there are also numerous horse-tracks intersecting the hilly district south of Tiflis and west of our present route. One of these we traversed, and, despite interminable rains, were delighted by the succession of landscapes through which we were led. The road now climbed, by steep zigzags, from a barren glen to a ridge where the green turf was enameled with a thousand flowers, and whence our guides pointed out where, over the nearer ridges, the snowy Caucasus should, but for jealous mists, have crowned the view. Numerous Kurdish tents were dotted over the slopes; their occupants, visible from afar as spots of crimson upon the pervading green, wandered after the flocks which were enjoying the luxuriant herbage. Then the path passed over sunny slopes adorned with wild-pear and other fruit trees, until it at last plunged "deep in the shady sadness of a vale," where we rode for miles with walls of beech-woods above our heads, and out of hearing of any sound except the murmur of the brook and the beat of the horses' feet.

No two of the villages at which we halted on this journey were inhabited by the same race. Leaving in the morning an Armenian hamlet, we lunched with Moslem Tartars, and slept at night either in a Russian military station, a Georgian country-town, or a German colony. The horseman, on this road, finds he has a great advantage over the post traveler, in entering Tiflis from the south; he is able to cross the summit of the high ridge, which rises immediately above the city, and thus gains a panoramic view, embracing not only the capital, with its gray bazaar and green-roofed houses, two thousand feet below him, but also the deep valley of the Kur, closed in the far distance by the snowy head of Kazbek.

From Delidschan the post road to Erivan commences the ascent to the pass of the Echak Maidan, which forms the water-shed between the Kur and the Araxes. A contributor to "Murray's Russia" considers this portion of the

journey "equal to any thing in Switzerland," a hasty assertion, which must have been made on a very slight acquaintance with Alpine grandeur. The view from the top is confined by lofty ridges, the summits of which are grassy and rounded. The real importance of the pass lies in its forming the limit between two entirely different classes of scenery. At this point the wanderer to Persia bids a long farewell to the vegetation and romantic landscapes of the West; henceforth he must prepare himself for a dull, volcanic region of treeless hills and rock-strewn plains—a country where the picturesque element in nature is entirely wanting, and a solemn, and at times almost weird, grandeur take its place.

In descending, we soon gain a view over the Great Goktscha Lake—a vast sheet of water, set in mountains averaging ten thousand feet in height, yet shorn both in appearance and reality of more than half their grandeur by the elevation of the surface of the lake, which is itself six thousand feet above the sea-level. Not a tree is to be seen on the shores, seldom a sail on the waters. At our feet, and only a short distance from the western bank of the lake, lies the little island of Sevanga, crowned by two churches, and a monastery famous in Armenian annals, and still boasting an archbishop as its head. Nothing can exceed, on such a May-day as we passed through it, the gloom of the scenery for the two stages beyond Elenovka. The downs over which we rode were scarcely free from snow, which lay in deep drifts, marking each wrinkle of the otherwise featureless volcanic cover which too often serves for mountains in Armenia. The lava-rock rang harshly under our horses' feet; overhead skimmed the mists, spitting down on us, from time to time, angry showers of sleet. "In this land the earth is higher than in any other, and that makes it very cold," writes an old traveler; and we were in a position fully to appreciate the vivid simplicity of the saying; indeed, it often seemed to us as if the earth had been raised unnaturally near the skies. For miles and miles there was neither road, traveler, nor village, only the muddy track cut by telega-wheels across the coarse herbage, the gaunt telegraph-posts, and an occasional dead or dying horse or camel, to mark that a caravan had passed that way not long before.

Perhaps it is as well that things should be thus. As in the theater we have generally to sit through a dull scene of cloudy haze before the glory of the great stage-effect bursts on our eyes, so nature has provided this dull passageway to the spot whence the ponderous majesty

of the great Armenian mountain is first revealed to travelers' eyes.

The first sight of a summit, the name of which has been familiar to us from childhood, and which is associated with such Biblical memories, is, of itself, sufficient to cause some excitement; but even were Ararat unknown to fame, we should have no hesitation in ranking it among the most impressive of the Old World's mountains. Unlike the Swiss or Caucasian giants (Elbruz perhaps excepted), it does not attract by fantastic forms or by picturesque grouping of secondary peaks round a central mass; its chief charm consists in a severe simplicity of outline, which, combined with vast size, exercises a most potent spell over the imagination. Any one desirous to make clear the meaning of the term "mountain" to a child's or untraveled Dutchman's mind, would sketch some such typical mass as Ararat—a huge cone rising from a broad, level valley, and entirely separated from all surrounding ranges. The Greater Ararat may, perhaps, best be compared to a vast Egyptian pyramid, the sharpness of which has been worn off by the wear of ages, while by its side the sharp and symmetrical ridges of the lesser peak, the product of some more recent volcanic disturbance, rise in impotent rivalry. The regularity of outline of this mighty upheaval, soaring fifteen thousand feet, or nearly the whole height of Mount Blanc, above the Mediterranean, from its immediate base, has tended to make it an easy subject for caricature; for we can use no other word for most of the numerous plates found in volumes relating to this part of the world. The painter whose genius first puts on canvas Ararat in its true character, will perform a worthy task, and earn the thanks of all true lovers of mountain glory. Until this is done, readers must rest content with word-pictures, which convey a very small portion of the effect produced upon the traveler who has the good fortune to drive down into Erivan on a clear day.

LADY ARTISTS OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.

THE history of modern art commences with the fifteenth century, when changes took place favorable to a new feeling for nature, and a new life and action in painting and sculpture. Forms that had before been merely conventional or architectural, were replaced by more vivid exhibitions of human individuality and passion; the rigid religious rules of an earlier age were relaxed, and the portrayal of

emotion, in which the heart could sympathize, succeeded. The ideal and supernatural element began to give place to reality and life as it is seen every day.

But few women became eminent in art during this century. The decline of chivalry was not favorable to their mental development, nor did it elevate their social condition. The severe studies necessary for the attainment of excellence tended to the exclusion of women. None were found worthy to stand beside Sabina von Steinbach, the first sculptress who won an enduring fame; the earliest whose works survive to the present day.

This wonderful young girl was the daughter of Erwin von Steinbach, whose great work, the Cathedral of Strasburg, has given immortality to his name. His daughter's genius having exhibited itself in her modeling, she was intrusted with the ornamentation of that glorious building. Her sculptured groups, and especially those on the portal of the southern aisle, gained the admiration of visitors during the lapse of centuries. Some of them were allegorical figures representing the Christian Church and Judaism. The first were of lofty bearing and winning grace; crowned, and bearing the cross in their right hands, while the left held up the consecrated host. The Judaic figures stand with downcast eyes and drooping head; holding in the right-hand a broken arrow, in the left the shattered tablets of the Mosaic law. Four bass-reliefs of marvelous beauty represent scenes in the Virgin's experience: on one side her death and burial, on the other her glorification, received into heaven, and her triumphant coronation. The purity and depth of feeling that mark these sculptures, impart a charm acknowledged by all beholders; the universal homage is fitly expressed in the Latin lines inscribed on one of the scrolls held by the apostle John. Translated, they run thus:

"The grace of God be with thee, O Sabina,
Whose hands from this hard stone have formed my image."

Tradition tells us that this youthful sculptress, after seeing her statues deposited in their niches, going homeward, was met by a procession of priests with the archbishop at their head; and that the prelate bade her kneel and receive his blessing, while he placed a laurel-wreath on her brow. There is an old painting in Strasburg representing this scene; and the honor accorded to the young girl in popular belief is not inferior to that of a saint.

A fair star gleaming in the midst of mediæval darkness illustrates the dawn of the Flemish school of painting. Margaretta von Eyck was the sister of Hubert and John, of the same

surname, distinguished for the discovery and introduction of oil painting. While they were preparing the way for an important revolution in the method of art, the young maiden, their sister, occupied her time in painting miniatures. She was so successful as to obtain the patronage of the magnificent and liberal court of Burgundy, and her fame extended even to Italy. It was an interesting sight, this modest feminine work, beside the more important enterprises of the gifted brothers, making itself appreciated so as to furnish an example for all time. Sometimes she worked with her brothers in the decoration of costly manuscripts. The breviary of the Duke of Bedford, who married the sister of Philip the Good, in 1423, was ornamented by the united skill of the sister and one of the brothers. It is now in the Imperial Library at Paris. Margaretta also excelled in the illustration of manuscript romances, and several are preserved which attest her genius. Carl von Mander, one of the earliest historians of Flemish art, called her "a gifted Minerva." Devoted to her favorite branch of industry, and the creation of beauty, she lived a life of maidenhood, and left no record that she had ever listened to love vows, or sighed for the blessings of a home endeared by husband and children.

Another Margaretta essayed to do for the school in Nuremberg a similar work; representing the more extended efforts after perfection. She was in the Carthusian convent from 1459 to 1470, where she copied and illuminated religious manuscript volumes. Eight folios were filled by her indefatigable hands with Gothic letters and miniature paintings, presenting a curious specimen of the blending of the art of the scribe with that of the painter, so common in the Middle Ages.

If the fifteenth century was the time of work, the sixteenth was the season of harvest. It was rich, too, in female artists, whose works have made their names memorable. The advance of Protestantism wrought a change in the condition of women, which had its influence on art. An increased delight in domestic employments, and the growth of a deep moral feeling, prepared the way for further triumphs in the imitative arts. In the Netherlands, the number of female painters at this period was large, and many were the diligent successors of Margaretta von Eyck in her native place. Antwerp proved a rich soil for the production of feminine talent. In 1521, Albrecht Durer wrote in his journal, "Master Gerard, illuminist, has a daughter, eighteen years of age, named Susannah, who illuminated a little book which I pur-

chased for a few guilders. It is wonderful that a woman can do so much!" Several noted miniature-painters flourished, among them Catherine Hämsen, whom the Queen of Hungary invited to enter her service, giving her a liberal salary; Anna Seghers, Anna Sneyters, and Clara de Keyzer, of Ghent, who died a spinster at eighty, and enjoyed a celebrity that extended to Germany, France, Italy, and Spain.

Liewina Bennings, or Benic, the daughter of "Maestro Simon," born in Bruges, was invited to London by Henry VIII, and given by him in marriage to an English nobleman. She was treated with great favor by Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. Susannah Hurembont, another miniature-painter, was invited to visit the court of "bluff King Harry," and was treated with such distinction that she fixed her residence in England. Celebrated female engravers, of consummate skill, were Barbara van den Broeck, the daughter of Crispin, born in Antwerp in 1560, and Magdalen de Passe, of Holland. Constantia von Utrecht was one who first acquired distinction as a flower-painter, directing the attention of her country-women to a branch of painting in which the city where she lived and wrought became the capital of the world.

The seventeenth century saw art in striking contrasts—a religious and artistic strife existing between the academicians and the naturalists. While these contended in all the Italian schools, and in France and Spain the works of art exhibited as great contrasts, two different systems came into notice in the North, which strongly affected the development of art in other lands besides that in which they originated. One of these systems was the Flemish school, represented by Rubens; the other was the Dutch, in which Rembrandt was regarded as the mighty master.

There were but few female disciples of note in the school of Rubens, though the healthy and florid naturalism of Flemish art reached in that its highest development, and his brilliant, luxuriant, vigorous style commended itself to woman's attention. The oft intensely dramatic character of the works of the master and his scholars may have been unsuited to feminine study. Some names we find, but none eminent. In Holland, on the other hand, where the new school owed its marked features to the political and religious revolution that had been the fruit of the Reformed doctrines, female energy and genius kept pace with the advance of literature and the spread of the new faith. The earnest domestic life of the Hollanders furnished material for description and deep thought. In the

new species of the art called painting *de genre*, life was represented in all its rich and varied forms, and the world and real humanity took the place of idealized creations. The rudest and meanest aspects of common life soon appeared capable of being invested with an ideal fascination. Success by the painter *de genre* led to the adoption of that wonderful poetical *chiar-oscuro* in coloring, which hitherto had never attained the same degree of favor.

We shall not stop to enumerate the fair artists who rose into notice at this period. Only we call attention to the two "Dutch Muses"—Anna and Maria Tesselschade, the daughters of Visscher—famed, not only for their paintings and fine etchings on glass, but for their poetry and the literary culture which brought them into association with the most eminent scholars of that day. It was then the fashion for the same persons to pursue both branches of study. The great fruit and flower painter, Angelica Agnes Pakman, with Constantia of Utrecht, a pioneer in this art, Maria Schalken, equally celebrated with her brother and teacher, Gottfried Schalken, and Adriana Spilberg, the wife of Egdon Vander Neer, deserve a more extended notice than they can here receive. Adriana was born in Amsterdam in 1646, and was taught by her father, an eminent painter. She excelled in crayons or pastels, and was patronized at the court of Düsseldorf. Margaretta Wulffraat's historical paintings may be seen in Amsterdam. Margaretta Godewyck, a pupil of Maas, obtained celebrity, both in painting and in her knowledge of the ancient and modern languages. She was called "the lovely flower of art and literature of Dortrecht." Catharina Questier, of Amsterdam, was distinguished for painting, copper engraving, modeling in wax, and in poetry. Two of her comedies, that appeared in 1655, were illustrated with drawings and engravings of her own design and execution.

But the fame of these, and of a host of others, was eclipsed in the glory surrounding one called by the Dutch poets their Sappho and their Corneille. All the world has heard of Anna Maria Schurmann!

She was born in November, 1607, of Flemish parents. Utrecht and Cologne have contended for the honor of her birthplace. Her parents, of Protestant faith, fled to Cologne from the persecutions of Alba, and removed to Utrecht in 1615. Anna could read when a little over three years old, and could speak Latin at seven. She was not fond of her needle, but amused herself by cutting out paper pictures, and painting birds and flowers. She gained knowledge of the Latin from being present at her brother's Latin

lessons, and learning became her passion. When ten years old, she translated passages from Seneca into French and Flemish. She became a fine Greek scholar, and added to the classics a knowledge of the Oriental languages. She spoke and wrote Hebrew, Samaritan, Arabic, Chaldaic, Syriac, Ethiopian, Turkish, and Persian; besides being well acquainted with the Italian, Spanish, French, English, and German, and speaking with elegance every European tongue. At the age of eleven, she had read the Bible, Seneca, Virgil, Homer, and Æschylus, in the original languages. At fourteen, she composed a Latin ode to the famous Dutch poet, Jacob Cots; and she wrote verses in many languages. She took the deepest interest, in early life, in theological studies, and manifested a strong tendency to religious enthusiasm.

This woman became a world's wonder for her erudition, and was often consulted by the most learned scholars of her time. In the lecture-rooms of the university at Utrecht, an honorable place was always reserved for her, and she sometimes took part in the discussions. Her cultivation in art was equally remarkable. Skilled in drawing and painting, she had also "a happy taste in sculpture," carving in wood and ivory, and modeling in wax. A portrait painted by her was valued at a thousand florins. She was also an engraver in copper, and with the diamond on crystal. She had taste in music, and skill in playing on several instruments was added to the astonishing variety of her endowments.

Her contemporaries called her "the marvel of creation." She was in intimate literary association with men of great learning, such as Sal-matius, Heinsius, and Vossius, who is said to have taught her Hebrew. Princes and princesses corresponded with her, and came to see her. The Queen of Poland was her visitor at Utrecht, in 1645. The Queen of Bohemia and Princess Louise wrote to her. Anna Maria, whose modesty was as rare as her learning, declined all proffered honors, refused literary compliments, and published nothing before 1636. Afterward appeared her "Apology for the Female Sex."

She lived many years in Cologne, in the most retired simplicity, dividing her time between her art and her pen. In 1664, while in Germany with her brother, she became acquainted with Labadie, the celebrated French enthusiast and preacher of new doctrines. Anna Maria's mind was clouded by grief for the loss of her father and brothers, and she was fascinated by the eloquence of Labadie. She gave up her art

and literature, and devoted her time to the theological doctrines he taught his disciples. Her last work was published in 1673, a year before the death of the fanatic. Some accounts state that she gathered together his followers, and led them to Weivart, in Friesland. She converted Elizabeth—princess palatine—to the new doctrines, and they opened an asylum for wandering disciples. Anna Maria, true to her profession of faith, gave up all her goods, and descended to the grave in poverty, dying in 1678, at the age of seventy-one. William Penn, in his "Journey in Germany," mentions a conversation held with this extraordinary woman at Weivart, the year previous to her death.

The purity and fervor of religious feeling in Anna Maria Schurmann could not be impaired by her mistaken belief in absurd dogmas. Her portrait has been preserved, showing marked features, a Roman nose, and keen, expressive eyes.

Passing by a host of her contemporaries, noted as painters and copper-engravers, we pause to notice one who first became eminent in flower painting, carried to such perfection among the women of the Netherlands. Maria Van Oosterwyk is justly ranked as illustrious for her genius. She was born at Nootdorp, near Delft, about 1630, and received early instruction from the great flower artist, David Heem. Her father was a preacher of the Reformed faith. Her passion for painting was noticed in childhood, and her first productions gained such praise as to stimulate her to further efforts, till she became the rival of her teacher. Rapidly her fame spread abroad, and she received the most flattering attentions from foreign courts. Louis XIV placed one of her pictures in his magnificent collection, and the Emperor Leopold and his empress sent to her for specimens of her skill, and gave her in return their own portraits set in diamonds. Other princes sought her pieces, and she was paid enormous prices for them. William III, of England, purchased a picture for nine hundred florins; the King of Poland bought three for two thousand four hundred florins; and other sovereigns took pleasure in paying her every mark of respect, sending their money as tributes to her genius and tokens of friendship. Thus she became widely celebrated; yet she bore her honors meekly. Living in retirement in the midst of chosen friends, she worked quietly and indefatigably, seldom leaving her studio. One day a young man presented himself as a visitor, introducing himself as William Van Aelst, and saying that he occupied a studio opposite her own, and wished to inspect some

of her works. Maria allowed him to see them, and permitted him to visit her occasionally. She had not perceived that he was in love with her, till the youth gained courage to reveal his passion, and entreat her to become his wife.

Maria did not respond to the young man's love, nor did she think his gay and volatile temperament suited to her own grave and quiet nature. Yet she did not peremptorily reject his addresses, for she saw a method of escape without wounding his feelings. She allowed him to hope that she would finally accept him, and proposed a condition to which he acceded with vehement protestations of faithful obedience. The condition was that her wooer should work diligently and uninterruptedly ten hours of every day for a year. Well she knew that he would not stand the test; and it turned out that he lacked perseverance. When the year had expired, William came to demand the fulfillment of the fair artist's promise. For answer she took him to her window, from which his studio could be seen.

"Look at these marks upon the sash," she said. "I have watched you, and marked every day that you were absent from your labors. You have yourself absolved me from the promise I gave."

The lover, thus convicted not only of idleness, but of falsehood, dared not press his suit further.

Maria continued, "in maiden meditation, fancy free," to paint her flowers, selecting and grouping them with exquisite taste, and transferring their living tints to the picture. Her works were rare, for she bestowed time and labor on each. She died at Eatdam, in Holland, at the age of sixty-three.

Maria was the precursor of a superior artist, esteemed the pride and honor of the Dutch school, and ranked among those of whom the whole world is proud. This was Rachel Ruysch (or Reutch), of whom Descampes said, "Her flowers and fruit surpassed nature herself." She carried flower-painting to a height of perfection never before attained. Her style had a lightness and delicacy of finish, combined with a grandeur of effect, which commanded universal recognition of excellence. Freedom and grace marked her compositions, with surprising vigor and fresh life in coloring, so that "a delicate poetic fragrance seemed to be infused into the depth," in harmony with the perfect illusion. Rachel was the daughter of a celebrated anatomist, and was born in Amsterdam, in 1664. She received lessons in painting from William Van Aelst, the same, probably, who had wooed her predecessor so unsuccessfully. Notwith-

standing his gayety and idleness, he had then achieved a reputation among Dutch flower-painters equal to that of De Heem and Huysum. His young and fair pupil improved so rapidly, that she soon was a match for him and his rivals, surpassing them when she turned to nature as her instructor.

Rachel Ruysch worked industriously in her secluded studio, while her pictures were sought after and sold, and her fame was extensively spread abroad. Suitors came, as might be expected; and, unlike the coy Maria, she surrendered her heart to one of them before her youth had entirely passed away. A portrait-painter—Julian Van Pool—who had introduced himself to her, persuaded her to marry him. She became the mother of ten children, and, as may be supposed, was surrounded by domestic duties and cares. Yet the art she loved was not wholly deserted. Her children were well educated, and her house was admirably ordered, amid the depression of a limited income; these employments would have filled up the time of most women, yet, by diligent toil and unceasing study, she was able to achieve still greater excellence, and to win such unqualified praise from connoisseurs that her renown reached every court in Europe. The Academical Society of Haye received her into membership, proud of a beautiful picture she presented; and, in 1708, Elector John, of the Pfalz, sent her a diploma, naming her as painter in ordinary to his court, and inviting her to reside in his capital. The same prince wrote her a letter, accompanied with a present—a toilet set of twenty-eight pieces in solid silver, with six flambeaux of the same metal—offering to stand godfather to one of her children. When Rachel took her infant son to Düsseldorf, the elector put around the child's neck a red ribbon, to which a magnificent gold medal was attached.

Rachel's subsequent works were worthy of her great celebrity. Her pictures produced for the elector were liberally paid for, and he made the artist handsome presents in addition. She visited Düsseldorf a second time in 1713, and was received with the highest honors. Some of her pieces were sent by the elector to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and were placed by that prince among his collection of masterpieces. Several of her works were presented to royal personages; some found places in the Düsseldorf Gallery, and others were preserved at Munich.

At the death of the elector, Rachel returned to Holland, mourning the loss of her generous friend and protector. She continued her labors with unwearied zeal, and found no diminution of success. Flanders and Holland even mur-

mured that Germany should possess any of her works. Four of them are preserved in Amsterdam; others in private collections. It is said that the pictures executed by her at four-score were as beautiful and highly finished as those produced in the youthful prime of life. Her genius was acknowledged, without envy, by rivals, and she was respected, praised, and beloved by all who knew her; for, to the splendid endowments that gained the favor of the great, she united the virtues that dignify and adorn the woman, the wife, and the mother. Thus blessed and blessing, she attained the age of eighty-six, and passed peacefully away in 1750. Her portrait presents her in low-necked dress, with short hair, large and strongly marked features, and a brave, frank expression. She lived in wedlock fifty years, and survived her husband five.

Art thus grew into a school of peculiar nationality in the Netherlands, and reached a superior elevation. Among celebrated women, we ought to notice the artist in silk, Mademoiselle Rosée, born in Leyden, in 1632. She used silk for the delicate shading of her pieces, instead of colors mixed with oil or gum. She thus painted not only landscapes and architecture, but portraits, in which she admirably blended and mellowed the flesh tints. Artists and critics remarked, that it "could scarcely be believed it is not done by the pencil." One of her pictures sold for five hundred florins. It represented the decayed trunk of a tree, covered with moss and leaves, with a bird's-nest on the top; the shading and the distant sky were produced with marvelous and truthful effect. One of her pieces is preserved in the rich collection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. She died unmarried, at the age of fifty.

The Dutch regarded as one of their remarkable female artists, one who accomplished with the scissors all the engraver does with the burin. This was Joanna Koerten Block, born in Amsterdam, in 1650. Early taught in modeling fruits and figures and in coloring, she painted in oil and water-colors in a novel manner, and engraved exquisitely, with a diamond, on glass and crystal. She copied pictures with wonderful skill; but after a while gave up this kind of work for another more singular, in which she attained great celebrity. Her cuttings with the scissors were astonishing. She executed marine views, country scenes, animals, flowers, and portraits, in a manner perfectly marvelous. These pictures, made of white paper, created a sensation widely spread; and ere long the fame of the artist had penetrated so far, that she became an object of curiosity in all the

courts of Europe. No artist came to Amsterdam without calling to see her, to admire her skill in the strange art she practiced. Princes of royal blood, among them the Czar Peter the Great, and nobles of the highest rank, came to visit the simple Dutch maiden, and critically examined her productions. The elector palatine offered a thousand florins for three of her pieces, but she rated them at a higher price. The Empress of Germany ordered a picture in honor of the victories of Leopold I. The crown and imperial arms were upheld by eagles, and surrounded by laurel-wreaths, flower-garlands, and appropriate ornaments. This order was executed, and Joanna received for the piece four thousand florins. The emperor's portrait, cut by her, is preserved in the imperial cabinet at Vienna. Queen Mary, of England, and other royal personages, sent for the works of this wonderful artist. She cut many successful portraits, and numerous were the tributes to her fame and skill in Dutch, German, and Latin poetry. Joanna kept in her studio a volume in which were registered the names of her illustrious visitors, the autographs of princes and princesses; and the portraits of many great personages were appended to their signatures; being added by Adrien Block, the husband of Joanna. He published a series of vignettes from her pieces. When these cuttings were put over black paper, they resembled an engraving or pen drawing. Clearness, correctness, and delicacy marked all she did. She died at sixty-five, in 1715.

In the eighteenth century, the Flemish school was slightly modified, but scarcely changed in any essential particular. The evidences of artistic activity equaled those in England. There were many fair painters in Germany who imitated the famous Rachel Ruysch; one of them, Catharine True, taking the place of professor in the Düsseldorf Academy of Art. In the Netherlands, the number of women pursuing art as a profession was not less than in the preceding century. Among the Belgians was highly honored the name of the sculptress, Anna Maria Von Reyschoot, of Ghent. Maria Verelst, sprung from a family of artists, and daughter of the painter Herman Verelst, was born at Antwerp in 1680. She was a pupil of her uncle, Simon Verelst, and attained uncommon skill in small portraits and historical pieces. She had also an unusual knowledge of music and the languages. One evening in London, at the theater, she chanced to sit near six German gentlemen of high rank, who, struck with her beauty and distinguished appearance, expressed their admiration in conversation with each

other, in the most high-flown terms, using their native language. Maria turned, and addressing them in the same tongue, observed that such extravagant praise in a lady's presence was no real compliment. One of them repeated his encomiums in Latin; the lady replied in the same language. The strangers, wondering to find such singular erudition united to so much loveliness, begged permission to call upon Maria, who gave them the address of her uncle, the flower-painter. They came to pay their respects, and each sat for his portrait to Maria, compensating her liberally. This adventure proved an introduction for her into the best circles. She is mentioned by Walpole as a successful painter and a remarkable linguist. She died in London in 1744.

The women of Holland maintained their supremacy in the pictorial arts, as well as in poetry animated by a religious spirit. The national drama, the fair fruit of the seventeenth century, had a votary in the Baroness Von Launoy, who made translations from Tyrtæus. Henrietta Wolters, of Amsterdam, gained enviable fame as a miniature-painter. She was the pupil of her father, Theodore Van Pee, and copied, in her early lessons, from Vandervelde and Vandyke. Her miniature portraits were so perfect in finish and execution, that the Czar Peter the Great, who became acquainted with her in his journey, incognito, through Holland, offered her a salary of six thousand florins as court painter, if she would remove to his capital. The invitation was declined. Henrietta preferred her home, where she lived with her husband, the painter Wolters, till her death, in 1741. One of her pictures would command the price of four hundred florins.

Christina Chalon was born in Amsterdam, in 1749, and was educated with Sarah Troost, another artist. She painted, in gouache, scenes from country life, and family groups. She is said to have engraved a picture at nine years of age. She died at Leyden in 1808. Caroline Scheffer was the daughter and pupil of a painter, and the wife of J. B. Scheffer. She lived long in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and, after her husband's death, took her two sons to Paris. The fame they acquired was due to their devoted mother.

Among a host of artists of lesser note, are the names of princesses and ladies of rank, who devoted themselves to landscape and flower painting. Many noted pictures by women appeared in the Exhibition of 1818. But we have not the space to mention their names, or to describe the peculiarities of their style. Few of them have risen above mediocrity.

MR. RUDD THE WORKING-MAN.

CHAPTER I.

"It will be more endurable at aunt's this Summer," said my cousin, Anne Bonnibel. "Why?" I asked, demurely; for I knew why.

"Well, there is a young gentleman boarding with her for the Summer."

"Who is it?" I asked, a little pettishly; for Anne was a pretty girl, and I was not; and it was irritating for her so complacently to assume that all the pleasures of the visit would fall to her lot.

"Why, how sleepy *we* are! meaning you, Miss Holly; for I believe you know all about the matter of the handsome boarder."

"I am simply aware of the fact; but I do not know even the name of the gentleman, and I would not build up false hopes if I were you, Anne."

We were on our way to the house of an aunt, who had invited us to spend the month of July with her in the country; for our home was Hudson, and aunt lived some miles out of town.

"Aunt Parsons," as we called her, was a lively, energetic woman, who had stepped out of the "first society" of Hudson, to marry a farmer, a man of good sense and some cultivation. They had an only child, a daughter, eighteen years old. Anne Bonnibel was Mr. Parsons' niece, nearly twenty; and I, Cornelia Holly, was the niece of Mrs. Parsons, and quite twenty-two. Thus we, the principal characters—except the hero of the story—are introduced to you, reader.

"What a good-looking hired man uncle has got!" said Anne, as we drove up to the door and saw a young man at work splitting wood near the house.

"Yes," said I, mentally; for I perceived that the hired man had heard what Anne said, and was smiling to himself; therefore, I refrained my lips.

While we were taking off our bonnets, Anne and I, the hired man came and beckoned aunt out; when Matilda kindly said:

"I'll go, ma," and tripped away.

Then Anne said, "Aunt, I hope Tilly is not over-familiar with your hired man."

"O, don't begin to 'train us in the way we should go' at this early stage of your visit," said aunt, in her lively way, without apologizing for Tilly.

Tilly was a very lively girl, and much given to practical jokes, and as Anne was very proud she liked to "play her off on it," as she called it; and so she made her mother march the hired

man in to tea, and seat him at the table with us. Anne looked aghast at this, and asked, prettily, "Where is your elegant Mr. Rudd?"

"O, he'll be back to-morrow, all safe and sound," said Tilly.

"Tell her where he has gone," said aunt, looking sideways at Anne.

"O, to visit some young lady, I suppose," said Anne, trying to look resigned.

"No, he has n't," said uncle, bluntly.

"Mr. Chilton, will you have some more of the smoked beef?" asked aunt.

"If you please," said he; which I thought very polite for a hired man.

He talked very sensibly and agreeably, too, with uncle and aunt during the whole meal, when they were not interrupted by Tilly's and Anne's lively sallies; and I joined in the conversation; for uncle had once been a hired man, and it would not be showing proper respect to his past history to slight the present hired man. And I was well entertained; for Mr. Chilton was unconstrained and manly, as if he understood that there was a dignity of labor, and did not undervalue himself for belonging to the status of the laborer. He had evidently had a good common-school education, too, and was conscious of possessing some general knowledge.

But it was bold in him, I thought, coolly to seat himself, with his cigar, beside uncle on the piazza, after tea, and when he had done smoking, to come up so familiarly and seat himself by aunt's rocking-chair. And then he talked and laughed like any of us.

Anne openly showed her disdain, and kept giving me covert electric shocks, through the elbow, at his daring pleasantries.

The next morning Anne did not think it necessary to dress herself with scrupulous nicety, as Mr. Rudd was not expected back to breakfast; though he might arrive at any time during the day, Tilly said. But I thought we ought to respect neatness for its own sake, and at any rate for aunt's sake, for she was always neat; and I dressed with care, but simply.

"Come, Tilly, we must go to ironing," said aunt's cheery voice, after breakfast. Tilly was chatting at a fearful rate with Anne, about nothing.

I had no doubt but the latter would offer to wash the dishes, or to sprinkle the clothes; but she did neither,—spent the whole morning in talking, eating apples, and dictating to the rest of us about the work. But she looked very blooming and pretty as she chatted and laughed; and the hired man lingered about on some excuse, to look admiringly at her, and catch one of her arch smiles.

I said in my heart, "Well, I'll be of use, then, if I can't be admired;" and told aunt I *should* iron, and carried the day, amid her kind dissuasives and Tilly's shrieking remonstrances. The ironing-table was set out on the "back piazza," which was shaded by a great tree, the leaves seeming, every one, a fan blowing the pure morning air about us refreshingly; and at dinner-time I looked blooming, and Anne weary and pale; and uncle kindly told her "not to tire herself out so another time," which made Tilly laugh merrily, and the hired man to smile a peculiar smile.

A lovely evening came to reward our day's toil, and three of us ladies of the family prepared to enjoy it to the fullest extent; but the fourth looked discontented enough, in her frizzed hair and soft blue muslin, honors which she had intended for the return of Mr. Rudd, who came not.

But the three were in high state of enjoyment, aunt telling stories of olden time with great spirit, and being matched by the sensible Mr. Chilton, in stories of the modern times, to Anne's extreme disgust, who would not laugh at one "good thing" he said, but pouted, and rolled her eyes reproachfully at the rest of us for being "so low-bred."

I persuaded my lowered dignity not to care for her scorn, as Mr. Chilton's pronunciation was good, and he really spoke very good grammar for a hired man.

"Chilton, you beat me," said aunt in pretended offense at his good stories.

"Calling him Chilton, as if he were a gentleman," whispered Anne, scornfully; and he overheard, but would not look confused, and talked and laughed on.

He went to his room, though, earlier to-night than he had last night, and I was inwardly convinced that he did feel hurt at Anne's disdain, if he would not show it; for she had, at last, looked proudly, even insolently, at him when he addressed her, and made no answer except by a scornful *ahem*. This caused me to tremble for the honor of Hudson, which regarded itself as part of the republic as yet, and not an independent aristocratic little city, and might be ashamed of Miss Bonnibel, did it hear of her pride.

Now she would give it to aunt, she said; and, raising her voice rather above a lady-like pitch, poured forth: "Aunt Parsons, how can you be so familiar with that hired man? Tilly, too, making as free with him as if he were a gentleman! And Cornelia Holly there, observing all the rules of etiquette toward him as if he were of the first society of Hudson!"

Uncle took out his pipe to say, "Worth makes the man, Anne."

"Yes, I know; but worth is not apt to make a hired man of himself," said she, smartly.

We all laughed.

"O, we have known Chilton a great while," said aunt, apologetically.

"I like him better than I do Mr. Rudd," said Tilly.

Said I, "He is certainly very intelligent and well-bred for one of his class," and thought myself quite condescending in saying it.

Tilly laughed, but aunt said quickly, "Yes, is n't he? and ought to be encouraged."

"Where does he come from?" asked Anne, in the tone of doing herself an injury by asking such a question.

Tilly resented the tone by saying, "Guess."

"O, I do n't care to know! Must be a smart man to have no more ambition than to hire out on a farm," said Anne, with a disdainful laugh.

"Well, he upholds the dignity of labor," said I, with spirit; and aunt pretended to hit me for such a flattering speech, intended for uncle's ears, she said. Then I added, "But if I were he, I should try to rise in the social scale."

"Is n't he as high in the social scale as your relations, the Parsons?" asked aunt, with pretended offense.

"No; because Mr. Parsons has raised himself from the status of the hired man to the ownership of a farm," said I, with great spirit; and uncle laughed, dryly.

"O well, so will Chilton in time," said aunt; "and one of you two ought to try which can catch him for a husband."

"Pshaw! I won't marry any body who is not rich; for I mean to take life easy," said Anne.

I despised that sentiment, and spoke out: "I should not care so much for riches. I would rather marry a wide-awake, enterprising man, with a decent competence, who was public-spirited and useful in the world."

"Just so," said aunt, then called out, "Tilly, come back!" as she saw her running down the garden path to meet a young gentleman. "Do see her flying toward John Holmes, as if she were engaged to him! What is she laying down to him so earnestly? That you are the best worth winning, Cornelia," and aunt finished with a look of comic pity over Anne. But Anne did not notice it; for there was a gentleman in sight now, really, and she must collect all the forces of her coquetry to ensnare him as he came up.

"Mr. Holmes," said Tilly, introducing him in her off-handed way.

A pleasant-looking young man enough, but

not half the force of character of Mr. Chilton, I thought.

"No, has he?" aunt's quick glance seemed to say.

"Rudd got back yet?" he asked, when seated.

"Well, not exactly," said Tilly, laughing, as if that were a witticism; and then her mother said, "Do n't be so silly, Tilly!" and then she laughed at that.

"Where's Chilton?" then asked John; and Anne's face said: "Dear me, I wish I were back in Hudson. Country people are all alike—have no sense of the fitness of things."

"Mr. Chilton has retired," said Tilly, looking expressively at John, to make him understand that she thus spoke to tease Anne; and he abemmed meaningly, and said:

"No poetry in such a lazy soul. It's beautiful down by the river. I came along that way, expecting that I would find you all down there. Suppose we take a moonlight walk," said Mr. Holmes.

All were agreed except aunt, who said she preferred her old man and her rocking-chair on the piazza, though she "felt young as any body yet."

We had walked but a short distance from the house when Anne suddenly exclaimed, "If that Chilton is not following us! What impudence!"

"Why, I should have thought he were fast asleep long ago," said lively Tilly.

"What room does he occupy?" carelessly asked Anne. "I suppose he must have seen us through the window."

"One of the front rooms; so he may have heard every word that was said about him just now, and before John came," said Tilly in glee-ful voice.

"O, dear me, what did I say? Let me get to the other side of Mr. Holmes; for I believe I said very hard things of him," said Anne.

"And Cornelia did express such liberal sentiments toward working people," said Tilly, in ecstatic glee.

"Why, what a predicament we all are in!" said John, dryly. "Think of me allowing no poetry to the working soul. Step forward, ladies; I must see if he has girded on his sword—this fighter in the world's great field. Comest thou peaceably?" he asked of Chilton, as he came up.

"I do n't know till I see how I stand among you," said he. "Who will walk with me now? For I believe I am under ban."

"No, you had an able defender not long since," said Tilly, despite a good nudge I gave her.

"Which of you said she liked best a wide-

awake man, without a cent in the world?" he asked, dryly.

"Miss Holly," screamed Tilly, in great mirth, before I could stop her; and with much assurance, Mr. Chilton stepped to my side.

"Very pretty and expressive name for a lady philanthropist," said he, in polite tone.

"Evergreen," said Anne, spitefully; for she had a virtuous horror of all compliment not addressed to her.

"Of course," he retorted; "for the kindly soul knows no Winter."

"My laurels!" exclaimed John. "I must say something now or I am undone, poetically speaking."

But John Holmes was plainly a practical man, for the poetry did not come forth; and Tilly laughingly said, "You 'tend store, and let poetry alone."

"I will, then, if that pleases you better," said he, gallantly.

I gleaned from this that John was clerk of the village store. By such light impressions do we sometimes gain a knowledge of a man's position in the world; for I was right in this, I afterward found.

"I believe I have never been introduced to these two ladies," now said Mr. Chilton, looking at Anne and me.

"Never mind," said John, comfortingly. "Worth makes the man, and you're not the fellow to want it."

We all laughed at the curious turn given this oft-quoted line, Mr. Chilton, most of all, quite to my surprise.

Presently I saw Tilly contriving to run off with John and Anne, and leave me alone with him.

"Well," said I, mentally, "if he is regarded as a friend by this Mr. Holmes, as well as by uncle and aunt, he is not to be despised by me; and I will treat him as if he were a gentleman, for their sakes."

We were at the river-side now, and I asked my silent companion something about the railroad being built about this time along the shore. He entered into the subject with so much enthusiasm that I was quite interested.

"It is a pity, though," said I, "to mar the shore of this beautiful river."

"Mar! why, I think its beauty is increased by being marked out so definitely, and a thing of life sent buzzing by the river's brink!" said he.

"Takes all the poetry out of it, though," said I.

"O, poetry! for America? Let us make a country of her first! Let her fall into line with the other busy nations of the earth, and then

she can line it, poetically speaking," and he laughed pleasantly.

"There is room enough in other parts of the country for laying railroad-track, without cutting up the brink of her most beautiful river; besides, I think we are too much of a busy nation already; insomuch, that we are indifferent to the great moral questions of the day," said I.

"Take a seat on this rock, if you will, Miss Holly, as you must be somewhat fatigued. Is n't the view beautiful across the water, as it lies bathed in the moonlight? We will discuss your last remark, if you choose."

"You allow, then, that we are a money-loving people?"

"Well, you respect enterprise, money-getting, for a good purpose, I hope?" said he.

"O, certainly; but I see little of that. We are a very self-aggrandizing people," said I.

"I can not agree with you there. I think we are a very patriotic people, looking to the good of the whole while trying to effect our own purposes."

I was pleased that he differed from me frankly, as he would with a man, and he saw it, and continued more earnestly:

"You must look with unprejudiced eye upon this thing; that is, narrowing the subject down again to this railroad. Close your poetic vision now, and acknowledge that nature has laid alongside this river a fine straight path, as if on purpose for a railroad track, to save us, as a nation, the enormous expense of digging a road further inland. Nature is, you will own, a thrifty old dame, who never thought of laying out her beautiful landscapes merely for the poets."

He said this in such an arch, deprecatory tone that I laughed quite naturally, as I should have done if one of the first gentlemen of Hudson had said it; and he laughed quietly too, and then said, again, "Now I hope you are converted over to the Hudson River Railroad."

"I am at least pleased to see your faith in your endeavors to that end," said I.

"It was my want of faith made me express the hope," said he, pleasantly.

"Have you always been firm in the faith concerning this railroad, or are you a convert of Mr. Rudd's," said I, now a little saucily.

"Well, I have been influenced by him, certainly; but I do not think so highly of him as the Parsons do. I hope you will like him when you come to know him well; but I have my doubts on the subject."

This speech lowered the philosophic patriot somewhat in my eyes. Envious, was he?—of the gentlemanly Mr. Rudd?

Tilly now marshaled her company back upon us suddenly; all three scrambling on to the rock, and taking possession of all the places for seats, nearly crowding Mr. Chilton off, for he had been standing all this time.

"Well," said he to John, "you are a soldierly set—decamping secretly like deserters, then coming back like marauders, and taking our quiet fortress by assault."

"Our fortress! hear you that?" laughed Tilly.

"Now, which of you has the best right to it? You, Miss Holly, did you capture Mr. —"

"John Holmes!" said Tilly, suddenly, pretending she would put her hand over his mouth.

"Do n't you imagine that I meant to forget myself, Miss Parsons," said he, drolly; "I merely hinted at the question of civil rights, without the least tinge of romance in it. It's my opinion that Mr. Chilton has been trying to secure a rock-rose for his botanical garden, though."

All laughed at the entire absence of romance in Mr. Holmes's speech, and then Mr. Chilton replied:

"Rock-rose! Yes; if you mean that pretty mountain-flower so emblematic of the sensible woman—sweet and hardy."

"What's this stuff about a rock-rose?" asked Anne, pettishly; for she always thought if there were a compliment on the tapis, it was for her.

"No stuff about it," said Mr. Chilton, pretending to take up the matter seriously. "I spoke well of the rock-rose, and I meant what I said."

"Well," thought I, "you are as ingenious as any gentleman at insinuating a compliment; and, no doubt, if it had been daylight I should have blushed very prettily at it."

"But how do you know any thing about such a rose? I never heard of it before," persisted Anne, with some acrimony.

"Well, it may be classed with the evergreens, as delighting in shade," said Mr. Chilton, very coolly.

"Now," said John, in such a tone of disappointment felt in another's place, "you will persuade Miss Holly that she has got such a pretty name, she will never be willing to change it!" And Tilly thought she never could stop laughing at that; but she did at last, so as to say:

"Mr. Holmes, I think it due to this gentleman and these ladies, that they now be introduced to one another."

"So do I think so," said he, without attempting to perform the ceremony.

"No matter," said Mr. Chilton, "I am not one to want notice that is not my due. I am

only sorry that it is not due to these ladies that I have an introduction to them."

Tilly shrieked out now one of the laughs for which her mother was always reproving her, and John laughed immoderately, too.

"For pity's sake, what *is* there to laugh at?" testily asked Anne; which only increased the mirth of the two, and made Mr. Chilton laugh slightly.

I thought it rather hard usage of the poor hired man to play him off so, as Tilly called it, and I said, indignantly: "I think you are not very polite to Mr. Chilton. If his calling does not confer honor upon him, he can give honor to it."

"Thank you, Miss Holly," said he, with the smile and manner of the gentleman.

"Mr. Holmes," asked Anne, pertly; "I suppose Mr. Rudd knows nothing about work."

"O, the most consummate fop," said John, in a tone of disgust. "Tilly, how we did have to mince matters before him!"

"Did n't we?" said Tilly, emphatically. "I hope, Anne, you will be particular as to your speech and behavior when he comes back."

"O, I shall!" said she, pretending to say it playfully. "I trust I know what good manners are."

Tilly tried hard not to laugh at that, but the laugh gained the day, despite all her efforts; and Anne was thoroughly offended at last, and walked off toward the house; when, of course, we all followed—and the day was done.

HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

WE have taken our farewell of what was once the beautiful chateau of St. Cloud, and have left the royal forest of Versailles, driven through its grand avenue, on past the streets of the capital, till we find ourselves on the charred and blackened site of one of the most notorious and distinguished localities in Paris, the Hôtel de Ville; a palace which has occupied a prominent and important part in French history through many successive centuries, and which possesses for us of to-day a renewed interest, from its having been so recently the center of revolutionary tumult and lawless action.

Twenty-eight days after the commencement of the late siege of Paris, occurred a scene which had been dreaded, more or less, every day during a dreary four months. The bloodshed caused by reckless adventurers, who sought their own interest through the miseries and misfortunes of their country, was more to be

feared by the truly loyal, than the shells of the besiegers.

On a Saturday night, a crowd of citizens from various quarters, who had been threatening mischief for some time, gathered around the prison of Mazas, where Flourens, Milliers, and other political vagrants, were incarcerated, and made a concerted attack upon the prison, beating down the gates with bludgeons, stones, and iron bars. Jailer and turnkeys fled for their lives, leaving the prison free to the rioters, who opened cells indiscriminately, until the desired companions were found, and bore off Flourens and Milliers in triumph, amid the cries of "*A bas Favre!*" "*A bas Trochu!*"

After parading the streets, and making descents upon the most turbulent quarters of the city—Père la Chaise and Charonne, where they intended to establish their head rendezvous of insurrection—Flourens, moved either by a sudden paroxysm of loyalty, or by disappointment at the tardy accession of recruits, called upon all present to disperse, with a solemn oath to meet on Sunday, at noon, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and there demand possession of the Government in the name of the people. In pursuance of this pledge, at the appointed hour came forth from miserable homes, from dark, shelterless nooks, from wretched garrets, like birds of ill-omen, this most repulsive, most villainous-looking crowd of ruffians, including the One-hundred-and-first War Battalion of the National Guard. These marched in a body to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, uttering fearful cries, and calling upon citizens to arm. It was a scene that must have brought vividly before the witnesses the horrors of the old French Revolution. The hideous faces, the hoarse, uncouth voices of the present, might well picture the background of 1789, with its reeking knives, its blood-stained guillotine, and the female furies of those horrible days. The beligerents were dispersed by a small guard of Mobiles and Bretons, drawn up in front of the Hôtel de Ville; but not until shots had been fired, and numbers of the insurgents killed and wounded, while the remainder fled in blind fury, shrieking and yelling as they retreated. Whether in peace or war, therefore, during a period of three centuries, the history of this palace may be said to comprise that of the whole history of Paris; and, hence, a brief reference to its antecedents and subsequent associations may be acceptable at the present time.

The Council of Merchants was a combination of dignity and influence in France, tracing its origin back to the days of the Romans, and as early as the thirteenth century having its

privileges confirmed by royal ordinance. Different points were chosen at various times for the meeting of this distinguished municipal corps; at first, selecting a house in the vicinity of the "Grand Châtelet;" then, near the Porte St. Michel; until Etienne Marcel, the famous mayor of Paris, knowing the necessity of some fixed place for the city government, bought a mansion on the Place de la Grève, called the House of Pillars, from the row of massive columns which adorned the front, and sometimes known as the Dauphin's House, Charles V having lived there when dauphin.

From this commencement in 1529, originated the Hôtel de Ville, which was considered, at the time of its purchase, a splendid edifice. There were few changes made in its architectural proportions until Louis Philippe's time, when it was greatly enlarged and beautified, the main part, which was the center building, being left unaltered and untouched. Thus did it stand for more than two centuries, a memento of former generations and venerable antiquity. It was indeed a beautiful palace, massive, and elegantly ornamented; the principal entrance being the door-way in the center, under the statue of Henry IV, which adorned the oldest part of the building. It was only two-and-a-half stories high, yet the equal of the Tuileries and the Louvre in its architecture, and with associations quite as extended and interesting as either. Indeed, it is said that there were apartments in the Hôtel de Ville more richly decorated, and showing the evidence of a costlier taste, than any other palace of France. As one wandered through the vast state-rooms in the primitive building, he was shown the "Salle du Trone," ninety-five feet long, the chimney-pieces being of the time of Henry IV. This room was magnificent in its decorations, and was used for state banquets. Here was the famous "Cabinet de Vêr," where Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just were arrested, on the 5th Thermidor, in the year 5. From its window, the unfortunate Louis XVI was forced to appear before the infuriated mob, in a *bonnet rouge*; and from the same spot Lafayette presented the trembling Louis Philippe to the people, in 1830.

The great gallery was magnificently painted and frescoed, surrounded by gilt Corinthian columns, and lighted by chandeliers, which contained nearly three thousand wax-lights. The whole suite, including the music galleries at either extremity, was upward of one thousand yards in length, and could easily contain seven thousand guests. It was embellished with portraits of the mayors of Paris from 1205 to 1705.

When Henry IV took for his bride the fair,

false Marguerite of France, this hotel was resplendent with the fêtes that welcomed the young prince to his capital; and in this palace took place the ill-starred nuptials of the Grande Monarque, Louis XIV, to the patient, long-suffering princess, Maria Theresa of Spain.

In 1659, it welcomed the Duke of Parma as the betrothed of Louis XV's daughter, the marriage being here celebrated in the grand saloon of the hotel. In the same apartment took place that saddest of nuptials, the dauphin, Louis XVI, to Marie-Antoinette. After the lapse of a few eventful years, this most unfortunate of monarchs was compelled to place himself at the central window of the vast hall, weary and hopeless, to appease a roaring, hungry mob, by donning the hated *bonnet rouge*.

It was not until after the capture of the Bastille that the Hôtel acquired its greatest notoriety. Who may ever reveal the dire secrets of that terrible Commune de Paris (Common Council) of 1789, when it held its sittings within these walls; or what were the diabolic plans conceived and fostered by the tyrant Robespierre and his friends, when they here took refuge from the vengeance of the populace, in 1794? Vain asylum for safety did it prove. The soldiers and *gens d'armes* sent to capture them, found the poor helpless wretch, Robespierre, on the stairs of the great hall, with his face half blown away, from an ineffectual attempt at suicide. The Orleans party, in the Revolution of 1830, established themselves at the Hôtel de Ville; and, in 1848, the Red Republicans took their turn, by getting possession of the royal quarters; these being superseded in another part of the building by the more liberal party, who afterward obtained the governmental power.

From the principal stair-way Lamartine made his great speech to the inflamed people; and by his conservative policy, and the force of an impassioned eloquence, saved his country from anarchy. Troops were stationed here in the dark, troublous days of 1848-49; but its era of peace and beauty returned under the benign influence of the new Empire; which glory might seem to have culminated at its highest perfection during the Great Exposition of 1867, when the "Ball of the Sovereigns" took place, on the 6th of July, in the immense saloon of the Hôtel de Ville. The description of these festivities were reported in most Oriental exaggeration at the time, in various literary and fashionable journals; where we are told "to imagine, if possible, this more than regally splendid vestibule, with its gorgeous hangings and decorations; with flowers that seem to have sprung up from the generous tropics; with fountains

of exquisite shape and detail, flashing out their wealth of water, every drop a gem, in the soft blaze of innumerable wax-lights—a sea of brilliance and of perfume, where were resplendent court blazonry and gemmed orders; where were emperors, kings, and royal highnesses enough to have revolutionized a republican world.”

One portion of the old palace was particularly noticeable—the grand entrance from the Place de l’Hôtel de Ville, with its “costliest hangings of cloth and silk, gold-fringed and gold-embroidered, sweeping down around columns that seemed to have been shaped and gold-incrusted during some one of the many dreams in the ‘Arabian Nights.’” Indeed, the open spaces surrounding this hotel were magnificent—with the Rue Rivoli on the one side, the Seine and its quays on the other, the great Caserne Napoleon at a considerable interval, and the shops and houses, with their showy architecture and mercantile display; forming together a very unique and beautiful tableau. There was a continued stream of joyous vitality in the gay equipages and voluble pedestrians around these rows of splendid buildings, that made it difficult to recall any dismal or accursed deeds that might have been witnessed here. Yet cheerful and bright as the place appeared when the desolation of civil war devastated Paris a twelvemonth gone by, the Hôtel de Ville was once horrible in its dread realities as was the Place de la Concorde. Through its long backward perspective, we find, far removed from any gleam of sunlight, a curtain of somber darkness.

From the time of Louis XI, who here cut off the head of the great Constable St. Pol, almost on the very steps of the old Hôtel de Ville, to the year 1871, it has been the scene of fearful riot and dire executions. Here perished the brave Count de Montmorency, for the accidental crime of slaying his young master, Henry II, at a tournament; while the infamous Catharine de Medici and her brutal son stood at a window to witness the terrible deed.

A perfect Gehenna was this square on the morning after St. Bartholomew’s-day, and to hundreds of faithful Huguenots through many succeeding years. There were merry feasts in this town-hall, many and oft, which Catharine and the young king, Charles IX, left untasted, that they might gloat in jocund hilarity over the sufferings of those brave Christian men and women of the seventeenth century, who were here torn with pincers, baptized with melted lead, with boiling oil, with burning pitch, with ignited sulphur, while the air resounded with the doleful cry of, “Christ, have pity upon me!”

“O, give me patience!” “It is frightful, frightful, to endure so much of mortal agony, and yet not able to die.”

Was it not well to give a new name to this dim old square? for, with all its beauteous transformations, one could hardly pass its bright, active precincts without feeling that it was a haunted spot, and fancying some shriek or groan from the tortured innocents.

The portion of the city of Paris in which was situated the Hôtel de Ville is said, by reporters abroad, to have suffered more from the shells of the Prussian army than any other locality in it; and many a stanch Protestant will look upon its desolation, silently pondering the question, “Is this Divine retribution?” When we remember the horrors attendant on the French Revolution of 1798, in which the Hôtel de Ville played so conspicuous a part, and the later suffering of 1848, followed by the terrific onslaught of the past year, which has brought *la belle France* to its lowest ebb of sorrow and humility, we can but recall the fierce and demoniac reign of the beautiful siren, Catharine de Medici, the massacre of St. Bartholomew’s-day, to which no history, either ancient or modern, can find a parallel in its fiendish atrocity; and when we thus remember, are we not assured that there is a power which sits as an avenger of human wrongs, whether they be of individuals or nations? As we see the priests of Paris and of France throughout all its provinces, during the awful tragedy of two revolutions, massacred in the streets, hung upon lamp-posts, and driven in starvation and woe from the kingdom by a lawless, atheistic mob, we can hear in the distant past a dying cry from the butchered Huguenots, those grand old martyrs to Popish superstition and merciless bigotry which has marked this degenerate faith through many passing centuries. “Though so far apart in time, as the cruelties of 1572 and those of 1870, they are but consecutive days in the government of God, and he visits thus the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation.”

MUSIC.

ALL the fine arts have something of stigma resting on them, as if one fancied to atone for being so beautiful. Music, especially, has a double portion to bear. In the social and moral world, more or less of it seems always to be the price of beauty. What we call nature, is exempt. But surely man is the highest nature, and the music in him, a part of

that nature, is one of its highest tendencies; in its truest type, always lofty and full of aspiration. Then how is it that so many musical people have won the title of dilettanti, mere triflers, dreamers in a world of work and stern necessity? Has music made them so?

Reflecting on the nature of music, it seems incredible that it should cause any to fall. Yet the accusers of the art point to many of its followers, who, by their degraded, shameless lives, have disgraced humanity. If it be true that music is thus low and earthward in its tendencies, then it were, indeed, better that the old Puritan doctrine be followed, and that it find no student or worshiper in all the world. There is enough to lower and debase without it, and that which costs far less. If the birds are singing on every bough, it is not necessary to follow their example; if the whole round earth be vocal with voices—of bee and brook, of zephyr and tempest, of river and sea—we need not learn a lesson from them; we may listen to them, but be silent ourselves.

Of the three arts, music, sculpture, and painting—whatever may have been their relative developments hitherto—the first must always be chief; for it is by nature the highest. It appeals to a something deeper in us than the others—perhaps to that we scarcely comprehend ourselves. Where common speech ends, unable to express the idea or sentiment of the soul, music begins. What we have otherwise no language for, it eloquently voices. It is less tangible than the others—though not less real—and more spiritual. Then as to subject-matter, sculpture and painting depend upon the forms of physical life for their expression. These are their models, which, when most faithfully rendered, bring them nearest perfection. Music sometimes imitates nature, but not in its truest development. It is sufficient in itself, and needs to take nothing from any world outside of its own. Goethe said: "The worth of art appears most eminent in music; since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted. It is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses."

It is said by the most learned historians and scientists that original human speech was rhythmical; that men *talked* in poetry. Rhythmical language was one of the mightiest human instincts. And later, at least, there was not only the measured flow of speech, but it had the accompaniment of chanting and musical sound. These manifestations of the musical capacity were, of course, instinctive; for music, as an art, is comparatively modern. Even artistic Greece knew only the alphabet in this direction.

It is known that many uncivilized peoples expressed their highest sentiments in half-singing; in wild, chanting declamation. Mrs. Stowe somewhere says, "Music, in the minor key, is characteristic of all barbarous nations." All this, of course, only proves the universality of the musical instinct, and the deep foundation it has in our nature.

Has it innate evil? Is it evil in its influence? We know not why the affection against music with many is so strong, unless it be that, in its nature, it differs so from the plastic arts. Whatever is prominent and salient is always more liable to attack, as well as to approbation. There is idleness and frivolity enough, mere self-seeking, in music; but so there is in all arts, and in all life, indeed. There are dilettanti in music; but no more than in painting, no more than in sculpture, in proportion to the number of its adherents. Literature, too, is not less free from idlers and triflers; those who make it an amusement and a pleasurable indulgence, rather than an earnest and noble occupation. Even religion herself—let it be said with shame—is full of dilettantism; in some cases, perhaps, unconscious, but in others, more or less voluntary. What is it but a weak, selfish indulgence, that prompts one to hide from the world; to shun encountering its difficulties, its work, its weariness? There is undoubtedly self-denial and bitterness enough in convent life; but is not the real motive of it a shrinking from the resistance of worldliness; an unwillingness to fight life's hard battles?

And this spirit is not confined within convent walls. The man or woman who is always seeking opportunities of solitary meditation, and who fears to soil the sacredness of exalted thoughts in the vile dust of earthly cares and duties; who is always seeking the external inspirations and stimulants of religion, may do it in the name of religion; but it is not that sweet saint. It is a false pretender.

True, there are many noble examples of this, or of something akin to it. In reading the life of Madame Guyon, as saintly a woman as may be found in the history of France, there are many passages in her experience that remind one of exclusive devotion to spiritual matters. Indeed, the whole tenor of her interior life is such that, while one profoundly admires her character, her loyalty to duty and to her high ideal, one can nevertheless scarcely avoid making the criticism that all her powers went to religion, instead of *religion going to all her powers*.

We say *seeking* opportunities. And here is just the mighty difference. To seek the more

pleasurable accessories of religion, and to depend upon them, is the weakest and shallowest of self-indulgence; but if they shall come unsought, in the ordinary course of events, they shall surely be received and accepted gratefully, like all other means and helps to goodness by which our Father would lift us up higher. If, in the midst of perplexed, discordant hours, the bells of the church shall suddenly chime, lifting our unrest and disturbance into harmony and peace, why scorn the change effected? Let us accept the ministry of the bells. It is God's gift to us.

For an outsider, passing judgment upon the value and claims of Christianity, it would be scarcely fair to take the poorest and weakest disciples of Jesus as examples of its transforming power. And so in estimating the tendencies of music, one should refer to those in whom it has had higher and more perfect development. What do the lives of the great composers say? Were they idle, selfish, mere butterflies of art, dreaming away happy existence, and only passively yielding to the inspirations of loftier moods? They had, indeed, the freedom and spontaneity of all true genius; but there could be no greater mistake than to suppose that on this account they were not the most indefatigable workers; that their sublimest productions were not the results of the most unwearied industry and the profoundest study. One of the greatest musicians the world has ever seen, keenly felt this popular misapprehension, and once said, in conversation with a German chapel-master: "People err if they think my art has cost me no trouble. I assure you, my dear friend, no one has taken more pains with the art of composition than I. There is hardly a celebrated master in music whom I have not carefully, and, in many cases, several times, studied through." These were the words of Mozart, the most fertile and varied composer among the great tone-masters. When only twenty-one years of age, he had written two hundred different works, of the greatest variety and highest excellence; and his death, occurring at the early age of thirty-six, left a record of more than *eight hundred* compositions. And this incredible industry was carried on in the midst of the weaknesses and obstacles of a naturally delicate constitution.

Whatever other reputation may have been won by the composer Gluck, his principal fame is that of the reformer. What Luther was to the Church, Gluck was to operatic music. With a susceptible temperament, quick to the pleasures of his art, he yet gave his whole life, and especially the maturity of his noble powers,

to the gigantic labor of reforming the corrupt opera-music of the day. And not only labor!—he met the fate of all reformers—opposition, relentlessly bitter and long continued; the ridicule and contempt of musical circles; the cabals of exasperated intriguers.

The earlier history of Handel, sublime master of oratorio, is that of a continued succession of obstacles and disappointments in the midst of undoubted successes. Every step of the way seemed blocked. Lacking money, lacking the assistance of power, hindered by the nobility and by jealous opponents, he absolutely *fought* his way through; nothing but the most indomitable perseverance and heroic determination bringing him, in the end, to undeniable triumph and fortune. And, after a life of intense activity, when, in later years, he became totally blind, he did not, therefore, cease his labors. For seven sightless years he was still busy at the score and in the concert-room, even dying in the midst of his unparalleled exertions; for he went ill to his house from his last performance of the immortal "Messiah," never to leave it again.

A similar record, at least of his earlier life, is left of Haydn. He worked his way up from lowest poverty and misery to a handsome fortune and the fame of the greatest living composer. Eight long years, until he was sixteen, the boy Haydn endured the ill-temper and cruelty of his master, often cold, hungry, and always poorly instructed, for the sake of his beloved music. Finally, turned into the streets, he was compelled to shift for himself. Many months of great privation passed, when his harpsichord and violin were often his only meat and drink. For half a century he was untiringly busy in his art; and, in spite of his difficulties, his compositions are always of a cheerful, happy character. This peculiarity is, perhaps, not so extraordinary a circumstance; for he was blessed with a bright, elastic temperament, the happiness of which trouble seemed to have no power over. Undoubtedly, as little praise is due him on the score of cheerfulness as condemnation to Beethoven, who is often accused of moroseness and brooding gloom. Beethoven was not only constitutionally keenly susceptible to pain, but he had to endure the greatest physical calamity that could befall him. Perhaps one of the strongest arguments for the intellectual character of music lies in this physical infirmity of the great musician. All of his greatest works were composed after he had entirely lost the sense of hearing. What sensuous, idle pleasure could have been received from them when the ear, their only avenue of approach to

his enjoyment, was tightly closed against them? And yet, during all those years, his mighty brain, and deep, passionate heart, were sending out the profoundest harmonies that ever stirred the soul—harmonies empty and voiceless to him.

Nearly all these are examples of men who have risen to greatness and honor by the strength of character that is ever born of resistance to opposition and difficulty. Had they been more favored of fortune, they might have been weak and self-indulgent. How was it with Mendelssohn, of later date, and not so great as these, but still a master of music? He was born under a fortunate star. Life always had favor for him; but a more industrious, earnest character, and especially a more beautiful life, were scarcely to be found.

Of the ennobling influence of the purest vocal music, the great names of our own day need only to be mentioned—Jenny Lind, Parepa, Kellogg, Nilsson, etc. Every name is an argument for the exalted nature and great value of music. How indefatigably they have worked, with what purity and singleness of purpose, with what true allegiance to their ideal of art! How certainly they recognized the fact, by the practical following the strong bent of their natures, that God bestows diversities of gifts, and that their mission was to sing!

In these, and many others, the musical faculty had its highest expression. They were pure musicians; all of them hard workers, unselfishly devoted to their art. But it is said there are many others of reputation who lacked purity, faith, sincerity; who lived selfish lives, and without high purpose. It might be enough to point to the other arts, and to literature, to show that they are not less free from reproach. But what shall be said when religion herself is the shelter of vice and corruption? Was it not the Church of Christ himself and of the apostles that Luther found necessary to reform, grown too monstrously impure, arrogant, and intolerant for noble enduring? A mass of lies had become incorporated with it. But surely it was not the fault of the doctrines and teachings of Christ. They were the truth itself. The trouble lay outside of them, in something foreign to their spirit. The trouble is not in *music*, but in something altogether outside of it, and foreign to its spirit.

Perhaps so divine a thing could hardly be in our low world without being put to base uses. To rise to the height of its nobility, and then to fall, is to fall very far, and to challenge wonder and contempt; yet not less is music divine, because some have fallen in spite of her.

In the minds of many, one of the strongest objections to music is its non-utility, and therefore its tendency to induce idleness and frivolity. It is not, these practical people say, one of the necessities of life; we can get on without it. Speaking of another matter, one has well said recently: "This is one of the penalties art pays for its very subtlety and the *undemonstrability of its usefulness*. What can be measured and weighed, we can measure and weigh the equivalent for; but those subtlest refining agencies, without which no life is complete, and no society civilized, have no value more than sunshine and air." Sunshine and air are the two great preservers of life; but so common and all-embracing they are, we scarcely realize their presence, much less their necessity. Life is a much broader and more comprehensive thing than we are in the habit of considering it. It is not insured by "bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God;" and one of those "words" is music. It is one of God's highest gifts to us, one of the "talents" intrusted to us by a wise Master; and we have no *right* to ignore it, to lay it aside to rust in idleness and disuse. The question is not simply one of expediency or of profit. The possession of any talent is itself the warrant and duty of using it. And if, by being musical, we become selfish and trifling, it is our own fault, and not the fault of God or of the art.

Perhaps the commonest definition of music, other than scientific and technical, is, that it is the language of feeling. It is often said to be merely emotional; and in the minds of many it is, on this account, regarded with contempt, at least as compared with the reasoning powers. But it certainly is not true that it is merely emotional. The lives and works of the great masters prove that it has intellectuality of a high order. The peculiar case of Beethoven has been already referred to. Said a man of great good sense and practical ability, but deeply interested in music: "I am astonished every time I examine the 'Messiah' of Handel, or hear it performed, at the amazing intellect it reveals, the depth and strength of thought displayed in its construction and harmony. It was a mighty *mind* that wrought it out." David Masson has written, "No artist, I believe, will, in the end, be found to be greater as an artist than he was as a thinker."

But granted that music is the language of feeling, it is probable that even the highest appreciation of the art and the most ardent devotion to it would not object to the definition. There could be no higher praise given it, when "feeling" is understood in its truest and deepest

significance. The poet has reached the highest truth when he says:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought."

But the feeling referred to is not the maudlin, silly, gushing kind, and whenever music arouses such feeling, it is when it has descended from its native dignity, and become untrue to itself. Music, in its purity and sincerity, is of another caliber.

In these modern times there is a powerful tendency to undervalue religion, or to make it consist of science. There are great intellects who find in science the ultimatum of things, who can see nothing higher; but high as it is, it is very far from the exaltation of religion. Science examines, analyzes, classifies; but religion interprets, reveals by intuition, *feels*. It has not to do with the letter, but with the spirit. It catches the meanings of things with instantaneous perception. The scholar can not, by reasoning, comprehend it; the little child may enter the very depths of it; so simple, yet so lofty is it.

Akin to this noblest power of the soul is the musical faculty. It lies not far from it. Certainly, if there be any external expression of the religious sentiment, it is in the marvelous eloquence of music. There is no doubt that it is the outlet of the deeper affections and aspirations of the soul. Praise finds in it its native air. Who, in hours of profoundest experience, of joy, chastened grief, or thanksgiving, does not instinctively break into song? And how many are there to whom the gift is denied, either totally or in part, who exult in the belief that there are no songless souls in the better land! Surely, this deep aspiration shall find its fulfillment there. Undoubtedly, many a spirit, with fine appreciation of music, goes half stifled through the world, for lack of sufficient power of utterance. George Eliot has strongly put this idea in her dramatic poem of "Armstrong":

"For herself,

She often wonders what her life had been
Without that voice for channel to her soul.
She says, it must have leaped through all her limbs—
Made her a Mzenad—made her snatch a brand
And fire some forest, that her rage might mount
In crashing, roaring flames through half a land,
Leaving her still and patient for a while."

And again:

"The world was cruel, and she could not sing;
I carry my revenges in my throat;
I love in singing, and am loved again."

That music is the mother-tongue of the religious sentiment, would seem to be proved by revelation, if any assurance from across the border

were necessary. Every one has an ideal of heaven, more or less vivid. And, probably, if all knew themselves intimately, they would find that ideal to be exactly opposite to what has been their bitterest experience here. To those with strong, steady attachments, who have been tossed about, here and there, by uncertain fortune, the idea of an unchanging home is the Elysian dream; to those who have borne heavy burdens that seem never to be lifted, the thought of rest, deep and perpetual, affords the profoundest satisfaction; to those whose highest hopes and ambitions have been thwarted by uncontrollable circumstance, who have felt the restraint of earthly limitations, the certainty of free, untrammelled life is the exultant thought.

But whatever be the peculiar ideal of individual minds, it is certain that music is an essential and universal element of the heavenly existence. The Bible is full of intimations to this effect. In the grand apocalyptic picture, music is the predominant trait. The walls of the New Jerusalem resound with mighty harmonies. Every living creature is represented as lifting up its voice in song.

And there is often a nearer testimony than even John's marvelous vision. How many a tender revelation to watching hearts has come through the refined susceptibilities of those just entering the gates! "I hear beautiful music, and songs as of seraphs," the dying often say, and sink away into boundless being.

If, then, music be so high in its nature; if it be the natural language of our profoundest and best experiences; if God could find no nobler form of expression for his loftiest intelligences—surely its native tendencies are toward truth and goodness. It would exalt, rather than lower; purify, rather than debase. The fault lies with those who voluntarily abuse its exaltation, and sacrifice its purity to vanity and selfishness.

WOULD SHE WANT THE BALLOT?

IT was in a dingy house, in a still dingier street, that the Widow Bayliss took up her abode, soon after her husband's death. Her household goods were few in number, and of money she had even less; so it made but little difference to her if the narrow windows, with their dirty casements, looked out on an alley that seemed to dare the approach of a bright sunbeam, and to defy the gladness and freshness of earth to enter. She had no leisure moments in which to contemplate surroundings that mocked the glorious sunshine, and sneered

at the pure air of heaven. One short year before, and the bare idea of a home in such a neighborhood would have filled her heart with dread. But he who was her strong helpmate then had since passed away, and he had left her no greater legacy than a sunny-haired boy, who could barely lisp "mamma." This dowry, together with a desire to do right, was the only capital the little woman had to commence her lonely life with.

But she was hopeful, and toiled with her needle late and early, cheered on by little Eddie's smiles and embraces. The dreariness of the place was seldom thought of, and the kindness of the poor and humble people who lived near her, shed a ray of light on her path that helped to relieve its darkness.

"I must forget their coarse manners; they are so good to my Eddie," she would say, when tempted to compare her present life and companions with those of the past.

Her warmest gratitude was called forth by the neighbors' constant proofs of kindness and pity; yet they were poor like herself, and could scarcely do more than relieve her of Eddie at times when she was busy at work.

But a season came when business grew dull, and then the widow found it hard to obtain employment. This was not the first cloud that had overhung her new life; but all others had appeared so light, when compared with this one, that she had looked beyond them hopefully and trustingly. Struggle as she would with her Christian duty, she grew despondent. To cause her further anxiety, she was obliged to make inroads in the small sum of money she had been saving with which to buy a cheap sewing-machine. How carefully she had hoarded it, adding a mite now and then as she could best spare it! and no miser ever looked more fondly upon his treasured lucre, than the widow contemplated her little fund for the promised helper. Many feelings of regret filled her heart, as she saw it rapidly melting away to supply the necessary wants of herself and child; and then she wondered, again and again, what she would do when it was all gone. It was only in such moments as these that her garret home seemed so dreary, that she gladly sought the companionship of the humble friends around her. She was slowly descending the rickety staircase one day, when a voice from the lower floor exclaimed:

"O, Mrs. Bayliss, but I'm glad to see you out to-day; and, if you'll step into my room, I'll tell you a bit of good news to cheer you, poor creature!"

The widow was not slow to avail herself of

Mrs. Murphy's invitation; and she was soon ensconced in the best chair the room afforded, while Eddy busied himself testing the merits of a cup of milk to which he had been treated.

"Well, dear," began Mrs. Murphy, "you see I was over at the other end of the town to-day, washing for Mrs. Rayne, that rich lady who helps the poor greatly. Like yourself, she is a widow, and very kind. Well, somehow or other, I could n't help asking her for a few clothes she did n't want, as I thought they would be nice to cut down for Eddy, and would save a few dollars for you. Then I got to talking about you, as I felt so sorry for you and the little fellow. I told her of the letters you wrote for me to Ireland; and, indeed, ma'am, but I said they were like real written books; and all because you are smart, and have good book-learning."

"O, Mrs. Murphy, how could you? I am sure I do not deserve such praise," said Mrs. Bayliss, with a blush of modesty.

"Well, indeed I thought it, or I would not have said it. More than that, I told her it was a great pity and shame you could n't get something to do with your pen, instead of having to sew so long for such poor pay. The end of it was, that she said she would call soon (perhaps to-morrow) to see you. She looked very sorry when I told her you were without work now, and could n't get any."

Mrs. Bayliss at that moment thought more hopefully of the morrow, even though her neighbor had allowed her to anticipate so little. She rose early in the morning, and arranged her room with extra care. Little Eddie's golden locks were brushed with unusual precision, and his neatest, most attractive dress put on. Yet, despite this preparation, the poor woman was scarcely sanguine that the stranger would come. Frequent disappointments had made all things seem so dark and dreary of late.

At every sound of a footstep on the stair, her cheek flushed with a feverish glow, and her heart throbbed until her nervousness was only too apparent. Long and patiently did she listen for each footfall, until it reached the floor beneath, and the echo died away. Then hope would fade, as she turned wearily away.

It was late in the afternoon when her reveries were interrupted by a short, quick rap at her door, and she hastened forward to meet a little stout woman of middle age, whose flurried expression well corresponded with her ejaculation of:

"Dear me! so this is the place? I thought I would never reach the top of those creaky stairs. This is Mrs. Bayliss's room, eh? Young,

interesting widow, pretty child, and both needing help."

Mrs. Bayliss blushed, as she motioned to the stranger to be seated.

"My name is Rayne; and I came here to learn what you can do, and what you are willing to do? Your name is Bayliss, I suppose?" said the visitor, all in one breath.

"It is," answered the young widow, modestly, as she met the keen, searching gaze of the other. "I have been sewing for a large store; but business is dull now, and work very scarce. Mrs. Murphy, my neighbor below, advised me to try to obtain work as a copyist. I write rapidly and legibly."

"Mrs. Murphy has washed for me for several years, and is a worthy woman; but she knows little concerning the nature of such work. You would find copying as tedious and trying to your sight as sewing."

"Still I would not mind that, if I could only support myself and child."

The stranger's heart began to soften at the piteous, almost pleading tones of the woman before her.

"Well, my good creature, I will see what I can do for you. I am president of the 'Woman's Aid Society' of this place, and need a secretary for this society business alone. My time is so much taken up by charitable organizations of one kind and another, that I have little left in which to answer the many communications I receive. But, before I go further, let me ask, are you in favor of female suffrage?"

"I am but slightly acquainted with such matters; and, to answer you frankly, I have even thought less about them. Ralph—I mean my husband—voted, but never discussed politics in his home."

A tear stood in the young woman's eye, as her mind reverted to the dear one she had lost; he whose kindness had shielded her from all unnecessary care during their short married life.

"Ah!" said the stranger, with a smile, "your home has been your cage, and the poor bird never knew liberty until it lost its mate. It was hard for you to start out to do battle with the world; but you will fare no worse for your late experience. I am not a suffragist. I simply labor to protect the working-class of women, and to help all worthy females who are suffering and needy, otherwise I would not have called upon you so soon."

"May God bless you!" interrupted Mrs. Bayliss, with some emotion.

Her companion, apparently unheeding this remark, resumed:

"Now, I would like to engage you as my

secretary, with a fair salary, if you are competent for the place. Aside from reading and answering letters, you might be called upon to record the minutes of our business meetings, to call the roll, and write an address occasionally. But dry your eyes, and tell me if you think yourself capable of doing all this?"

It seemed a formidable array of duties to the shrinking, timid woman, who had nearly all her life been dependent on the love and care of others. She wanted the situation, and yet hesitated to undertake work she knew so little about. She struggled with honor for a moment, and then thoughts of Eddie rose uppermost, and she candidly replied:

"I think I could answer the letters, but I am not sure about the rest. I never was at a public meeting in my life, and know nothing of the preliminaries of one. In fact, I am quite ignorant of what the action of the officers would be, and of my own duties, when you speak of minutes and records."

"In regard to those, Mrs. Bayliss, I could quickly and easily initiate you. Respecting the letters, you would need to use your own judgment. As to the answers, bear this in mind: Many of the women who address me are radical suffragists, and I would not have any ultra ideas of yours brought into collision with theirs. You comprehend that it is for the interest of the 'Woman's Aid Society' not strongly to oppose the suffragists."

"I understand that the holder of the situation would need to be perfectly non-committal on that score. Believe me, Mrs. Rayne, when I say that my opinions on this subject would be of slight value to any one, as I have mixed so little with the world, and learned so little of the arguments brought forward in favor of giving woman the ballot. I always allowed my husband to think and decide for me in most things; and politics never entered our domestic affairs," said the widow with a sigh, as she thought of the many strange things she had been called upon to do since Ralph died, and which would have been so different had he lived.

"Yet it is necessary for you, now, to judge and decide for yourself. But to return to the main points; suppose you write for me a few of your opinions on the present condition of the working-women of our country. A couple of pages will be sufficient to allow me to form some idea of your intellectual attainments, as well as of your penmanship. In the mean time I will amuse your little child. Come here, dear."

Eddie must have read kindness in the stranger's face, for he was not tardy to accept the invitation which had been so cordially extended.

In a few moments he had nestled in the lady's lap, and was soon engaged in examining her watch and chain.

Having obtained writing materials, Mrs. Bayliss commenced her task with some trepidation. At first her fingers trembled, and she feared she would not be able to collect the ideas which this sudden request had as suddenly scattered. But another thought of Eddie, and the bread so necessary for his life, and with it came the harrowing recollection that she had lately made a shirt for twenty-five cents; and, work as closely as she could, it had been impossible to finish more than two in a day. Even then she was obliged to break into the hours of night to complete her task, unmindful of the rest so requisite for peace of mind and strength of body. It seemed as if so much was given for so little; for the return for all this labor was only twelve dollars a month. It was a small sum to pay rent with, furnish fuel, and procure food and clothing for two. Yet, with strict self-denial and rigid economy, she had been able, monthly, to contribute a mite toward the sum required for the prized sewing-machine, the cost of which was not to exceed fifteen dollars.

This association of thought exerted a magical influence over the widow's will, and in a few seconds her pen was moving with marvelous speed, and her ideas flowed faster than she could note them down. Twenty minutes served to accomplish the test in, and then she found she had gone beyond the circumscribed limits of two pages. Without commenting on this fact, however, she handed the sheet to Mrs. Rayne.

The eyes of the latter sparkled as she earnestly perused it; and occasionally she would indulge in an enthusiastic exclamation of "*terse, lucid, logical*;" in short, quite to the point, and coincides with my own views." She read the article twice, then folded it, and turned to Mrs. Bayliss with the quiet observation:

"This suits me admirably, and you are the woman I want, and whom I have been long looking for. I see Mrs. Murphy has not over-rated your abilities. Now, if you please, I will state the terms," she added, pleasantly. "To begin with, I must mention that I occupy a much larger house than I need; and, as it is all furnished, I can easily place two rooms at your disposal. It would be more convenient for me to have you in my house; and such an arrangement would be a matter of economy for you respecting rent and board. Would it be pleasant for you?"

"O, how can I thank you? Need I say such an offer is far more than I expected? I would

indeed be ungrateful if I could not deem it pleasant."

"We will consider that part settled, then. Now for a salary. I will pay you fifteen dollars a month and include your board and washing; and the society will give you twenty more, making a total of thirty-five dollars monthly. Does it suit?"

But Mrs. Bayliss could not answer. She grasped the hand of her visitor, now a stranger no more, and the language of her heart was spoken in her tearful eyes. The change seemed too great to be a reality. It was so dream-like, this prospect of going back to the charmed circle of culture and refinement, from which bitter, abject poverty had so long excluded her. But it was with no feelings of shame she remembered that the one who had helped to bring about this change was a poor, ignorant, unlettered, Irish washer-woman. Mrs. Murphy had been her friend, and she would still remain the friend of Mrs. Murphy.

"I can imagine what you would say," remarked Mrs. Rayne, the first to break the silence. "How long have you lived here?"

"A little more than a year."

"I wish I had met you sooner; but 'better late than never.'"

Mrs. Rayne's tones, when she first entered the apartment, too plainly indicated that her errand was to bestow patronage; but now her voice sunk into the soft, low sounds of friendly sympathy that acknowledged mental equality, if not social.

"Well, Mrs. Bayliss," she continued, "I have already spent more time here than I intended, and my carriage has been waiting below. If it is convenient for you, I will send my coachman to-morrow, to assist you in removing your things, which can be stored in my barn. Whatever expense you incur by moving, I will attend to. Here is my card and number, and now I must say 'good-bye' to you, and my little friend here."

When she was gone, Mrs. Bayliss found that a ten-dollar note had been thrust into Eddie's hand by her as she was parting with him.

The next day was a very busy one in the garret-room of that tenement-house; and ere evening came, the young widow had exchanged kindly farewells with the humble friends who had been her fellow-tenants, and was on her way to the wealthy woman's mansion. Happy in her new home, surrounded by kind friends, and made rich by the love of her child, Mrs. Bayliss forgot, in the faithful discharge of her duties, that she was but serving the ends of others.

She had been forced, by circumstances, to accept the faintest idea of prospective female balloting; not through any desire to acquire the notoriety of being a strong-minded, clever woman; not because she followed in the current of that numberless mass of women who do things simply for the reason that their more ambitious sisters do the same; her only stimulus was that powerful incentive which too often causes even the wise and learned to barter their independence of thought and action—bread, and bread alone; and this was why she did not object to woman's voting.

THE SOCIAL AND CHRISTIAN ELEMENTS OF THE PEACE JUBILEE.

THE Jubilee was the sign of an advanced stage of the kingdom of God on earth. It was also a means of its still further progress. Compare the Boston Coliseum with Trajan's, at Rome. The Roman was a little larger, more massive and durable, but not half so airy, educational, and beautiful. One was erected in A. D. 80—forty years after the crucifixion; the other in 1872. In the one, wild beasts and human beings fought and slaughtered each other, for the amusement of emperors, senators, and senatorial women, and as a popular national luxury. Looking back only two hundred years, to England and Germany, we find jousts and tilts and tournaments, where trained men assembled to fight each other, on horse and on foot, for the entertainment of great lords and fine ladies; and the most beautiful crowned with laurels the bloodiest victors. But here was no clash of arms, no fighting of beasts and men; but the melody of trained and tuneful human voices, and the harmony of sweet sounds. Neither was it a feat of imperial sovereignty or of lordly dictation; but a peace-loving movement of the people under a few magnetic leaders, at which the President, presidential candidates, foreign diplomats, and home governors, were delighted spectators and auditors.

Think of the masses assembled there—on the Gilmore Day estimated at seventy thousand, equal to the population of the two cities of Lowell and Worcester; five acres of human beings, two of singers and performers, and three of enrapt listeners. It was not a jam of roughs and rowdies—though a sprinkling of these was found by the police—but a vast gathering of the people, the high and low, all happy, and all delighting in others' delight.

When my eye ran from the organ, over the orchestra and auditorium, to the opposite gal-

lery, it was like looking to distant hill-sides in another part of the country. And the immense field of white dresses and bright colors—red, crimson, and blue—seemed like a prairie of daisies, lilies, and bluebells. In the welcomes to the foreign bands—English, German, French, and Irish—the plaudits of their performances, the great crowd was wild with the intoxication of joy, and yet never more sober and sane. For it was the outburst of that very international sentiment which generated the Jubilee—a volcanic eruption of the love of harmony and peace which moved the first movers of it. And the snow-storms of white handkerchiefs extemporized by the women, in the thunders of applause gotten up by the noisier men, though perfectly silent, as all snow-storms are where there is no wind, were the most dramatic and beautiful scenes, to a thoughtful observer, of the whole exhibition. Great snow-flakes, instinct with intelligence, seemed to be flying back and forth in the air, and filling it with glee.

Imagine a tenor solo, commencing so far off that it comes to you like a melody from another continent. Then, when taken up by the soprano, it seems to have passed to another quarter of the globe, and to be tinctured with the aroma expressive of other soils and climes. And when the alto and bass join, with the orchestra and organ and anvils and guns, in full chorus, you feel that all the continents and quarters and nations of the globe are contributing their harmonies to this Peace Jubilee. The chorus of twenty thousand was the largest in the history of musical assemblies; including a thousand instrumental musicians, with directors—Professor Tourjee, of the choral, and Mr. Gilmore, of the orchestral performances—unsurpassed by any in the country. Such complete mastery of such a body was wonderful. The whole rippling or billowy movement, orchestral, organ, and chorus, seemed to turn on the little baton in the director's hand, as the waters of the Red Sea on the rod of Israel's great leader. Now the wind instruments breathe a soft wail; then the strings join in a strong swell, which gradually dies away into silence, to one midway from the director's stand to the wall. He sees the thousand leaves in motion, but hears nothing. Gently, as from a distance, the sound steals on him again. Nearer and nearer it comes, swelling and rolling and roaring like the noise of many waters, and then a crash, as of thunder, from the "big drum," and the organ, and all the elements combined.

Think of an organ so vast that it required to be worked by steam-power, and the organist, sixty feet from it, with his back toward the

instrument on which he is performing; of a man inside the Coliseum playing on twenty guns outside, as one strikes the keys of a piano, the explosions being in exact time and tune. Isaiah, in vision, saw the time of peace when men should beat their "swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." And he might have added, when they will convert their anvils and cannons into instruments of music.

Of attractions, the foreigners were undoubtedly the chief. Johann Strauss, of Vienna, is the son of a noted composer, himself one of the most distinguished producers of sprightly music. He is a model director, yet such as no one should attempt to imitate; for he is inimitable. He is a complete music-box. Every nerve and muscle in his body seems to be a bow or a string, and every bone a pipe. And when he steps upon the stand and lifts his baton, the musicians feel his power, like an electric current from a galvanic battery. He directs with his whole body and soul; his head, his hands, his arms and feet, swinging, swaying, turning, and pointing, and rapping—now a few sharp strokes on his violin, then a sudden lifting of both arms, and a hush; a few more bars, a down-stroke, and a rush or roar. The effect! it is impossible to describe it. One must feel it to understand it.

Franz Abt, the son of a Protestant minister, is equally noted, but in an entirely different direction. Like Martin Luther, he composes for the masses such pieces as "Dear Old Songs of Home," "Through the Eyes the Heart doth Speak." All are delighted, the prince and peasant. "Strauss is admired," says one; "Abt is loved."

But Madame Leutner was the nightingale of the occasion. As a vocalist, perhaps there is not her equal in any nation. Rarely does nature, lavish as she is of her gifts, bestow more than one such on the same generation. And then it is to teach the world that there is no music like that of the human voice. This instrument God made after his own likeness. All others, man makes according to his ingenuity, and after his likeness. The purity and power of her voice, and its great range; the naturalness and ease with which she executed the most difficult passages, moving through the lower and middle register, soaring into the upper, and sending her sweet sounds into the ear of the most distant listeners, and filling every nook and corner of the vast edifice,—it was marvelous. The grand aria from "The Magic Flute" finely illustrated her vocal compass and flexibility. Her feats on G sharp in alt., when she stood and warbled on the dizzying

pinnacle of musical sound, where few venture to climb, were enchanting; and when, on a sudden trill and shake of her head, she began her descent, showers of melody seemed to fall from her flowing curls, as from fleecy clouds in cerulean heights, on the entranced listeners below. Then came new thunders of applause and thickened snow-storms of white handkerchiefs.

To this charm of music, Madame Leutner added the almost equal charm of naturalness and melody in manner. With a single exception—her excessively low bowing—she was as simple as a child. The object of unbounded admiration, she seemed unconscious of any thing, except that she was giving pleasure, and was made happy by it. When Jenny Lind had given a night's performance for the benefit of an orphan asylum, and was told of the great success, and that many poor children would be provided for by the avails for several years, the tears came to her bright eyes, and she said, "It is beautiful that I can sing so."

Between the foreign bands there was a little natural and graceful competition. That of the English Grenadier Guards, from good Queen Victoria's court, was led by the accomplished Godfrey, and clad in their scarlet coats and bear-skin caps. The Kaizer Franz-Grenadiers of Germany followed the stalwart Heinrich Sars, the "bugler of Gravelotte," with his seven glittering medals and the iron cross, as full of music as of honor. M. Paulus led the *Garde Republicaine* of France, in their plain blue, and with their dazzling new instruments. The Irish band, under Mr. Clemment, came near being too late for the occasion. Among the first three, where there was so much excellence, it is difficult to make a comparison. All had mastered the manipulations and technicalities of their art. Each had its peculiarities in some national hues and subtle strains. The English was full and rich, and also delicate, tender, and home-like, reminding one of the melodies of his mother. The German made the impression of great power and comprehension; yet it was completely trained and subdued. It developed something new, either of mystical charm or astonishment, and gained on you every time you heard it. There was more variety of instrument and tone and expression, and, in some phases, the nearest approach to the voice that I ever witnessed from instrumentation. The music now tinkled and rippled and dropped into our ears most enchantingly, then swelled and heaved and dashed upon us almost overpoweringly.

The French was artistic, brilliant, dazzling;

scarcely any thing could be finer of the kind. Our American sympathy with the struggling republic poured itself out in cheers of heartiest welcome and torrents of applause. A deaf man once expressed his idea of the sound of a trumpet, by saying that it was scarlet-colored; using this mode of representation, I should say the music of the English was scarlet, of the Germans crimson, and of the French blue; and that, together with the other performances of the occasion, they were all blended into the white light of peace and love.

A few days before the Jubilee opened, a gentleman, very intelligent in stocks and trade, said, "It will be a great *noise*, and that is all it will be." On the morning of the second day, as I was waiting in the station, a friend, learning that I was going to the Jubilee, pronounced it a great humbug. "I know Gilmore, and he is a humbug." This was the feeling among a large class—a musical hubbub, a Babel-jargon—and is of some still. I would not say of such, as Shakspeare does:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
Let no such man be trusted."

But I think a becoming modesty should keep them from vaunting their ignorance, as if it could discredit the toil and culture of other and wiser men.

Three phases of this Jubilee movement have impressed me with its moral and Christianizing influence.

First: The musical practice for so long a time, and of several hundred associations, from Maine to California, in preparation for it. Under such training, in such circumstances, musical culture tends to social and moral harmony, and is always elevating and pacific.

Next: The music was most of it distinctively pacific and Christian, and the choral entirely so. It was the production of the great Christian composers—Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Bach, Luther, Hastings, Mason, Abt, and others of the same character. The great staple of the occasion was the Christian sentiment expressed in Luther's "Judgment Hymn," "A strong castle is our God," "Kingdoms and thrones," "All hail the power," "Rock of ages," "Nearer, my God, to thee," and "Old Hundred." In this last "grand old monumental song," the effect was sublime. Men were awed by the almost infinite grandeur, and they were melted as by a divine tenderness. They wept like children. Besides these were "Moses in Egypt," excerpts from the "Messiah," "The Creation," "Judas Maccabæus," "Woman of

Samaria," "Naaman," and Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," with other oratorios and pieces of similar Christian sentiment.

The Jubilee, in its choral part, was a literal singing of the Gospel, and, for sixteen days, a musical evangel, to which hundreds of thousands were interested listeners.

The third Christian phase was its international character, and that it was in the interests of peace. The main dangers of war are between nations. Here was an attempt to prepare the soil and sow the seeds of peace. The French and Germans have just been in terrible strife; but they are both represented here by that trained power that can stir to war or hush to peace. Ireland is, and has been for years, in a semi-war of feeling with England; yet their representative bands give their heartiest concurrence in this World's Jubilee for peace; all meeting each other in friendliest festivities, singing and performing in this pacific art each other's favorite national songs and airs, and we theirs. Thus joined—England, Ireland, Prussia, Austria, and America, with the chorus, the organ, the anvils, and the guns, not a discord nor a jar—it seemed as if, all together, they would sing the demon of war down into his dark dungeon, and bind him there in the everlasting chains of music and song. And, if Satan could have heard Madame Leutner sing "Home, Sweet Home;" if he could repent, he would almost wish he had never tempted Eve out of her sweet home in Paradise. And when, at a festive gathering of the editors and foreign artists, it happened that a circle was formed, and the three great band-masters stood hand in hand, with Americans and others, and all joined in "Auld Lang Syne," it was the constitution of a new-fashioned International Peace Society, and an admirable sermon from the angel's text, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

CHRISTIAN GROWTH.

CHRISTIAN growth is slow, painfully slow. Do not be discouraged, therefore. If you can not advance as fast as you think others advance, keep your own pace in peace. Be a snail, not in appearance, but in motion, if you must; but keep moving. I would rather be a snail in the kingdom of Christ, than a swift-winged eagle outside. Conscious that you are in the right way, do not allow yourself to be alarmed or discouraged because you appear to be a weak, puny, slow creature. Be sure, by diligence and pluck, to "hold your own;" use the means; fight, watch, pray!

The Children's Repository.

EBONY'S ANGEL.

IN the hush of early morning a baby soul looked out from the gates of paradise, and floated to earth on the breath of God; and the soul of a weary, world-sick woman offered its incense of faith, and soared away to its Maker.

When the sun peeped over the trees, and cheered with its happy light the broad, green valley, its rays fell unheeded on the roof of a low, brown hut on the mountain-side. But one wandering beam found entrance through the closely drawn curtains, and it flitted across the face of a sleeping infant.

"Two hours old," said a muttering crone, laying a bony, black hand on the tiny head, and watching the play of the sunlight. "Two hours dead," lifting the sheet from the motionless form by the baby's side; calmly, sweetly beautiful, but so unheeding, lying there under shadows that would never be dispelled.

The loving heart of a mother did not beat for that helpless little one. No tender eyes opened to watch that feeble, fluttering breath. No soft hand hovered over that wee human being. The tired heart throbbed no longer with human love or fear or grief, and the eyes were hidden under stiff, white lids. The hands were quiet, and the cold lips would never part in loving smiles or words again. The baby was motherless. "Let thy good angel go with my child," had been its mother's dying prayer. The child was unconscious, but the old negress heard the petition, and shuddered with a superstitious thrill. To her fancy the room had been filled with unseen spirits from that moment. She heard the soft rustling of their wings, and felt the faint fanning of their waving arms. The breath of their flowing garments seemed to brush her cheeks, and she listened to catch their whispers; but there was no other sound than the light breathing of the sleeping baby, and the sputtering of the expiring candle. She draped the shapely limbs of the dead for burial as best she could, and with reverent hands prepared for the wants of the living. But the pale blaze of the candle at last faded completely away, and, drawing aside the curtains, she realized that it was morning.

Poor old Ebony had watched the seasons

come and go for more than ninety years, and had seen the face of her last child in its grave long ago; yet upon her enfeebled shoulders had come the responsibility of caring for a newborn soul. Not that she considered it a burden, for she welcomed it as a joyful privilege. Her life had been so lonely during the last years, and her friends so very few, that she was thankful for a human object to love. And the child was so specially blessed, she looked at it with awe; and in her imagination saw another form, radiant and lovely, one that would never depart, hovering over her charge.

But the sun was climbing steadily up, and the morning was wearing away. She had a work to do. The baby awoke, and was hushed to sleep again. The quiet figure on the bed needed no more watching. She tied on her ancient bonnet, and, leaving them alone together, turned her steps along the steep mountain road into the meadows below. She saw the shining spire of the country church far down the valley. There, too, were the clustering white houses of the little village. She seldom visited it, for no one cared to see her. She knew the people thought her evil-minded, and that some even believed her possessed with a spirit of witchery; so she held her peace and kept aloof. What wonder that she was feared by many and loved by none? There was nothing attractive in her appearance. Her form was tall and gaunt, and her face bore the marks of suffering and of age. Her eyes had a wild and frightened expression, and there were deep-set scars in her shining black cheeks. She had appeared in that region suddenly, a few years before, and taken possession of a deserted shanty on the mountain. No one disturbed her. No one knew her history. It seemed her choice to remain unknown and unnoticed, so few ever entered her little hut. They did not know how faithfully the old negress studied her one book, her Bible, or they might have abjured all belief in her evil dispositions. So deceitful were appearances.

"The witch! the witch!" cried the children, when Ebony had traversed the winding meadow road, and entered the long, grassy street of the village. The groups of noisy playfellows dispersed, as if by magic, at the word. Each pair of feet sought mother's powerful protection,

and curious eyes peeped through window-blinds and curtain-folds, to watch the poor old creature on her way. "Going for her own coffin," suggested wise loungers on the store platform, when they saw her enter the sexton's house.

But the story came out. Every body understood it, when they saw the one-horse hearse slowly jogging along to the church-yard, with only Ebony hobbling on after it, in place of a mourning procession. The minister, good soul, offered a prayer over the open grave, when the rough box had been lowered to its narrow bed. Then the solitary, silent mourner retraced her steps in haste, and left the worthy inhabitants to enjoy their gossip alone.

The bell tolled nineteen solemn strokes, and stopped. Mothers looked at their girls, and sighed. Fathers shook their heads, and said, "Poor thing!" All remembered, perhaps with a throb of regret, the sad history of Agnes Ames, once the village favorite, then a dependent orphan, and, at last, a betrayed and ruined outcast. No one knew what snares had beset her on every side; but she fell, and all her friends were cold and scornful then. They knew she took refuge with the "witch of the mountain;" but charity slumbered, and no one sought her. When the sexton went for the body, he saw no living soul besides the negress, for she was careful and shrewd; and nobody knew a baby had been left in the hands of a reputed witch in the lonely hut. The gossip died away, and in a few more weeks, through all the town, no one made mention of Agnes Ames.

Meanwhile, as days rolled into months, and passed away, the baby lived and thrived even in such a wild, rugged home. It was not an uncomfortable spot; for Ebony's labors had rendered it secure from the rains of Summer and the cold storms of Winter.

There was but one room in the hut; but it was quite a cozy one. A large, braided mat nearly covered the rough floor; a second-hand stove did service in one corner; the walls were neatly papered; and the quilt that covered the little husk-bed was as gay a specimen of patch-work as many of the farmers' wives could boast. There was a loft overhead, where she stored her provisions. A snug shed near the shanty was a safe retreat for her two most precious possessions, a hen and a goat. She nearly supported herself from the products of a little patch of ground close by; for it was so faithfully cultivated by her diligent hands that it rewarded her abundantly.

This was the baby's home; and no child ever flourished better in the midst of unnumbered luxuries than this one in its nest among the

rocks and trees. It opened its eyes in the morning with a crow of delight, and patted with its soft hands the old, black cheeks of its only friend. It rolled on the floor in the sunlight, and pulled unmercifully the fur of Ebony's great black cat. It grew bolder in time, and scrambled out at the door to chirp and wink at the browsing goat. It plucked, with its chubby fingers, at the vines and creepers that overgrew the little building, and laughed at the big red hollyhocks that stood up proudly by the doorstep.

When the tired eyelids shut together, weary with sleep, the old negress, tenderly watching, shook her gray head with reverential joy if a smile chanced to curve the sweet red lips; for she said to herself, "The angel is whispering now."

The years crept slowly on, one after another, and still no harm befell the happy dwellers in the mountain hut.

To be sure, it was no longer a secret that a beautiful child was sharing the wild, lonely life of the "black witch."

Farmer White discovered it first, one morning, after he had driven his oxen up the steep road, with a load of wood for the poor creature's shed. He lived on the hill, across the valley, just where he could watch the smoke from Ebony's chimney; and every Winter he hauled a new supply of dry wood over, so that if the smoke from that cabin should ever fail, it would not be his fault. And in return, Ebony supplied him with numerous packages of dried herbs—very acceptable to the farmer's wife, with her eight children.

The kind man was proceeding to unload his annual offering, the third Winter after the baby's birth, when he suddenly perceived a rosy, childish face at the window. He had never entered that room; still he was very much startled to discover that it had such an inmate. Accounts of child-stealers flashed across his mind. But the vision had disappeared. He was tempted to believe it a mental delusion, after all. When Ebony came out, with her profusion of thanks and packages of herbs, he ventured to ask:

"Whose baby've you got in there, Mrs.?"

How the black, wrinkled countenance fell! Her secret was out at last, and she must make the best of it.

"It's my angel; Ebony's angel, massa," she answered.

Mr. White took a step backward. Was she a witch after all, or was she crazy? A defiant expression came into the hideous face of the negress.

"He's a orphan, massa, and he's mine; my

boy. The angel is with him al'ays; nobody can have him, massa."

Farmer White retreated. He would as soon meet a panther as attempt to see the child again while Ebony's form stood guard at the door. The story circulated, and a few bold and curious ones climbed the hills to investigate; but none gained admittance. They were always glad to go away. So they left her in peace again, and the child with its protector.

Occasionally people, crossing the mountain, caught a glimpse of a brown, boyish face, peeping at them from a cluster of bushes or the branches of a tree; but no one could approach him, for he was as fleet as a wild deer.

Marm Ebony, the cat, the hen, the goat, the birds, the squirrels, the flowers, and, above all, the angel that he was taught to believe went with him always, were enough company for him. He desired no other. He would lie on his back for hours, on the soft grass under the trees, and, watching the clouds with his strange, wise-looking eyes, he would whisper his thoughts and boyish plans to the angel he fancied beside him. The twittering birds fluttered about him, fearless and free, and the wild rabbits hopped within reach of his hands; but he did not molest them. He often sat with his aged friend on the door-step, in the glow of a Summer's sunset, talking of the angels' home, and looking off to the glorious hues of the western horizon, or following with their eyes the course of the winding meadow-brook. Later, when they heard the tinkling of cow-bells in the neighboring pastures, and the whip-poor-will began to call solemnly in the edge of the wood; when the evening star shone out bright and clear, and day was fading into twilight,—the old negress sang to him, in a feeble, quavering voice, the hymns she had learned in her childhood. It was a pleasant life to both; but it could not continue long. Ebony was very old.

On the morning of his sixth birthday, Bonny, as the negress had acquired the habit of calling him, awoke from a long sleep and found the sun shining much higher up than usual. He missed the accustomed sound of stepping to and fro. He seemed to be all alone. Where was Marm Ebony? He rose from his little couch, and went to her bedside. Yes, she was there. He spoke to her; she did not answer. He joggled her elbow; she did not awake. He laid his hand on her face; it was cold, so cold! He began to be frightened.

"Wake up, wake up!" he cried.

Still she did not move. He hurried to build a fire, and made some hot herb drink; but that did no good. He went out and gathered a hand-

ful of ripe strawberries, and placed them in her stiff hands; she gave him no thanks. Then he went to the door, and looked longingly across the meadow at a farm-house on the opposite hill. Good Mr. White lived there. Bonny had spoken with him sometimes, when he came with wood, and he remembered the kind man affectionately. If he would only come and make poor Marm Ebony well! He looked at the quiet figure on the bed, and then, like a swift shadow, sped away down the mountain-side. He wore no hat to shield his brown face from the sun. He had never owned one; and his little tough feet were entirely unused to shoes. His short gingham pants and long-sleeved jacket were made out of an old dress Ebony had received from some charitable hand long ago. She had never been able to purchase many articles with her bundles of dried herbs. The few things Bonny's mother left had been made over, and worn out by him in his babyhood.

He looked now almost like a little wild animal, bounding over the grassy meadows, wading the shallow brook, climbing through fences, and gliding up the hill; he hardly paused long enough to breathe. The beautiful field-flowers nodded to him in vain. A flock of frightened lambs scampered out of his path; but he gave them no attention.

Farmer White's group of children were just emerging from the kitchen-door, on their way to school, when they were struck with amazement by the appearance of a strange little boy, puffing and panting, in their midst. He seemed to be equally astonished, for he had only seen children at a distance before.

A lisping maiden of five first recovered the use of her tongue.

"Who be you?" she asked, stepping up to him.

"Bonny Angel. Who be you?" he replied.

"Mamie White, of courth. Did you come from the skieth? Angelth do."

Bonny clasped his hands together and whispered to himself. The other children gathered around him. Mr. White himself came to the door, to see what was the commotion.

"Why, bless me, it's Ebony's angel!" he said, when he discovered the boy.

Bonny's eyes began to glisten. He seized the good man's hand.

"Marm Ebony is sick, Mri. White. Do come and make her speak to me."

"Sick? Certain. I'll go right over." He turned to a woman by his side.

"This is Ebony's child, poor thing. I rather think she may have left him alone, at last. Will you keep him, Mary? He is a pretty boy."

Mrs. White longed to take the sorrowful child to her arms. She urged him to come in. She kissed his plump, red cheeks, and patted his curly head with her motherly hands. Bonny was won. He even yielded to her persuasions, and consented to remain with her while the farmer went over to Ebony's hut. It seemed a long, long time before he returned. It was afternoon. But he came, leading the goat by a string, and carrying under his arm the old speckled hen. Poor Bonny! It required a great many words and explanations before he could be made to understand the meaning of death, and a great many more to persuade him to give up his mountain home. He ran away, next day, and went to the hut to see if the farmer's words were true. Yes, Marm Ebony had disappeared. He smoothed the patchwork quilt over the empty bed, cleared away the dirt, called again and again for the cat, not knowing that it, too, was dead; then, closing the door, he clasped old Ebony's Bible in his arms, and slowly walked back to the farm-house on the hill. He did not become accustomed to his new life at once. It was all so strange. Mamie, however, was soon like a twin-soul for him. To her he confided, with solemn earnestness, the secret of the angel's presence. Mamie regarded him with untold respect afterward. She thought him very superior to all other little boys of her acquaintance, and she often looked with wondering eyes above Bonny's head to discover that guardian angel.

The villagers, too, treated him with due consideration. They were attracted by his handsome face and sweet, shy ways; but they all called him a strange child. One benevolent man even offered to adopt him; but nothing could induce Bonny to leave his new friends.

The Spring-time of his life passed away, and still he lingered in the farmer's home. The same peculiarly amiable disposition characterized him. He had ceased to whisper to an imaginary angelic presence; but he still occasionally spoke of his "good angel."

Temptations beset him, and slanderous tongues often accused him of having no name. He had his trials, yet nothing could make him less honest and faithful. His mind was not strikingly brilliant, neither did he perform any remarkable deed to herald his name abroad; but he built him a house at the foot of the mountain, and, with Mamie for his bride, settled into a simple, humble life. The people, far and near, ceased, after a time, to ask him who were his parents, and they revered even Bonny Angel for his firm integrity and Christian example.

Winter came upon him at last. The brook

babbled on through the meadow with the same unchanging song, but the sound grew faint to his ears. The clouds in the west and the bright evening star were as lovely as ever, but his eyes were growing dim.

And there came a time when old Father Angel lay down in his bed, and called his children about him to receive his parting blessing. He had a word and a prayer for each. Then, folding his withered hands, a holy peace beamed in his faded eyes while he breathed his last testimony.

"I go to my home of rest. There Ebony went long ago. There mother is. She prayed the 'prayer of faith' on her death-bed. It was answered. The 'angel' has been with me through life. And the 'angel' is the blessed, purifying, guiding spirit of God."

WEAR THE OLD DRESS.

IT was a warm Saturday afternoon, and Carrie Melville hung over her mother's work-table in a very anxious mood.

"Three o'clock, mother, and there is ever so much to be done to this dress yet. O dear! I am sure it will never be done for Sunday."

"O yes, Carrie, I think we can manage," said the indulgent mother, as she toiled on nervously. "You must take care of baby, and get tea yourself, the best you can. I would make some nice biscuit for father's and Will's supper if I had time; but I guess they can make out without them. What is there for supper, Carrie? I have hardly time to think."

"Never mind the supper, mother, so we only get the dress done. They can make out for once."

"But they have been hard at work all day, Carrie, and will come home hungry," expostulated the mother.

None of these considerations moved Carrie, who was wholly absorbed in her new-fashioned over-skirt, and made her mother much extra trouble by continually taking up the pieces and holding them up to her dress, fitting in a scrap of trimming "just to see how it would look," until her mother rather sharply forbade her touching them any more. Then she pouted and made it uncomfortable for all the family.

Five o'clock came, and it began to look still more dubious about the new dress. The feverish baby fretted and refused to be comforted, except by mamma. Carrie called him "a cross little thing," and more than once could hardly keep her hands from slapping his plump arms. Father and brother came home tired and hun-

gry, and found no comfortable supper awaiting them. Mother was tired and nervous, and Carrie nervous and cross, and baby ill and worrisome; so, altogether, it was not a happy household.

"Carrie, I'd be ashamed to make mother work so for me," said Will, indignantly. "You have plenty of other dresses you could just as well wear to-morrow as this one."

Carrie was ready to cry at a word, so she broke out into a flood of passionate tears. "That's just all you know about it, Will. All the other girls have their new Summer dresses, and I want mine, or I won't go to Sunday-school."

"I don't think it will be of any great advantage to you if you do, if your only idea is to show that dress, with all those bunches on the back. Odd our fashionable ladies should go to the dromedary for style, isn't it? A camel looks moderate alongside of one nowadays."

"Don't, Will!" entreated his mother. "Carrie will spoil her eyes, crying so much. You mustn't tease her."

"No, mother, I won't; but please throw aside that work, and take a cup of tea; we have n't much else for supper. I'll cook a dish of dried-beef, if you say so, and make a nice gravy for it."

Will cooked his own and his father's supper, after his hard day's work, running with telegrams from the office where he worked, to all parts of the town; and Carrie selfishly sat by and saw him do it. There was a general air of discomfort over the whole house. Carrie fretted, and begrudged the time mother spent in hushing the crying baby to sleep. Though wearied out with walking up and down with him in her arms, the unwise mother went back to her self-imposed task of finishing the over-trimmed dress, to gratify her little girl's vanity on the approaching Lord's-day.

A little before midnight she threw it over a chair, "done at last." Pressing her hand upon her throbbing brow, she proceeded to awaken Carrie, who was sleeping on the lounge by her side, and, having helped to disrobe her, sought at last her own pillow. Her head ached too much for sleep, and the neglected baby was restless all night.

Sabbath morning found them all wearied and unrefreshed. Carrie was in a flutter of vanity and excitement, mingled with some vexation over bows not quite to her mind. She was in no mood to find pleasure or profit in any thing. In her Sunday-school class she did, indeed, attract some envious eyes; but the consciousness of this added nothing to her spiritual improvement. It didn't help her on toward heaven.

Alas! its tendency was all downward. She had willingly sacrificed her mother's comfort, health, and strength; she had disregarded the convenience of all in the house, to have this vanity gratified; she had effectually spoiled the Sabbath services for herself and others; and what had she gained?

Never allow yourself to spend a Saturday in this manner, unless it can not possibly be avoided. Repair and furbish up the old suit, so that it will answer for one Sabbath more; then you will have "all of next week" to finish off the new one. This struggle to complete a new dress for Sunday, when there are plenty of suitable old ones, is a folly and sin.

The Jews spent the day before the Sabbath in preparation for it. So ought we to do; and extra work should not be crowded over into it, so that Sabbath morning shall find us too wearied out to enjoy its exercises.

Wear the old dress, dear girls, rather than tax yourself, or any one else, to finish it on Saturday evening. Let work be laid aside at as early an hour as possible; and the afternoon and evening spent in pleasant recreation and conversation, that shall fit you for a peaceful night's slumber. So may you be better fitted to obey the command to keep holy the Sabbath-day. We never can do this except we "remember" it all through the week.

ROVER.

O COME, my Willie!

The air is stilly,

The sun in the west is sinking low;

Come let us wander

Where waves meander,

And fresh Spring violets bud and blows.

Come with us, Rover!

We love the clover,

And the rich green grasses that upward spring—

The pure white daisies,

The evening hazes,

And the songs that the bluebirds sweetly sing.

Come, and ride, my darling—

My pet, my starling—

The precious jewel that decks my crown;

Are you almost ready?

So! slow and steady;

For you would not tumble my baby down!

No, faithful Rover!

The wide world over,

He never will find him a truer friend;

So, come and wander

Where waves meander,

With Willie and me, when each day shall end.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Gatherings of the Month.

THE SUN.—Less than twenty years ago there was an error of more than three per cent in the universally received computation of the sun's distance. The number was then stated to be about ninety-five millions of miles, but it is actually less than ninety-two. This is the average distance, although the sun is some three millions of miles nearer on the first of January than on the first of June. Still there is a large margin of possible error, perhaps half a million of miles one way or the other. Hence, astronomers are looking forward with great interest to the transit of Venus in 1874 and 1882 as the means of adding to the precision of our knowledge on the subject.

The mass of the sun, in weight, is about 325,000 times as much as the earth. But as it is 1,250,000 times as bulky, it follows that, bulk for bulk, it is as much lighter than the earth; that is to say, its density is only about one quarter that of the earth, and about one and a half times that of water. Hence, the solar gravity, or the force which attracts bodies to the surface of the sun, is nearly twenty-eight times as great as terrestrial gravity. A weight let fall on the earth drops about sixteen feet in the first second; on the sun it would fall four hundred and fifty feet. The ponderous swing of the pendulum of an astronomical clock would at the sun become a quiver more rapid than the vibration of the most delicate watch-balance. A lady whose lithe form here would weigh hardly one hundred pounds, if carried to the sun would become as unwieldy as an elephant, or rather would be crushed by her own weight. Her airy head alone would weigh as much as a stout man, nearly two hundred and fifty pounds.

The intensity of the sun's temperature may be deduced from the most elementary principles of the science of heat. Many attempts have been made to reduce it to an exact measure; but although the experiments are simple and uniform in their results, we can place little confidence in the numerical conclusions. But while the temperature of the sun is uncertain, the quantity of heat emitted can be determined with considerable accuracy. The methods are various, but the principle is the same. They are all based on the measurement of the elevation of temperature produced in a given quantity of water, by the action of a sunbeam of known diameter in a measured time. By experiments of this kind at the Cape of Good Hope, Sir John Herschel discovered

that the heat received by the surface of the earth from the sun in the zenith would be sufficient to melt a layer of ice one inch thick in about two hours and twelve minutes. But as no more heat falls upon the earth than upon any other surface of equal size at the same distance, it follows that if the sun were surrounded by a complete shell of ice having the same diameter as the earth's orbit, and one inch thick, it would all be melted in the same time. The same result in substance has been arrived at by several observers.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE COMMON SENSE OF DRESS.—It is comforting to reflect that, if at times we have been excelled in common sense by our forefathers, in many ways we surpass them. If we still build up our heads with hair, raked together, heaven and the barbers only know whence, at least, our ladies do not have to sit up all the night before a ball to prevent discomposing our powdered pyramids, which have been wound round with gauze scarfs, and turned into baskets of flowers, by light-handed *perruquiers*. At all events we gentlemen do not array ourselves in white satin, pearls, and diamonds, like Sir Walter Raleigh, and can, at least, face a London day of rain and mud without any more serious injury than a valet's clothes-brush can remove. Man's dress has grown more republican, more uniform, less expensive. Women's, we allow, more fickle, more changeable, and less adapted to age and circumstances. On the whole, perhaps, the rougher sex now shows more common sense in dress, and is less like Mr. Darwin's ape progenitor than he has ever before been.

Our male dress, imitated in France and Germany, is allowed by the whole Continent to be easy, comfortable, useful, unassuming, and gentleman-like. It is copied *Unter den Linden*, and worn on the Boulevards. This is a great compliment, mind you, to us Englishmen, and is, and should be, a tall feather in our sufficiently proud caps.

Alas, for the common sense of things, can we say as much for the habiliments of our wives? In search for originality, they have gone back to the pseudo-shepherdesses of one hundred years ago; in their desire for adornment, they have loaded themselves with false hair and false jewelry. They stoop to conquer, and the result is the Grecian bend. They lame themselves by wearing boots in which no sen-

sible person can walk upright. As a fat king invented stuffed doublets, a temporary fat queen hoop petticoats, a scrofulous prince ruffs, so the lamented lapeness of a beautiful princess has set our whole female world limping. No one, we feel sure, would limp because Garibaldi limped; but a princess!—ah! beautiful toadies! delightful parasites! you imitate only what you can appreciate.

But the common sense of dress. What should dress be? cries the alarmed reader, impatient for the moral that generally lies *perdu* at the bottom of an essay, like the brown powder at the bottom of the spoonful of jam. Patience, fair ladies; room, wise gentlemen. At the canons of perfect dress we have before hinted; let us suggest some further rules for the consideration of unprejudiced, unsophisticated people of either sex.

First, then, all honest and graceful dress should follow, as far as possible, we think, the shape of the body, as devised and found good by the great Artificer. All that follows those beautiful lines must be itself beautiful. All that changes, deforms, or exaggerates those lines must be senseless, ugly, ludicrous, and untrue. Whether a gown swells out into the hoops of the great tun of Heidelberg, or projects backward like the reverse side of the Hottentot Venus, it is alike hideous. A gown may be of many folds; but it should not turn a woman into a caricature of the form God made, and made last of all.

Secondly: Dress should be as much as possible true and honest—simple and right all good dress must be. There is no object—unless a Bedlamite one—for instance, in swelling the head into the size of a bushel, with heaps of tow and shreds of dead people's hair, the antecedents of which one shudders to think of. The human head needs no improvement, if it be only well filled with brains. To blow it out like a bladder, is only what a feather-headed milliner could wish to do. The perfect ideal of a head is, we hold, a well-shaped Greek head, simply bound by braids of its own glossy hair, knotted behind, or woven into a crown more beautiful than that of jewels.

Thirdly: No thoughtful person should feel any pleasure in wearing sham jewelry—sham any thing. All shams are lies, false pretenses, dishonest assumptions, unworthy of common sense and real gentleness. The beauty of gold is, that it is gold, not that it looks like gold; the quiet satisfaction of wearing gold is, that it is a pure, lasting, beautiful metal, and just what it appears. To wear false gold is to wear a miserable pinchbeck deception, worthy only of bagmen and bag-women, swindlers and court-easans, and unbecoming the quiet honesty and frank sincerity of English gentle-people.

Fourthly, and lastly: Perfect dress should be rich, but not exceptional. It should never try to catch the eye, but please the sense with a quiet, almost unconscious charm. It is only the mountebank and swindler who swagger in red and yellow. It is, or should be, only the Anonyma who paints. Away, then, with all vulgar excess in

"Silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs, fardingales and things;

With scarfs and fans, and double change of bravery;
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery."

A race of wise people should dress like the grave folk in Titian's or Giorgione's pictures, whose costume you scarcely notice; their faces so glow with expression, and are so instinct with hope. Not at a dress, such as theirs, would one have had despotically to exclaim as now:

"Thy gown, why, ay—come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what mocking stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon;
What! up and down, like a carved apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slash and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop—
Why, what o' devil's name, tailor call'st thou this?"

Gradually we are reforming some of these evils; it is indeed time that we reformed them altogether.—*London Society.*

MISSIONARIES IN NEW ENGLAND.—If it should be announced that several hundred home missionaries, religious workers, were to be sent this Summer up and down the mountains and valleys of New England, and along the sea-coast towns, all bearing their own expenses, so that no pecuniary pressure should be brought upon those who remain at home by reason of scant wallets and business, great expectations of great results would be raised, and with good reason; and when the cool weather should send the wanderers home, we should look for cheering reports. Now, what is the fact? Every Summer hundreds of Church members leave the city for the hill country or the sea-side; but do they take their practical religion with them? or do they cover it with ashes, expecting to rake it open in the Fall, and kindle up new fires from the almost dead embers? There are noble exceptions to the general rule; but we fear that our Church members on their vacations too seldom show that they are professing Christians. They might do vast good in the small and feeble Churches in the towns where they are boarding, attend meetings, cheer the ministers, aid by money, and, in a thousand ways, make their sojourn a blessing to the community. An estimable, hard-working clergyman, of a small sea-shore town, told us last Autumn that a wealthy deacon of a wealthy Church, in one of our large cities, passed the Summer within stone's-throw of the meeting-house, but was not once seen at a Church prayer-meeting! and yet he was a "bright and shining light" when at home. With a very little effort, our Church members can accomplish much good during their Summer vacations. Will they bear it in mind?

THE SKATING-RINK.—The rink, as it is, is as bad as the German dances, the round dance, or any other. A hugging, falling-down, promiscuous, coarse, reveling, boisterous affair it is. It has taken its place among vain and carnal amusements. As it is frequently conducted, it is as objectionable as promiscuous dancing—as bad as the round dances, which even Romish and Anglo-American prelates and priests, who are not very Puritanical or Methodistical, have so emphatically proscribed. When our bishops and other ministers first witnessed the skat-

ing recreation, thinking surely that that was not susceptible of perversion, they thought it might answer as a healthful and innocent recreation, and so substitute the dangerous amusement of dancing. But, alas! they soon saw the trail of the serpent in the skating-rink, as well as in the dancing-saloon, and they made haste to cancel their approval of it, and earnestly warned all persons against the evil. We do not know a single clergyman, of any denomination, that would now give it any countenance. It is a fraud on society to claim the indorsement of those who spoke of it favorably as a healthful exercise apart from the highly objectionable features which have been added to it, and which they emphatically condemn. Measured movements—with or without music—are in themselves innocent, and may be healthful; but what enlightened Christian would countenance modern dancing? Histrionic representations are innocent, and may be edifying; but what consistent Christian would patronize the theater? Skating in the rink, as well as on the ice, may be innocent and healthful; but as it is now frequently conducted, it is a "diversion which can not be used in the name of the Lord Jesus."

GENERAL CONFERENCE PRAYER-MEETING.—The following description of the hour of prayer with General Conference, is from a Christian man of another denomination:

"The Methodist prayer-meeting, in its ideal, is worth going far to see. I really did not know that it had an ideal. But I now understand it, by an approximate realization. It was in the devotional exercises preparatory to the late election of bishops in the Methodist Episcopal General Conference.

"I confess again, it had never occurred to me that acclamatory worship might be so informed by a common intelligence and by a common enthusiasm, as to rise out of confusion into spontaneous harmonization. We are all familiar with the imperfections of our several modes of public worship; with the frigidity, or, at best, uncertain volume and temperature of silent prayers voiced by a solitary spokesman; with the solemn but subdued responses cast in the molds of a rubric; with the pumped-up clamor and vociferation of unregulated worship, struggling, without sense or feeling, to reproduce the jaculations of devout rapture by physical impulse. But there is an order that is in none of our forms, with a liberty as different as possible from chaos. Life crystallizes at its height, in infallible symmetries without number, without forecast, and without flaw.

"Dr. Hibbard, I think it was, lifted up a grand voice in prayer, of such big sympathy of feeling and phrase, as carried the intelligent, not to say the devout, hearer at once out of the region of commonplace into the freshness and scope of 'great eternity'—one of his phrases. At every solemn fall, the deep-toned answer of a hundred voices struck in like a full chord from a great organ—'Amen!'—and died away beneath the rising swell of another big, child-like utterance of praise or prayer.

"This ended, after a moment's pause a manly

voice rose from the group in front, in the most melodious chant, caught instantly one swell of voices from every quarter, until the noble song, 'Come, let us anew,' rolled up in the deep waves, most rhythmical and sweet, as from an ocean of living manhood. The devout spirit, and, I must think, the culture of the body, excluded the coarse muscularity and roaring that we are accustomed to hear in zealous congregational praise, which now for once served to recall to mind, by a distant association, that angelic

"'Shout

Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices uttering joy.'

"Then the Rev. Dr. Foster, soon after a bishop, led in prayer. And truly he did lead; for they followed him and thronged around him with their voices, as he went on and up in the rising fervor of thanksgiving and supplication for the Church. It could never be reported alive. In so many voices, each with its independent time and impulse and ejaculation, there seemed, strange to say, no discord or confusion; least of all at the climax of the prayer, when all, seized with one impulse, piled their cries higher and higher, in volcanic upheaval, round the clarion voice that still rose in the center. It was a glorious shout, filled with blending pathos, entreaty, and triumph; tumultuous, yet musical, as the crescendo and crash of the final chord, in a grand overture, from a thousand instruments; confused in a manner, like the mixed cries of a host transported with some chivalrous passion; and there was something like the clash of arms, or my mind deceives my ears."

THE GIRLS WHO WIN.—The time has passed away when woman must be pale and delicate, to be called interesting; when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge, to be called refined and high-bred; when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called masculine and strong-minded. It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect any thing of the kind are behind the times, and must shake up and air themselves mentally, physically, or drop under the firm strides of common-sense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance. In these days an active, rosy-faced girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, and, above all, who can speak her mind and give her opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people, is the true girl who will make a woman. This is the girl who wins in these days. Even fops and dandies, who strongly oppose woman's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she is not handsome. They weary of the most beautiful creature if she is not smart. They say, "Aw, yes, she is a beauty, and no mistake; but she won't do for me—lacks brains," of which commodity it would seem she could have little use in her association with him. However, to please even an empty-headed fop, a woman must know something. It is not necessary that she belong to the strong-minded class; but she must have good sense, controlled by a good heart, to win.

Our Foreign Department.

It affords us pleasure to have a special reason for introducing, in this number of our magazine, to the ladies of our own country, one of the noblest women of the Father-land, whose name, we presume, is not very familiar to them, but who, we are sure, will soon gain a place in their hearts. It is Madame Marie Simon, of Dresden. Our own acquaintance with her began in this way:

After the fearful battle of three days, between the French and German forces, which culminated in the awful slaughter of Gravelotte, endless hospital trains with thousands of the wounded and dying made their way, in all directions, to the field-hospitals, for food and medical assistance. The largest of these trains was met by a familiar and favorite field correspondent who was in search of news for the home journals, and whose letters we always read with interest. In his eager desire to obtain information, he was met on all sides with the question, "Have you seen Madame Simon, of Dresden?" His reply was always, "No;" for, to him, she was still a myth, but a most annoying one; for he could obtain no satisfaction from officer or private, surgeon or ambulance-driver, until he had first given his short answer concerning "Madame Simon, of Dresden." But though troublesome to him, he soon found that she was the hope and guardian angel of the soldiers; and quite as eagerly looked for by the surgeons whose men were dying on their hands for want of nourishment. And now we will let our correspondent tell his own story:

"At last a column of smoke was seen rising from between two cabins, and a score of voices exclaimed, 'Madame Simon!' As the smoke and vapor spread around, it was evident to the senses that preparations were there being made for coffee and broth, and other light refreshments for the wounded.

"And, sure enough, there came the welcome ministers down the road; one having a steaming kettle in the hand, and others bearing bowls and spoons and bread. The leader of the band announced to the surgeon that Madame Simon had her headquarters just beyond, and desired to know about how much he needed for his wounded men, as it should be prepared immediately.

"'Madame Simon, of Dresden, here? God be thanked! Now, at least, we shall have some help. I thought she would hardly leave us in the lurch, here. I will go to her immediately. What have you in the kettles?' said the surgeon.

"'A good, strong rice soup, with a little meat in it.'

"'Capital! Give to each of the wounded a bowlful; no more. Their condition does not admit it. They need the greatest care; I will be back again presently.'

"'Who is this Madame Simon?' said I, following the surgeon.

"'She is the directress of a woman's association for the relief of the wounded on the field; and she is a host in herself. She is here, I dare say, with a perfect column of supplies, and she directs and controls all. She is a woman with a strong hand and stout heart. She is every-where where she is needed, and will weigh down a thousand of our dainty hospital nurses. There she is!' And there she stood, like the director of an orchestra with his baton, wielding her dipper behind a long row of steaming kettles; now skimming the one, and now dipping soup from another. And the faster the bowls came to be refilled, the more smiling became her face. Every thing was done by her presence; and that made the 'Madame Simon' that every body loved; and on her round and friendly face played that speaking expression of active charity that builds the fire under the kettle for the suffering sick, and provides them with nourishment and strength. And what a blessing she was to the poor, wounded soldiers! It was a pleasure to see those half-dead men acquire new life at the very fragrance of her wholesome food, and raise up their wounded bodies and extend their lips, like young birds long deprived of nourishment. As I looked at her, I pardoned in my heart of hearts the man who, in the morning, had annoyed me by inquiring so persistently after Madame Simon, of Dresden. God bless her!"

And thus Madame Simon labored all through the war, until long after its close, displaying the most remarkable administrative talent and courageous heart. The women of Germany had learned by extensive correspondence from this country, during our war, the noble deeds of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions; and when their own desperate strife began, they longed to do their share toward alleviating the sufferings of husbands and brothers after the deadly struggle. Madame Simon was among the first to offer her assistance to the German armies, under the patronage of the Crown Princess of Saxony. But she met with untold obstacles on the part of the Governmental authorities, who could not be induced to believe that women could be of any possible use near the armies.

At last, by persistent effort, she wearied her judges, and was allowed to proceed to the battle-field with a small staff of picked female nurses. The poor soldiers soon learned to know and bless her; for the fame of Madame Simon quickly spread through the armies; and where she was, the dying men still hoped for life. The smiles of "Mother Simon," as they familiarly called her, were more cheering to many of them than any of a thousand consolations or remedies offered by others.

Madame Simon has just published her experiences during the war; and the book and the noble woman

are now attracting so much attention at home, that we felt authorized in giving so much space to making her known to her sisters on this side of the water.

In the West End of London there lives a fashionable jeweler of Hebrew faith, and by name Emanuel. For weeks, a long row of stately carriages, bearing aristocratic escutcheons and attended by gayly liveried servants, stood before his door, while their richly attired owners were examining, within, the fans of the Empress Eugenie, there exposed for sale. These baubles were rich in art, and all that gold and varied jewels could make them; some of them possess rare historical worth. But think of the luxury of the French empress, when her fans could set all the aristocracy of London in a flutter!

They were all numbered and carefully catalogued, and artistically and historically described. One was from the age of Louis XIII, a mother-of-pearl, in imitation of lace, and penciled with birds and flowers. Another belonged to Pompadour, covered with scenes in the style of Watteau, with a handle formed of Cupids in embrace. The fan of Marie-Antoinette, of perforated ivory, presented, when closed, a brilliant wand of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, to which Eugenie had added the imperial eagle, in diamonds. Then came a series exquisitely painted with medallions of French kings, accompanied with pastoral scenes of amorous shepherds, which these fashionable ladies, alas! can admire without a blush. And then we have Eugenie's bridal fan. It is a mystery why this could have been given to the Jew; for the fallen empress can not be so poor. It is, perhaps, to gain sympathy. It is of mother-of-pearl, with lace perforations, presenting, in the middle, an imperial crown, held by Cupids, and blazing with diamonds. The pictures are in the style of the sixteenth century, by Roqueplan. These fans are numbered by dozens, one rivaling the other in beauty. To these we might add many other extravagant follies; for instance, a parasol of white embroidered silk, with a crown of diamonds on the point; the handle is a coiling serpent of diamonds—very appropriate. These serpents are now tempting titled dames to imitate the lady whose luxury and extravagance have been poisonous examples to her countrywomen, who found so much pleasure in imitating her follies. Vanity of vanities! With the blind thus leading the blind, it is little wonder that they all arrived at the ditch.

We ought to be able to hold up American mothers as examples that would do honor to our republican pretensions and professions; but, with many noble exceptions, of whom we are justly proud, we are sorry to say that our fashionable society is leading our children rapidly to ruin, by precocious development in manners that are vain and vapid enough in the parents themselves. We are mortified to find, in one of the most popular of the refined family magazines of Germany, an account of a fashionable children's party in the United States, which is given as a specimen of the way in which the children of a

Republic are being robbed of their innocence and joyful childhood, in the interest of vanity and fashion. As it is well to see ourselves as others see us, we give a condensed portion of the letter, which, it will be perceived, is very local, though we fear that the same might be related of many of our large cities:

"There is so much that is foul in the social manners of the cities of America, that one may have serious apprehensions of the future of the country. Civilization in New York is very brilliant, and may be said to go by steam. The poor children have no childhood any more; for they are very precocious and are early trained to walk in the footsteps of the grown people. Let us visit a children's party in the rich and fashionable circles of New York or Brooklyn. The parents of the house are mad on the subject of fashion, and desire to exhibit their wealth and their children. They give a 'full-dress party;' the hour for children, from eight till eleven. Would that this were the worst of it! A hundred children arrive, in carriages, attended by servants; and are received by a little girl of *ten years*, with all the rules of etiquette. The child, trained like a lady of the world, does the honors, on all sides, to each of the little creatures, and for the young gentlemen has very significant glances. The precocious little dames naturally cast scrutinizing eyes over every toilet, estimate the price, criticise the taste, and think it 'shocking,' if it has not been obtained at the most fashionable house on Broadway.

"There are seen dresses in various shades of silk, covered with laces and worked with gold and silver. The coiffures are, of course, constructed in the latest style; the Parisian hair-dresser has waited on Miss So-and-so; he has powdered the little creature till she looks like an old-time French marchioness; and the pride of the living doll is about equal to one of these. In the party, which we present as a type, a little girl of about ten years—if we may be allowed to call her girl—attracted great attention. To a costly dress she added a diamond brooch and ear-rings, and a watch set with diamonds. Then she raised her arms to exhibit a bracelet adorned with a cameo. 'It is genuine, it came from Naples.' Another little thing was in pink moire-antique, at eight dollars a yard, and wore a diadem of diamonds and Brussels lace, with diamond clasps. The happy mother, who was present, observed that the toilet of her daughter cost the trifle of five thousand dollars. Then there was a supper, with the choicest viands, bows, and courtesies *a la mode*; and the little hostess thus closed her party.

. . . The parents expect to make happy wives out of these children!"

A GREAT deal of attention is still being paid in Germany to the development of "Kindergartens," which, it is understood, is a system of extensive object-teaching for young children. The wife of Froebel, their founder, is still living, and extending the system very largely for the children of Hamburg. There is, in Berlin, a woman's association for the advancement of the Kindergarten system, and for general attention to the matter of domestic education. This society

has just offered a prize for the current year for the best essay on the necessity of introducing instructions in drawing into all the people's schools, in the sense of Froebel's teachings. This essay must have direct reference to the success of such instruction in the Kindergarten; to which end, practical experiments are to be made, and practical data given, with the view

of demonstrating the most efficient method of imparting instruction in drawing to young children. As the Kindergartens are beginning to attract considerable attention on this side the ocean, the prize essay, which is to be published at the close of the year, may be of no little interest to the mothers and little ones among us.

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And Jesus wrought with Joseph
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A STATEMENT to the effect that organs are very frequently mentioned in the Bible, having been impugned, a correspondent takes up the war of words as follows: "The Greek word, from which the Latin 'organum,' and the French and English 'orgue' and 'organ,' are derived, signifies an instrument of music, and especially those blown by wind. Holy Scripture gives us this word eighteen times, 'organum,' and always as a musical instrument."

A MUSICAL prodigy has turned up in San Francisco—a fiddling phenomenon, only four years of age. His professional name is "The Child Americus;" and he renders intricate compositions with the bow of a master, besides leading the orchestra in selections from the great masters.

VERDI is described as an odd, puzzling character; stiff, abrupt, icy to mere acquaintances, avoiding society, never expressing an opinion, especially upon musical matters; a man of untarnished honor and proverbial shyness.

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THE loss of Col. James Fisk, Jr., will be deeply felt by many musicians in New York city. His liberal enterprise in placing bands on the Sound steamers, and in originating and sustaining the celebrated Ninth Regiment band, of one hundred pieces, was very beneficial to the profession. He had lately commenced preparations for inaugurating an unrivaled series of popular concerts at the Central Park Garden, of which he had become the proprietor. Music was a passion with him; he had the love of it in his soul, deep-seated and all-pervading. Hence his many costly ventures in the pursuit of his hobby, in the enjoyment of which he must have sunk many thousands.

It is truthfully related of Catherine Hayes, the great soprano singer, who was the rival of Jenny Lind as a prima-donna, that she was once taken to task for singing in the oratorio of the "Messiah" in the passage, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and therein giving the accent on the fourth word, *my*, instead of upon the second syllable of *Redeem-er*. What a noble reply from a musical artist was that of Catherine Hayes to her critic, "I sing it so because he is *my* Redeemer!"

A STATEMENT to the effect that organs are very frequently mentioned in the Bible, having been impugned, a correspondent takes up the war of words as follows: "The Greek word, from which the Latin 'organum,' and the French and English 'orgue' and 'organ,' are derived, signifies an instrument of music, and especially those blown by wind. Holy Scripture gives us this word eighteen times, 'organum,' and always as a musical instrument."

A MUSICAL prodigy has turned up in San Francisco—a fiddling phenomenon, only four years of age. His professional name is "The Child Americus;" and he renders intricate compositions with the bow of a master, besides leading the orchestra in selections from the great masters.

VERDI is described as an odd, puzzling character; stiff, abrupt, icy to mere acquaintances, avoiding society, never expressing an opinion, especially upon musical matters; a man of untarnished honor and proverbial shyness.

Contemporary Literature.

THE "Jesus" of Dr. Charles F. Deems.—So many lives of Jesus the Christ have been written, that one might imagine a new book on this sacred theme hardly demanded. But the perusal of the first few pages of Dr. Deems's volume will convince the reader that nothing like it has ever been given to the public, and that, in truth, it was required, and can not fail to do a world of good. Not only is the glorious subject handled with profound ability, varied learning, and fine discrimination, but a stand-point is taken different from all others; and adaptation is made for the wants of the rationalist and even the unbeliever, so that the light of truth can be poured on the most prejudiced mind. The book is free from the slightest sectarian or dogmatical bias, nor is it doctrinal or theological. It examines the claims of the Son of Mary from a rationalistic point of view, giving a lucid and simple account of all the events connected with the advent of Christ, comparing the narratives of the different evangelists, presenting their several reports of the various scenes and incidents, and giving the reasons for every conclusion arrived at. An elaborate commentary is also given upon the words of the Great Teacher, which are translated literally from the original; the Sinaitic—the oldest extant—manuscript being taken as the text. Thus new light is thrown upon many difficult passages. The author has endeavored to ascertain the actual consciousness of Jesus at each utterance and each act. The latest critical investigation as to the meaning of the Scriptural record is given, with the substance of all that travelers and geographers have contributed to illustrate it, and with due reference to the facts of history and science that stand related to those mentioned in the Bible. With all the aids that extensive and careful research can furnish in the way of illustration, the sacred narratives are treated as if they were simply human records, written by honest and faithful biographers, their divine inspiration not being taken for granted. They are examined, compared, and explained with historical impartiality, with patience, accuracy, and simplicity of spirit; with profound and exhaustive criticism. The result to the reader is a powerful conviction of the truth, forced irresistibly on the mind—an impression the deeper from the accumulation of fair testimony without previous presentation of a theory. No reasonable person can read the volume without feeling and acknowledging that the "Jesus" whose sayings and doings are recapitulated, was indeed a man, with a human soul as well as a human body, and at the same time more than man—"God over all, blessed forever."

Those writers on this subject, who have started with a prepossession, have so tintured their account with the bias as to repel many from following them.

Mr. Beecher, in the beginning of his book, sets forth the extraordinary theory that the Redeemer possessed no human soul, but merely a body animated by the Divinity. Professor Seeley's "Ecce Homo" suggests the scientific method of dealing with the New Testament. Rénan and Strauss employ weapons which are here used in turn upon them, with irresistible effect. But in no other work is the character of the Master and Teacher brought out so fully; and no other exhibits the same wonderful piling up of testimony, the same keen and searching analysis, or the same development of truth by its native force. In the respects glanced at, this work of Dr. Deems is incomparably superior to all others of its class.

The wide view given of the literature belonging to the subject is another peculiarity in which this book is unique. All the divers views as to each passage, doctrine, or event, are fully considered, reference being made usually to the special work. All the collateral light that can be gathered, whether derived from individual criticism, or from historical and archaeological discussion, is brought to the exposition of the words and deeds of our Lord, and the facts recorded in his experience. To do this required a vast amount of research, and knowledge acquired by few even among profound scholars. Ali has been brought to enrich this wonderful history.

The style of the book is pure and simple. There is no effort at fine writing or picturesque eloquence, nor attempt to find language elevated beyond the ordinary, to set forth the great theme. Taking a bold and common-sense view of the narratives of the Gospels, the matter is elucidated by a calm and candid method, and by language clear, graphic, vigorous, and appropriate, without affectation. The utter absence of all flashy conceit, startling imagery, or clap-trap, is remarkable.

The Christian reader will find no lack of what he will especially desire. The history is minute and full of detail, and the comprehensive mind of the author has allowed nothing to escape his attention. While he has the courage to declare his ideas freely upon theological subjects, his thought, study, and culture have led him into the light of truth, and his warm sympathies have taken hold of the tender beauty of the character of Him who "spoke as never man spoke," and was afflicted in all our afflictions.

A simple notice can do no justice to this admirable work. We commend it to the careful perusal of all; not only those who "hold the truth as it is in Jesus," but freethinkers, and those who are inclined to unbelief in the mission of a Divine Redeemer. They can not but acknowledge the candor, the logical force, and the weight of testimony, that mark the history. And none can read it without being impressed with its argument. The author's engaging

manner is not studied, but natural to him; the vigor with which he apprehends ideas produces their reflex on other minds, and the warm kindliness of his nature prepares the heart to receive the influence. Let all read his book; they will find it increase in interest from beginning to end. No work we know better deserves an extensive and enduring popularity. It is the great work of our day. The volume is presented in the most attractive form, with excellent print, and numerous spirited and beautiful illustrations, engraved from original pictures of the scenes described. The book is issued to subscribers only, by the United States Publishing Company, New York.

E. F. E.

HISTORY has so many heroines that it would seem to be impossible to select any who would be entitled, *par excellence*, to that distinction. Nevertheless, Mr. John S. Jenkins has written, and S. M. Betts & Co., Hartford, have published an illustrated octavo of five hundred and twenty pages, which is to be sold by subscription, entitled *The Heroines of History*, apparently cleverly written sketches of ten well-known characters; namely, "Cleopatra," "Isabella of Castile," "Joan of Arc," "Maria Theresa," "Josephine," "Elizabeth of England," "Mary of Scotland," "Catherine of Russia," "Marie-Antoinette," "Madame Roland." Those who wish a cheap and beautiful center-table compend of the lives of these illustrious women will find it in this volume.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE is one of the most popular novelists of the day. Harper & Brothers have just published, and Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, have on sale *The Golden Lion of Granpere*, a thin octavo, finely printed, and fully illustrated. The story is totally without plot or incident, and all it relates might naturally enough have happened in any part of Christendom. The characters are few, and it is in the portrayal of these that the stirring interest of the story lies. A well-to-do, shrewd innkeeper, hard-headed and full of conceit that his own way is the only true way, turns his son out of doors for presuming to fall in love with his wife's niece, though the girl loves him and has given him her troth. The old man treats them as children, though the son is twenty-five, and the niece twenty. The young man is sulky, and stays away a year. Meanwhile the father tries his best to marry the girl off to a wealthy nobody, whom the girl does not and will not love, but whom she half consents to have, to please her uncle. The son comes back, and breaks off the engagement, conquers his father and every body else, sends the noodle adrift, and marries the girl himself. The genius of the writer is shown in the way in which he works out the individual portraiture of the plotless story.

METHODIST camp-meetings seldom figure in literature, though they do so occasionally. Madame Trollope's "Domestic Manners of Americans," and Mrs. Stowe's "Dred," are notable instances. Who does not remember how the sable hero hovered in the tree-tops by night, half monkey and half arch-

angel; now sublime and now ridiculous; frightening the whole encampment with oracular utterances of terrible Scripture passages? John Bent, Boston, has just issued a "poem of tabernacles," entitled *Wilderness and Mount*, the work of Mrs. Ellen T. H. Harvey, of Saratoga, New York, mainly the experience of a youth at the Round-lake Camp-meeting, the institution now so widely celebrated, created by the genius and energy of Joseph Hillman, Esq., of Troy, New York. We fancy that Mrs. Harvey, like a true author, as she is, develops her own experiences in the artless youths that figure in her pages, and interest us with their heart-throes and victories. The volume has beautiful steel-engraved portraits of Alfred Cookman, and that Boanerges of camp-meetings, John S. Inskip.

Sailing on the Nile is a modest duodecimo volume, translated, by Virginia Vaughan, from the French of Laurence Laporte, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and sold (\$1.50) by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. It is a true French *mélange* of lively essay and brilliant description, in that colloquial epistolary style in which French writers excel—enthusiasm, garrulousness, and vividness combined. It is much pleasanter to travel with a Frenchman than an Englishman. The former is always good-humored and vivacious; never put out by the accidents and incidents of life, among idle, thieving, lazy Orientals, boat-wrecks, siroccos, fires, war-alarms, or thefts. The former is a perpetual grumble, like one of his own London fogs. One gets a livelier idea of the size of the pyramids, the sphinxes, the wonderful ruins of Philæ, Thebes, Karnak, and Luxor, by reading these lively pages. The lady translator should have converted the thermometer from centigrade to Fahrenheit, to give an English reader any idea of the temperature of those broiling climes.

THE late war between Germany and France surprised the world by its results, excited no end of speculation as to the cause of success and failure, directed special attention to the history and character of each nation, and, above all, induced study and scrutiny into the military status and organizations of the contending peoples. The rapid successes of Germany could be accounted for partly by the growing superiority of the Saxon race over the Latin, and partly by the expansive energy of Protestantism compared with a deadening Romanism; but the chief reason lay in Teutonic intelligence and moral power, combined with the perfectest system of military equipment and drill known to the face of the globe. In a stout duodecimo of four hundred pages, published by Harpers (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), entitled the *School and the Army in Germany and France*, Major General W. B. Hazen, of the United States Army, gives us abundance of light on this subject. The first part of the volume is a record of personal observations made at Versailles during the siege of Paris. The persons and characters of prominent leaders on both sides, King William, Bismarck, Von Moltke, and the Crown Prince, Thiers, and others, are sketched with fullness and fidelity. The

Prussian and French systems of military education are fully drawn out, and compared at every step with our own. A fine and impartial exhibit of the Prussian system of civil education naturally follows, or is intimately connected with, the military. The writer has drawn freely upon all sources for his facts, and has made a book surprisingly full of information upon all the subjects which he treats.

THE Presbyterian Board of Publication, located in Philadelphia, issues a great many entertaining and useful books, of standard character. Three of their recent publications lie before us.

1. *Neither Rome nor Judah* is an effort to reproduce, in romance form, the process by which Jew and Roman became Christian in the earliest days of the spread of the Gospel. A Jewish youth and a Roman damsel reach the same end, from different stand-points and by different mental processes, Christian baptism, and then unite their fortunes and their lives. It is an entertaining book.

2. *The Great Revival of 1800*, by Dr. Speer, with a full and interesting account of the origin of camp-meetings among the Presbyterians.

3. *Immortality of the Soul, and Destiny of the Wicked*, by N. L. Rice, D. D. Chiefly in answer to modern annihilationists.

EBEN TOURJEE, *Mus. Doc.*, Gilmore's right-hand man in the organization of the chorus of the Jubilee, conductor of its renderings of sacred melodies, and the great advocate and promoter of congregational singing in Church worship, has issued a tune hymn-book, published and used extensively by Congregationalists, which might be used to advantage by Methodist choirs and congregations. The volume is gotten up in cheap form, so cheap that two hundred and eighty tunes and six hundred and seventy-seven hymns do not cost more than the price of an ordinary note-book. The selections are largely made up from Wesley's hymns; and the volume contains every thing needed for ordinary Sabbath worship, and the best and latest and most popular songs used in social worship. It will be found equally useful in the sanctuary and vestry or conference room.

"WHAT I know about bees," can be found in the *Bee-keepers Magazine*, an illustrated monthly, devoted exclusively to bee-culture, and published by H. A.

King & Co., 14 Murray Street, New York, and 11 South Canal Street, Chicago. It interests our readers specially, from the fact that women have devoted themselves to bee-raising, by the modern scientific modes, with great advantage to health and purse. It is said to be more healthy, and quite as remunerative, as washing or the sewing-machine.

Normal Class Outlines on Teaching, by Rev. Joseph Alden, D. D., President of New York State Normal School; *The Church School and its Officers*, by J. H. Vincent, D. D.; *Sunday-school Institutes and Normal Classes*, by J. H. Vincent. Good sense and piety are the first requisites for Sunday-school teaching; but no one will ever be a successful teacher without study, method, and diligence. The first of these volumes shows how to study, and the second gives some of the methods to be employed in the school. It remains for the teachers themselves to use the diligence needed to profit by the hints here thrown out. The third volume contains a discussion of institutes and normal classes, as a preparation of the teacher for his work. As a rule, the class will resemble its leader. If the teacher is cold, indifferent, or reckless, the scholars will become like him, and truths that might be sown will never be planted, and influences that might be exerted will never be put forth. Ignorance in the teacher will never stimulate a class to learn. It is the object of these volumes to induce the teacher to become "thoroughly furnished unto every good word and work."

Pamphlets.—Fifty-third Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1871; Annual Report of the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for 1871. These reports are late in reaching us, but they are acceptable for the information they contain. Cincinnati Union Bethel Report; Methodist Quarterly Review, for July.

Catalogues.—Indiana State University, Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., President; Faculty, 25; students, 358. Cincinnati Wesleyan College, Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, D. D., President; Faculty, 17; students, 200. Cornell College, Iowa, Rev. W. F. King, D. D., President; Faculty, 10; students, 325. Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery; Faculty, 10.

Editor's Table.

HINTS TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We had written the above heading with the design of saying a few words befitting the title, when a lady friend sent us the following, bearing the same title, and having the same object. As it is our design to let the ladies do all the speaking possible in their own magazine, we resign the floor to this sister, and let her do the talking on this occasion:

"The business of an editor is to select, perhaps from two hundred manuscripts, what, in his judgment, will make suitable reading-matter for a monthly issue, which seldom exceeds twenty articles. It is evident that one hundred and eighty must take the next train, or be entirely left behind in the making-up of the number. The chances are that they will be remorselessly left behind. But this affords no

reason for abuse of the editor, and no excuse for depreciating the magazine under his supervision. Your article may not be suitable for the market which it is his purpose to supply. Or it may be less capable than some others submitted to his decision. Some subjects may be more popular than others. In any case, the editor has the same motive which actuates his contributors, to influence him in his selections. It is for his interest to make a readable and popular book; and if he suffers personal motives or prejudice to sway him, he is quite as likely to do so to his disadvantage as to his profit. To be sure he may make mistakes; but the general aim of an honorable editor is to give to all communications thoughtful consideration and weight, without reference to outside pressure. The fact that some persons succeed in one place when they have failed in another, should encourage all writers to continue to communicate with the public by such means as are open to them; nor to regard the neglect of your articles, by one editor, as evidence of their unfitness for any place in the literary emporium. Some things should be borne in mind, however. First, that you have no possible claim upon the editor, any further than the vender of any wares has upon a purchaser. You may be poor, you may be in distress, you may have aspirations for the infinite—as all young writers are apt to have—you may have yearnings for sympathy, and all that; but these things the editor can not help. A publishing-house is not an infirmary, and the money paid out of its treasury must be paid for what will be considered its equivalent. These things are controlled by inflexible rules. Reputation is paid for, often, when it does not render an equivalent. But new applicants for fame must work up to the standard by patient labor, through mortification and humiliating failures often. 'Fly high, if you light low,' is a good rule for young writers. The local papers, in every community, are glad of contributors. It is here, in periodicals seemingly insignificant, that some of our best writers have laid the foundation for a world-wide notoriety. The pay may be nothing; but you are all the time improving, and gaining, little by little, a foot-hold, which will, by and by, be to you of profitable consequence. It is a popular fallacy that literature is a paying business, that requires no capital and no investment. No fallacy has worked greater mischief. It is a harassing, uncertain profession in which to embark, solely for a means of living. It is like taking tickets in the chance lotteries of the day. If you can not make positive engagements for what you send to the press, but wait month upon month for your turn to come, you are then, after all your painstaking and suspense, after all the ways and means you have devised of spending the money received therefrom, more than likely to be met with the polite 'Your article is respectfully declined.' Then comes to the mind of the young contributor, who has, perhaps, been urged by injudicious but partial friends to publish it, the inquiry, Why? 'Gumption and no Gumption,' 'Samson and the Foxes,' have been included; and surely my article is as good as any of theirs. But, my friend,

the rule which excludes you, which excludes us all, from time to time, is as inexorable as the law of the Medes and Persians. Do n't say that the editor has a ring of favorites; do n't say that the magazine under his care is not what it used to be. Let your disappointment be shut profoundly in your own heart; and try, try again. Be sure that when you write something worthy, it will be appreciated somewhere. Failure is not your experience alone. It is the ordeal through which all must pass before arriving at success. Of one thing make a note: Write short articles at first, if you wish them to be even read in the editorial sanctum. Never embarrass the critics therein by long, closely written pages, which it becomes a task even to render into good reading—thereby lessening your own chances. If you desire manuscripts returned, inclose for that purpose stamps; but keep for your own security a copy of your articles. When you have observed every rule, even then you should calculate the probability that you fail. But though your heart longs for this channel of communion with the world, and is refused; though your holiest thoughts return to perish at the altar,—remember, and let the dear words comfort you, of Draxy's hymn, and wait in patience till the clouds open around you, and the way is lighted up."

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The name of the explorers of the African continent, during the last four hundred years, is legion. Arabs, Moors, Portuguese, French, and English, single traders and expensive expeditions, have all had their turn at unraveling the coast formation and the interior mysteries of that dark continent. Park, Clapperton, the Landers, and scores of others, have had a hunt after "Prester John," and "the river" heard of by Herodotus, which "ran toward the rising sun, with crocodiles in it, and black men living on its banks." Many have been martyrs to their zeal and research. Probably no single man has devoted so much time to African exploration as David Livingstone. For thirty-five years, Africa has been his home. He has traversed the great peninsula from ocean to ocean. He has enabled geographers to fill up the yawning blanks of their maps with mountains, provinces, towns, rivers, and lakes. For the last six years, he has been following up his great life-work, while buried in what, to the outside world, is impenetrable jungle and dangerous solitude, with no companions but native tribes, slave-traders, lions, tigers, hippopotami, and crocodiles; his fate has been as uncertain as that of Sir John Franklin. He was reported dead; but last Fall was found by Mr. Stanley, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who penetrated four hundred miles into the interior—a journey like that from Albany to Buffalo—to find the great adventurer hale and hearty in person, but destitute of every thing. The supplies forwarded from time to time had failed to reach him, and he had turned back from his exploration just at the most interesting point of his discoveries. In two letters to the proprietor of the *Herald*, whose authenticity is somewhat in dispute, it is curious to read of the great fertility of the land, which our imaginations

have hitherto given up to desert and jungle. If these communications prove genuine, Africa must henceforth be regarded as the gem of the globe.

LEAF FROM A VISITOR'S DIARY.—"This," said the editor to me, pointing to a plethoric pigeon-hole over his writing-desk, "is the heaven of 'accepted articles;' and that," pointing to another crowded receptacle, as big as a post-office box, "is the purgatory of 'declined communications.'" That," he continued, guiding my glance by a flirt of his thumb toward the waste-paper basket, at his elbow, "is the"—I thought he was going to use a hard word, but he didn't—"is the limbo of rejected stuff,—'Lines from a Lover,' after his or her first disappointment; 'Lines' on all sorts of subjects, possible and impossible; heavy essays from learned college professors, long enough for Puritan sermons of the sixteenth century; wadding for theological columniads of the heaviest caliber, by doctors of divinity; 'Travels,' by masters and misses who were never out of sight of home; 'Histories,' by writers who crammed for their articles from school series and cheap cyclopedias; 'Romances,' by pensters who can't tell a story to save them, and who have not the remotest idea how to lay a plot or conduct a dialogue. It is curious," added the editor, "how many people in this age think they can write, and curious, also, how many people are mistaken."

MISS SMILEY, Quakeress, preaches for a Presbyterian pastor, to a Presbyterian congregation, and thereby raises a breezy hubbub in Presbyterian synods and general assemblies. There is dismal complaint, almost a howl, that half the pulpits are empty, that the halls of the theological seminaries are vacant, that religious young men, except the sons of ministers, are turning their attention to every thing but preaching the Gospel. If the denomination would follow the leadings of Providence, it might chance upon an unfailing source of supply. Let it put its own Miss Smileys into its vacant pulpits. Woman is always eloquent, if she is never oratorical; always religious, if she is seldom learned; always heart-edifying, if not intellectually instructive.

The death of class-meetings in the Methodist Church is the want of leaders. Two-thirds of the members of the Church are women, and yet the Church hesitates to set women to lead its classes; though some of the ablest, most successful, and popular class-leaders we know are among the sisters. Women can act in public, sing in public, lecture in public; why not preach in public? It is only a step further in the same direction.

YOUR name? You write a letter and sign it J. Smith; and publishers, printers, and postmasters bother their brains with wonder whether it is Mr. J. Smith, Mrs. J. Smith, or Miss J. Smith. Whether it is John, or James, or Jane, or Julia, is not of so much consequence in judging of a communication, or insuring for the answer a right delivery, as to know whether it shall be directed to J. Smith, pure and simple, or to Mr. J. Smith, or J. Smith, Esq., or

Rev. J. Smith, Dr. J. Smith, or Mrs. or Miss J. Smith. Perhaps the surest way to secure an answer from parties, to whom one is personally unknown, is to inclose a stamped envelope directed as you desire. To us it seems vulgar for ladies to use simple initials in subscribing their names. Are we mistaken?

CORRESPONDENTS.—One lady writes: "I know not the fate of my articles, but, according to the advice of my pastor, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, I will not wait before venturing more manuscript, trusting that some of the articles I send may prove acceptable." That's right. Write, and send on, and trust luck, and consider all that gets into our pages clear gain. Another lady thinks she is "young" to enter the literary field, though partial friends think it her "mission" to write. Yes; write, write daily; read as Voltaire read, pen in hand; note every thing—experience, observation, imagination, thought—set it all down. But writing is quite a different thing from publishing. Your editor has in his possession written reams, the pen-labors of forty years, that will never see the light, except of the fire to which executors will kindly consign his lucubrations after the familiar pen drops from his grasp forever. O, yes; write, write by all means! Give the yearning soul a chance to express itself; but recollect that, after a life-apprenticeship at the great art of composition, only a mere minimum of the labors of the greatest writers among us, and indeed of the world, is fit to lay before readers with any hope of interesting or profiting them. Why, then, should inexperience hurry into print?

LETTERS FROM EVERY BODY.—The New York papers, for a year or two past, have given, weekly, brief "letters from the people," on all sorts of current topics. We would like to inaugurate a similar style of communication with our readers and patrons—brief notes, suggestions, queries, hints, bits of information, humor, religion, imagination, which would interest readers. Names must be given to us, but need not be given to the public; and from each page sent us, we should want the liberty to print one line, two lines, twenty lines, none or the whole, according to our appreciation of its worth and its power to edify the public. Who will commence with us this brief, off-hand, sketchy, love-feast style of correspondence, full of brevity, spirit, wit, religion, and all good things in homeopathic doses?

OUR CONFRERES.—They speak for themselves in their own organs oftener than we have the power to speak,—the laborious editor of the *Western*, Dr. Hoyt, the learned editor of the *Apologist*, Dr. Nast; the zealous editor of the New German monthly, Rev. H. Liebhart, and the hard-working Corresponding Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, Rev. Dr. Rust, whose work we intended to have mentioned last month, but our notes upon it got mislaid. We shall hope to hear from the doctor himself on the commanding interest of which he is the guardian. Last, but not least, the great heads of our establishment, Drs. HITCHCOCK & WALDEN.



PLEASANT THOUGHTS

DESIGNED BY MISS MARY HARRISON, AND ENGRAVED BY J. H. B. HARRISON.



— DARTER

F. BIRCHWOOD

— SIMONE PASTORI

— THE END OF THE WORLD —



WATERBURY

WATERBURY